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BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY.

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The events which have occurred in South Africa during the last few years cannot fail to produce consequences deeper and more far-reaching than the most penetrating observer of contemporary politics could have contemplated at the moment a too famous Raid provoked a no less famous telegram. The effect of these events upon British methods of conducting the national business, and upon our political system, are purely domestic questions which need not be discussed here. Suffice it to say that one of the obvious lessons of the crisis is the necessity of revising the relations of various Departments of Government to one another, with the object of obtaining greater efficiency and of abolishing the fatal influence of the Treasury, which, by its illegitimate interference with naval and military projects, leads to wasteful, because untimely, outlay. It is patent to every thinking Englishman that the financial affairs of our Empire must be worked on more methodical lines; but if we spend our money more wisely than under the present anti-efficient and anti-economical *régime*, it is by no means certain that the taxpayer will be called upon to spend more, either upon our

Army or even our Navy; he will undoubtedly be ready and willing and able to spend whatever the national necessity may demand. Great Britain does not require an immense army of the approved Continental type, but she does require a splendidly equipped and highly trained force, ready for transportation at short notice to any part of her over-sea Empire which may be menaced. The British Navy should be increased so as to enable us to meet any three Powers at sea in superior numbers. The naval policy and avowed hostility of Germany, to which even the British official world can no longer remain blind, will force us to keep on a war-footing in the North Sea a fleet as powerful and efficient as the Mediterranean or Channel Squadrons. Here, again, the money required will be forthcoming; but while some of us believe that our present annual expenditure of sixty millions sterling on national defence would, in provident and efficient hands, supply us not only with the Army, but also with the Navy we need—others are certain of it.

The lesson which foreign countries may learn from our war in South Africa is one that in their own interest each of them would do well to take to

heart. We desire to avoid swagger, which is said to be a British characteristic, and is probably in varying forms a characteristic of every great nation which believes in itself and its future; but to all interested in understanding the real strength of this nation the Boer War should serve as a useful warning. The prolonged and exasperating struggle has once more exhibited in an impressive manner the political stability of British institutions and the steadfast character of the British race. Reflecting men can see that the living generation of Englishmen have in no way degenerated from their forbears of a hundred years ago. In the earlier period there were two men who appreciated the inherent strength of this country; one was William Pitt, while the other was Napoleon Bonaparte. Pitt knew the meaning of Trafalgar. The conversation which he had in his last days with the young general who was rapidly rising to fame and who was destined to become the great Duke of Wellington, shows that his prescient intellect grasped the fact that, in spite of Austerlitz, if England were only true to herself, Nelson's victory must inevitably drive Napoleon to a policy which would so exasperate other nations that they would ultimately turn upon him—Spain giving the signal. His vision was fulfilled; England remained true to herself, and the steadfastness of her people extorted a remarkable tribute from Napoleon to his victorious enemies before the close of his life at St. Helena: "Had I been in 1815 the choice of the English as I was of the French, I might have lost the battle of Waterloo without losing a vote in the Legislature or a soldier from my ranks." During the last two years it has been abundantly demonstrated that the Englishmen of to-day have the same grit as their grandfathers, and the quiet, self-possessed manner in which they have faced the

ignorant execration and the political animosity of the civilized world is calculated to cause unfriendly communities to pause. They have with quiet resolution supported the Ministry—whose half-hearted measures have not always made support easy—simply because it was carrying on a war, and thousands and tens of thousands of men in England, who have all their lives been bitter opponents of the political party now in power, have acted with the single object of strengthening the hands of the Government. There have been hours of difficulty, and even of danger, when more than one foreign Power desired, and tentatively sought, to form a coalition against this country. It was the temper of the people of the British Empire backed by the Navy that stunned into sobriety the zealous malignity of those who were willing to wound, but afraid to strike. The details of these sinister intrigues are not only familiar to the British Foreign Office, but their existence is known to the intelligent public; and we must admit at the outset that such short-sighted and fatuous cabals have not rendered easier the task of those who believe that the interests of England lie in the direction of improved relations with certain foreign Powers with whom at present British relations are only "friendly" in the strictly diplomatic sense.

The efforts of certain European Powers—because neither Japan nor the United States has at any time been remotely implicated in these intrigues, which, in passing, we may say have never received the slightest encouragement from either the Austrian Sovereign or the Italian Government—have forced the conviction upon the British people that their national policy demands more serious attention than it has yet received. Englishmen are fully aware that the real origin of the war in South Africa was the want of a

clear and definite policy in that part of the world; and our main difficulties in other places are due to the same cause. The indefiniteness of our Colonial policy in past years was due to the deplorable fact that during a great part of the reign of Queen Victoria a powerful school existed among us which desired to divorce the Colonies from the Mother Country. In the year 1863 Mr. Goldwin Smith, then Regius Professor of History in the University of Oxford—to which, *mirabile dictu*, he had been appointed on the advice of Lord Derby, the brilliant leader of the Conservative party—published a work called “The Empire.” This year (1863), as Monsieur Ollivier, *au cœur léger*, aptly observes, happens to mark the prominent appearance of Bismarck on the stage of history. Such was the moment chosen by the Oxford Professor to produce a book—which was received at the time with no little approval—not only advocating the disruption of the British Empire, but actually advising the surrender of important military positions. It is yet profitable to read the obsolete language of the learned Professor, if only to note how cruelly events hastened to stultify his prophecies and to derive entertainment from the self-opinionated insistence with which he announced the decline of conquering tendencies among nations. Within ten years of his startling discovery there followed in quick succession the annexation by Prussia of the Elbe duchies, Bismarck’s assault upon Austria, and the tearing of Alsace and Lorraine from France; a series of events which not only transformed the peace-loving Continent of which the Professor dreamed into something very like a military cantonment, but created a united Germany which, having exhausted her military ambition, is now seeking new worlds to conquer on the ocean.

The gradual decay in England of the

shallow and pusillanimous doctrines preached by the Manchester School, and by Professors who profess, without understanding, English history, has not been the work of English politicians. It is largely due to Colonial influence. The truer and more manly creed of national responsibility and imperial duty upheld by statesmen of sense and action, like the late Sir John Macdonald, Queen Victoria’s Prime Minister in Canada, made steady way throughout the Empire. Its acceptance was followed by the growth of self-consciousness amongst those free nations which, for want of a better name, we still call self-governing colonies. Our leading thinkers and public men, with the conspicuous and honorable exceptions of Lord Rosebery, Mr. W. E. Forster and Sir John Seeley, did little or nothing to bring these communities into closer touch with one another or with the Mother Country until the day Mr. Chamberlain accepted the office of Colonial Minister. Incredible as it now seems, some of our most eminent statesmen positively desired to sever the ties between the Colonies and the Mother Country. In 1873, *e. g.*, Mr. Gladstone told one of the writers of this article that he considered it would be a grand thing for England if she could get rid of the colonies, and he quoted Sir George Cornwall Lewis, who passed for a sagacious man, as being of the same opinion. Justice compels us to recognize that the Liberals were not peculiar in their blindness and perversity on colonial affairs. There remains on record the amazing sentence which Mr. Disraeli wrote to Lord Malmesbury during this benighted period: “These wretched Colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks.” Even Mr. Goschen was once a Little Englander, while Professor Parkin affirms that Lord Thring (Parliamentary counsel to successive

Cabinets) at one time actually prepared a Separation Bill. But in spite of all political discouragement the Colonies clung closer to the Mother Country, and the idea of severing a sacred tie became more and more distasteful to their piety. With the spread of education and the growth of wider knowledge of English literature and English history, our kinsmen beyond the seas took increasing pride in the association of their new land with the old country, and in their own identity with the stock of the barons of Runnymede, the yeomen of Cressy and Agincourt, the sailors of Trafalgar and the enlightened and patriotic statesmen to whom the Anglo-Saxon world owes the Writ of Habeas Corpus and the Bill of Rights. Their imagination was no less fired and their deepest feelings of reverence were stirred when they saw the noble example of unswerving public duty which was given to the world by the Sovereign to whom they owed allegiance; and when during the royal progress through London on June 22, 1897, the representatives of these splendid young nations were seen in attendance on their revered ruler, the British Empire had, so to speak, found itself. From that moment the little Englander, who had been an anxiety, ceased to be a serious factor in English public affairs. We could therefore afford to be amused at the announcement of the "Berliner Post" (which is not professing a comic paper), at the opening of the present war (October 13, 1899), that in the British colonies "a pronounced movement in favor of separation from the Mother Country is noticeable!"

The conduct of these daughter nations during our South African struggle has driven home and clenched the object-lesson of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and the people of England most thoroughly realize that the attention of their statesmen can no longer be

exclusively devoted to the domestic affairs of two little islands, but that henceforward in all questions of policy we must give a close and sympathetic consideration, not only to the interests, but also to the feelings of the people of Greater Britain.

Closely connected with the subject of inter-imperial relations is the policy which the British Empire should pursue as regards other nations and empires. We shall have to re-consider our position with regard to them one by one; for it must be owned that some of our Ministers seem to be living under the spell of a diplomacy, which the wisest of them has declared to be "antiquated." We wish to see this wisdom translated into action. We believe it to be the desire of the nation that these old-time prejudices and superstitions should be abandoned. The condition of the world has greatly changed during the past century. At the time when the "pilot who weathered the storm" was laid in his grave at the foot of his father's statue in Westminster Abbey, France was ahead of all European countries as regards population, for she numbered twenty-five million souls. When England entered upon her Titanic struggle with Napoleon, the whole European population of the British Empire did not exceed fifteen millions, while the population of the United States was not much larger than that of Australia at the present moment. To-day we are living in an entirely new world, the development and progress of which is the topic of almost every leading article, so we need not descant upon it here. Perhaps the main fact which should impress itself upon Englishmen in considering the actual international outlook is not merely the extraordinary growth of Germany—who has achieved greatness by trampling on her neighbors—but the fact that this formidable community is becoming in-

creasingly dependent on a foreign food supply, as well as on foreign supplies of raw and partially manufactured articles. This necessarily involves the development of Germany as a Sea Power, and it is a matter for every European State to ponder over. She is already stronger at sea than either France or Russia. It therefore affects them as well as England, though up to a certain point they may welcome it, because it is the cause of German hostility to England. No one has brought this hostility so graphically before the British nation as the present Chancellor of the German Empire, Count von Bülow. He loses few opportunities in his highly flavored discourses in the Reichstag of displaying his contempt for Great Britain, though both before and after more than one of these public demonstrations, private assurances have been conveyed to the British Government that the speaker need not be taken seriously as he was merely "conciliating" German Anglophobes—usually of the Agrarian class to which he belongs. One of these utterances, however, stands by itself, and as it is quite incapable of being explained away, Count von Bülow has not attempted any explanation. In reply to an interpellation, he informed the Reichstag that the telegram sent by Kaiser Wilhelm to President Kruger in 1896 was not, as had been represented in this country, the offspring of an unpremeditated impulse of resentment against the Jameson Raid, but it was a deliberate effort to ascertain how far Germany could reckon on the support of France and Russia in forming an anti-British combination. The Chancellor owned that the effort had failed, presumably because our supposed enemies were unwilling to play into the hands of Germany; he explained that, in consequence, German foreign policy had necessarily to take another tack, since "isolation" had been demonstrat-

ed. We doubt whether history records in the relations between great Powers a more impudent avowal of a more unfriendly act. It is galling to Englishmen to reflect that Germany was rewarded for failing to raise Europe against us by an Anglo-German agreement securing to her the reversion to spacious territories to which she has no sort of claim, though they may have been in the Kaiser's capacious mind when he despatched his telegram.

The official advocates of the Naval Bills which have been introduced into the "Reichstag" during the last three years have made no concealment as to the objective of the modern German navy, and that portion of the German press which takes its cue from the Government has told us in language impossible to misunderstand that Germany aspires to deprive us of our position on the ocean. "*Unsere Zukunft liegt auf dem Wasser*;" such is the swelling phrase of the Kaiser; but, like all his rhetoric, there is serious purpose behind it. At the present time it is estimated that a substantial proportion of the food of the entire population of Germany is sea-borne. She is becoming transformed from an agricultural into an industrial community, and if the process continues for another quarter of a century, while remaining secured against actual starvation by her land frontiers, she will become no less dependent on the ocean highways for her prosperity than we are. Great Britain is therefore confronted with the development of a new sea power founded on the same economic basis as herself, and impelled by a desire to be supreme. But *l'océan ne comporte qu'un seul maître*. We have secured in the past the sovereignty of the seas, and our sceptre cannot be wrested from us without a desperate and bloody struggle. Germany will not be so insane as to attempt this task single-handed, at any rate for many years to

come; and it is for other Powers to consider in the interval whether it is for their advantage to support her in a joint attack on England, in which, as is evident from recent revelations, President Faure clearly foresaw that the brunt of battle would fall upon others, while the lion's share of any plunder would fall to Germany. It is by no means improbable that such a coalition might be worsted. We have before now successfully faced the world in arms on the ocean; but on the unlikely hypothesis of our fleet being crushed, it may be as well for other nations to make up their minds what they might expect to gain if the German eagle replaced the Union Jack as the symbol of sea power.

We approach the delicate question of our relations with Russia with considerable diffidence, as the omniscient German press has declared at any time during the last twenty years that the interests of England and Russia are as irreconcilable as their hatred is hereditary. It can hardly be denied that the "honest broker" in Berlin has exploited this assumed antagonism with much skill and no little profit to himself, but it has yet to be pointed out what benefit has accrued to either of the traditional antagonists. There are grounds for asserting that this question has lately been asked in responsible quarters in Russia, and that to-day the Russian Government is less ready "to pull the chestnuts out of the fire," to use a favorite Teutonic metaphor, for Count von Bülow than she used to be for his illustrious predecessor, Prince Bismarck. On the other hand, the failure of the Russian Emperor to act on the amiable exhortations of the leading German journals by taking advantage of our pre-occupations in South Africa has made an unmistakable impression on the public opinion of this country. The "National Zel-

tung," one of Prince Bismarck's favored organs, kindly informed us on October 1, 1899: "If England gets into military difficulties in South Africa, if the war is protracted, or if it takes an unfavorable turn, Russia would not remain idle. The opportunity for Russian aggrandizement in Asia would be too tempting." Of all countries in the world, the Power which would have most reason to rue the substitution of Germany for Great Britain as the mistress of the seas would be Russia. When Kaiser Wilhelm came on his fruitful visit to England in the autumn of 1899, which produced the "graceful concession" on our part of Samoa, prominent Englishmen, who were inquisitive as to the significance of the great naval movement then under way in Germany, received the comforting assurance that German naval armaments were exclusively directed against Russia, being intended for co-operation with England in the Far East and for the maintenance of German interests in the Near East. In a sense, the latter suggestion expresses a substantially accurate fact. If once the sea power of England were overthrown Germany would be free to execute her hostile policy towards Russia, who is not less in her way than we are. There is an idea growing steadily amongst Germans that Germany should expand into an empire branching from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf; thus would territories be secured enjoying an excellent climate, to which the surplus stream of German population, which now flows to the United States and to the British Empire, might be diverted, without being lost to the German flag. This is by no means a new idea; it is the revival of an old idea, and it means of course the supremacy of Germany in the Near East and the supersession of the Slav by the Teuton. Such is the objective of those ambitious dreamers known as the Pan-

Germanic League, a body most tenderly regarded by the German Government, and it embodies a policy as antagonistic to Russia as the German naval program is hostile to England.

Whatever the effect of recent developments may have been upon Russia, the attitude of the German nation and the suspicious policy of the German Government has led a continually increasing number of Englishmen to inquire whether it would not be worth while for England and Russia to discuss their differences with the object of arriving at a working understanding, and, if possible, a comprehensive settlement? Very distinguished Russians have frequently expressed an earnest desire that their country should seek an *entente* with England. The late Emperor Alexander openly avowed his desire for such a settlement. The present Emperor is credited with the same disposition as his father, and has more than once, though in an unostentatious manner, manifested his beneficent intentions towards this country. Had Sir Robert Morier lived, it is almost certain that an understanding would have been arrived at, but after his death the Emperor Alexander III became convinced that it was hopeless to try and do business with this country, owing to the influence of a certain school of English politicians whose unreasoning antagonism to Russia almost amounts to a monomania. We hasten to say, however, that the fault does not lie exclusively with England. A main difficulty which confronts us whenever the subject is broached is that the central Government of St. Petersburg appears to be unable or unwilling to control the action of its more distant agents. We have had several conspicuous examples recently in China, *e. g.*, where Russian officers have treated the property of, or pledged to, British subjects in a most high-handed and intolerable manner, in de-

fiance of repeated assurances given to our Ambassador at St. Petersburg. In fact, these cases were so bad that we do not care to dwell upon them. Again, a letter which appeared in the "Times" of September 14, signed "K.," narrated an episode in Persia illustrating the difficulty of overcoming the obsession of certain Russian officials, who appear to think that their whole duty consists in playing into the hands of the Germans by making decent diplomatic relations between England and Russia impossible. It appears that while Sir Henry Drummond Wolff was British Minister at Teheran, he endeavored to come to an arrangement with Russia on certain Persian questions. He drew up a memorandum, which he showed confidentially to his Russian colleague, indicating how the vast material interests of Persia might be developed to the advantage of all three Powers if they worked together. The only use which the Russian Minister made of this memorandum was to ruin the British Minister's influence in Persia by giving a false account of the whole transaction to the Shah, with the object of convincing his Majesty that Great Britain desired the partition of Persia! At the same time, we in England must remember, when we complain of such conduct on the part of Russian agents, that, bad as it is, it is not more perfidious than actions which our Government appears willing to tolerate when Germany is the culprit. We doubt whether in the whole range of diplomatic intercourse it would be possible to point to the behavior of one great Power to another more audaciously cynical in its disloyalty than the conduct of Germany to England over what Count von Bülow has been pleased to christen the "Yangtze Agreement"—except perhaps the treason of Prussia to her allies on the occasion of the Peace of Basel.

The chief political obstacle to an

Anglo-Russian understanding is, no doubt, due to the desire of Russia to come down to the Persian Gulf. If we are able to recognize and tolerate her ambition in that quarter our antagonism would come to an end, at least for a generation. This admittedly is a subject of great difficulty, and one not to be settled off-hand; but that is no reason, as the "Times" has lately pointed out, why statesmen should not be prepared to face it. It is clearly our interest, as it is our intention, to preserve intact the *status quo* in the Gulf unless we can come to an arrangement with Russia by which we get a *quid pro quo*. That status has been lately threatened by the Sultan of Turkey at Koweit, the port at the head of the Gulf which the Germans are believed to have marked as their future naval base, and which is to be the southern terminus of the great trunk line which will cross Asia Minor from Constantinople. The Sultan of Turkey lately made use of certain local disturbances between Mubarak, the Sheikh of Koweit, and the Emir of Najd in order to assert his sovereignty over the independent sheikhs of the coast, and he counted on vindicating his pretensions over the ruler of Koweit, after that personage had been defeated by his enemies. Accordingly, the Sultan sent a corvette full of troops to Koweit. Mubarak immediately applied for British protection, and when the Turks appeared they found one of our gunboats in the port, and the British officer informed the Turkish commander of the expedition that his troops would not be allowed to land. There the matter stands for the present, but the whole incident is illustrative of the handiwork of Germany, who was undoubtedly egging on the Sultan. The attempt was mainly directed against the British policy of upholding the present situation in the Persian Gulf, but if successful, it might have

a very considerable bearing on the future interests of Russia. Is it not idle to argue that Germany has "claims" to a port on the Persian Gulf, while we are to regard the appearance of Russia in that part of the world as a *casus belli*? Some acknowledged authorities have held that the manifest anxiety of Russia to penetrate into Southern Persia and to secure a seaport is a subject to be carefully considered by England. In this connection a thoughtful paper by Sir Richard Temple, in the July number of the "Royal United Service Journal," deserves the attention of the statesmen of both countries; and it may also be remarked that the policy of endeavoring to close our controversy with Russia by an accord on the Persian Gulf was advocated at the close of his career by no less a person than Sir Henry Rawlinson. But it cannot be too often repeated that the condition precedent of such an agreement is the active goodwill of the powers that be in St. Petersburg. It is for them to reflect as to whether the co-operation of England might not be of enormous use in promoting Russian trade in the Far East. At present Russia has already a road from the Caspian to the Persian capital, which is a source of great profit to her; but she can only transport goods to and from the Persian Gulf on the backs of camels or of mules; and the cost of carriage between the Caspian and the sea-coast, even at the most favorable time of the year, is not less than twenty pounds a ton.

In another part of the world it is for the Russians to consider whether the goodwill of England might not be worth cultivating. The question of Manchuria naturally rankles in the mind of the Japanese, who can clearly see that if a Japanese *pied à terre* constituted a menace to the integrity of the Chinese Empire, which was the

pretext on which she was ordered out of Port Arthur, then the establishment of Russia in Manchuria may become a very formidable menace to Japan. That conviction is coming home with increasing force the closer Japan views the situation; that Russia is aware of it is shown by her studied conciliation to the first-class naval and military Power lying off her most exposed flank. She feels constrained to go out of her way to appease the Japanese Government to which she ostentatiously communicates the movements of her troops in Manchuria; but these courtesies do not conciliate; the burning indignation which the Russian appropriation of Manchuria raises in the breast of Japan may be concealed for a while, but she is merely biding her time, and awaiting an opportunity for displaying her real sentiments. The keystone to British policy in the Far East is a friendly understanding and co-operation with Japan; but, that being recognized, there is nothing to prevent this country from supporting a settlement of the Manchurian and Korean questions on lines which would be regarded as fairly satisfactory both in St. Petersburg and in Tokio. If the Korean question were regularized, Japan would have considerably less reason than at present to apprehend Russian schemes, and Russia, on her part, might devote herself to developing her far eastern dominions without risk of interruption from Japan.

Russian statesmen have to make up their minds whether, in the present condition of Russian industries, Russian agriculture and Russian finance, a friendly understanding with England, which would relieve her anxieties in the Far East, and which might result in her being able to continue her Trans-Caucasian and Siberian railways to the shores of the Persian Gulf, and which, last but not least, might enable her to carry out her historic mission in

the Balkans, is not worth a high price.

Whether our readers agree with the view propounded in this paper or not we do not think that those who adopt a purely negative attitude by denying the existence of any basis for an *entente* between the Russian and British Empires are entitled to be heard. If others have a positive policy opposed to that which we are setting forth, by all means let them produce it, and induce or compel the British Government to adopt it and execute it. But in the interval we venture to sketch in outline some suggestions for a comprehensive settlement between the two Powers with the object of demonstrating to the sceptics that at any rate the raw material for an Anglo-Russian agreement abounds—whatever may be the case as regards the good will and statesmanship requisite to evolve the finished article. We would invite the reader to note that these suggestions are calculated to compromise neither the relations between Russia and France nor those between Great Britain and Japan.

PROPOSED ANGLO-RUSSIAN UNDERSTANDING.

The understanding would naturally fall under three different heads:

I. THE NEAR EAST.

With regard to the Near East the basis would be that whilst Russia abstained from any attempt to interfere with the *status quo* in Egypt, we should frankly recognize that the fulfilment of what Russia regards as her historic mission in the Balkan Peninsula conflicts with no vital British interests, and that in Asiatic Turkey we should abstain from favoring the development of German schemes of expansion.

II. PERSIA AND CENTRAL ASIA.

With regard to Persia and Central Asia, we might offer Russia our co-operation in the development of railway communication between the Caspian and the Persian Gulf, and in securing for her a commercial outlet on the Gulf in return for an undertaking on the part of Russia to respect the political *status quo* along the shores of the Gulf.

III. THE FAR EAST.

With regard to the Far East the question is necessarily more complicated, as Japan would have to be taken into the counsels of the two Empires and a basis of agreement arrived at which would satisfy her as well as Russia and Great Britain.

As far as Japan is concerned, such a basis might be found in the recognition by Russia and England of the Japanese claim to an exclusive sphere of influence in Corea.

Japan would presumably, in return for this concession, have no objection to a formal agreement under which Great Britain would recognize Russia's claim to regulate her political and commercial position in Manchuria and Mongolia by direct negotiation with China, and Russia would in like manner recognize Great Britain's claim to regulate in the same way her political and commercial position in the Yangtze Valley, each Power binding itself to give no support in those regions to the enterprise of any other Power. With regard to all other questions in China, Great Britain, Russia and Japan would agree to take no steps without mutual consultation.

The fact of Russia being a party to such an agreement would give France a guarantee that her interests would be taken into due consideration, while our participation would afford a

natural safeguard to the commercial interests of the United States.

The effect of such an agreement, accompanied by the customary demonstrations in such cases, public declarations by the Sovereigns and their official representatives, and an exchange of visits by their respective fleets, would at once remove the danger of a sudden explosion which must continue to hang over the whole world so long as the Far East remains the powder-magazine of international rivalries and conflicting interests which it is at present.

The natural consequence of this understanding would be that in the event of war between Germany and Russia, Great Britain would remain neutral, and in the event of war between Great Britain and Germany, Russia would remain neutral. Russia would no longer give cause for suspicion that she was instigating France to make war against us, as Count Muravieff did during the Fashoda crisis, and Great Britain would cease to be suspected in St. Petersburg of encouraging Japanese hostility to Russia. Japan, on her side, would be relieved of the menace of a possible revival against her of the Triple Alliance of 1895.

We need not enlarge upon other points in the European relations of Great Britain. Lord Salisbury's Government deserves credit for having strengthened the bonds between this nation and her oldest ally, Portugal, a country we should stand by on all occasions. On the other hand, have not his Majesty's Ministers shown some remissness in their dealings with Italy? At any rate, there is high authority for saying that this is the feeling in the Quirinal. Any obstacle to Anglo-Italian friendship, whatever it may be, should be speedily removed. Italy is a country specially dear to the English people; it is the land that Byron loved and to which Palmerston was

devoted. Nothing in the latter's brilliant career does him more credit than his persistent, wise and courageous efforts to liberate Italy from thralldom. Apart from all sentiment, Italy is one of the natural allies of England, and we have not so many that we can afford to trifle with her. Italian statesmen have one and all proclaimed their desire to maintain the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, and any attempt to impair the supremacy of England in that sea must be looked askance at in Italy, for if we were overthrown, France—the friend of the Vatican—would take our place. And just as Russia has nothing to gain but everything to lose from the substitution of German for British supremacy, so Italy would have bitter cause to rue the disappearance of the White Ensign from the Mediterranean. On her side, Italy has a right to expect the material as well as the moral support of England under certain circumstances easier to conceive than to discuss. For instance, should the nightmare which haunts European statesmanship materialize, and the Austrian Empire be plunged into the melting-pot, England should exert herself to secure for Italy that portion of the *disjecta membra* which is Italian in sympathy and feeling. Under no circumstances should we tolerate that the German flag should float over the Italian city of Trieste.

If we are to revert, as some of us desire, to the policy of Canning and Palmerston, and energetically support the cause of civil and religious liberty and popular rights in Europe, the time may not be remote when we should lift up our voices on behalf of the Czechs of Bohemia. In so doing we shall be promoting the real interests of the Austrian Empire. The question has been so persistently misrepresented that Englishmen are only beginning to realize that the Slavs of Austria are not the disintegrating

force within that country. But it is the German element enrolled under the banner of the Pan-Germanic League which threatens the existence of an empire which a great Czech writer has told us would have to be created if it did not exist.

To sum up, then, the general conclusions of this paper; we should do everything in our power to promote the interests of Italy and the expansion of Italian power, while we need not conceal our sympathies for the Bohemian Slavs and the ideas they represent, and we should adhere firmly to our old policy of alliance with Portugal. We are the only great European Power which covets no European territory, and it ought not to be beyond the resources of our statesmanship to profit by this unique feature in our position. In the Far East the keystone of our policy will be the maintenance of our *entente* with Japan. It is our earnest desire to meet, if possible, the wishes of Russia, particularly on the Persian Gulf; but this policy is only practicable if Russia realizes that our co-operation is at least as valuable to her as hers is to us. We may, perhaps, be allowed to interject in passing that the different methods and systems of government and political institutions in the two empires need not interfere with their cordial relations, as some Russians seem inclined to apprehend.

His Excellency Constantin Pobledonostseff, Procurator of the Holy Synod, has recently published an article in the "North American Review" expressing his unmitigated contempt for the Parliamentary machinery of France, Austria, Germany and Italy. We cannot but suspect that he is equally hostile to the spread of English theories of government, and fears they might conceivably creep into Russia in the wake of the Anglo-Russian *entente*. His Excellency should be reassured on that

point. Englishmen are beginning to realize that their institutions, however suitable to this country, are quite unsuitable even to nations whose historical development is much more similar to that of England than is the history of Russia. The Empire of the Tsars, on its side, possesses interesting and characteristic institutions which it would be disastrous to impair, but which could not be transferred to other soils.

In seeking to close our prolonged contest with Russia, we are desirous of doing something which would be for the advantage of civilization, and, should it be effected, it would not be less welcome because it brought us back into friendly relations with France—a country whose history is closely interwoven with our own, and with which we share so many political sentiments. The French are, perhaps, the only nation which will make sacrifices and run risks for the sake of those who enjoy their friendship. They are capable of sentimental attachment as well as sentimental hatred.

To those foreign statesmen who say, or are supposed to say, that "it is impossible to do business with England, seeing that one Government is apt to reverse the foreign policy of its predecessor," we would reply that of late years there have been various influences at work to steady public opinion in this country on questions of foreign politics, and that the break on a change of Government is practically imperceptible. The credit of this continuity is principally due to Lord Rosebery and his adherents in Parliament and the Press. No one familiar with the *personnel* of our politics can seriously suggest that if Lord Salisbury and Lord Lansdowne were to pursue the policy set forth in this paper their successors would fail to keep the engagements they might inherit.

But earnestly as we advocate a par-

ticular policy there should be no misunderstanding as to our motives. We are not touting for alliances. We are prepared to entertain friendly overtures and to enter alliances on suitable terms and for practical purposes; and for the realization of ideals beneficial to the world at large we think Great Britain should be prepared to make considerable though reasonable sacrifices. But the people of this country will no longer tolerate a policy of "graceful concessions," and will not permit any Ministry or any personage however exalted to adopt towards any Power the attitude which has been too long followed as regards Germany. If Russia wishes to come to us, we shall meet her cordially and at least half way. If, on the other hand, Russia and France, one or both of them, elect to combine with Germany in an attempt to wrest from us the sceptre of the seas and to replace our sovereignty by that of Germany, England will know how to meet them. The Navy Bill in Germany was carried through with the avowed object of creating a navy which "would be able to keep the North Sea clear." We have no intention of clearing out of the North Sea or out of any other sea. We seek no quarrel with any Power; but if Germany thinks it her interest to force one upon us, we shall not shrink from the ordeal, even should she appear on the lists with France and Russia as her allies. Germans would, however, do well to realize that if England is driven to it, England will strike home.

Close to the foundations of the German Empire, which has hardly emerged from its artificial stage, there exists a powder magazine such as is to be found in no other country, viz., Social Democracy. In the case of a conflict with Great Britain, misery would be caused to large classes of the German population, produced by the total

collapse of subsidized industries; far-reaching commercial depression, financial collapse, and a defective food sup-

ply might easily make that magazine explode.

The National Review.

DOWN THE DANUBE IN A CANADIAN CANOE.

I.

It was a brilliant day in early June when we launched our canoe on the waters of the Danube, not one hundred yards from its source in the Black Forest, and commenced our journey of four and twenty hundred miles to the Black Sea. Two weeks before we had sent her from London to Donaueschingen by freight, and when the railway company telegraphed the word *arrived* we posted after her with tent, kit-bags, blankets, cameras and cooking-apparatus.

Donaueschingen is an old-fashioned little town on the southern end of the Schwarzwald plateau, and the railway that runs through it brings it apparently no nearer to the world. It breathes a spirit of remoteness and tranquillity born of the forests that encircle it, and that fill the air with pleasant odors and gentle murmurings.

There, lying snugly on a shelf in the goods-shed, we found our slender craft, paddles and boot-hook tied securely to the thwarts—and without a crack! “No duty to pay,” said the courteous official, after examining an enormous book, “and only seventeen marks for freight-charges the whole way from Oxford.” She was sixteen feet long (with a beam of thirty-four inches), and had the slim, graceful lines and deep-curved ribs of the true Rice Lake (Ontario) build. Two or three inches would float her, and yet she could ride safely at top speed over the waves of a rapid

that would have capsized a boat twice her size. Splendid little craft, she bore us faithfully and well, almost like a thing of life and intelligence, round many a ticklish corner and under more than one dangerous bridge, though this article will only outline some of our adventures in her over the first thousand miles as far as Budapest.

From the yard of the Schuetzen Inn, where she lay all night, we carried her on our shoulders below the picturesque stone bridge and launched her in a pool where the roach and dace fairly made the water dance. You could toss a stone over the river here without an effort, and when we had said farewell to the kindly villagers and steered out into mid-stream there was so little water that the stroke of the paddle laid bare the shining pebbles upon the bottom and grated along the bed.

“Happy journey!” cried the townsfolk standing on the bank in blue trousers and waving their straw hats. “And quick return,” added the hotel-keeper, who had overcharged us abominably in every possible item. We bore him little malice, however, for there were no inns or hotel-bills ahead of us; and uncommonly light-hearted were we as the canoe felt the stream move beneath her and slipped away at a good speed down the modest little river that must drop twenty-two hundred feet before it pours its immense volume through three arms into the Black Sea.

At first our progress was slow.

Patches of white weeds everywhere choked the river, and often brought us to a complete standstill, and in less than ten minutes we were aground in a shallow. We had to tuck up our trousers and wade. This was a frequent occurrence during the day, and we soon realized that the hundred and twenty-five miles to Ulm, before the tributaries commence to pour in their icy floods from the Alps, would be slow and difficult. But what of that? It was glorious summer weather; the mountain airs were intoxicating, and the scenery charming beyond words. Nowhere that day was the river more than forty yards across, or over three feet deep. The white weeds lay over the surface like thick cream, but the canoe glided smoothly over them, swishing as she passed. Her slim nose opened a pathway that her stern left gently hissing with bubbles as the leaves rose again to the surface; and behind us there was ever a little milk-white track in which the blossoms swam and danced in the sunshine as the current raced merrily along the new channel thus made for it.

Winding in and out among broad fields and acres of reeds we dropped gently down across the great plateau of the Black Forest mountains. The day was hot and clear, and overhead a few white clouds sailed with us, as it were for company's sake, down the blue reaches of the sky. Usually we coasted along the banks, the reeds touching the sides of the canoe and the wind playing over hosts of nodding flowers and fields level to our eyes with standing hay, while, in the distance, the mountain-slopes, speckled with blue shadows, were ever opening into new vistas and valleys. Here the peaceful Danube still dreams, lying in her beauty-sleep as it were, and with no hint of the racing torrent that comes later with full waking. Pretty villages appeared along the banks at in-

tervals. Pforen was the first, snugly gathered into the nook of the hills; a church, a few red-roofed houses, a wooden bridge and a castle with a fine stork staring down at us from her nest in the ruined tower. The peasants were away in the fields and we drifted lazily by without so much as a greeting. Niedingen was the second, where a huge crucifix presided over the centre of the quaint bridge, and where we landed to buy butter, potatoes and onions. Gutmadingen was the third; and here a miller and his men helped our portage over the weir while his wife stood in the hot sunshine and asked questions.

"Where are you going to?"

"The Black Sea." She had never heard of it, and evidently thought we were making fun of her. "Ulm, then," Ah! Ulm she knew. "But it's an enormous distance! And is the tent for rain?" she asked.

"No; for sleeping in at night."

"Ach was!" she exclaimed. "Well, I wouldn't sleep a night in that tent, or go a yard in that boat, for anything you could give me."

The miller was more appreciative. He gave us a delicious drink—a sort of mead, which was most refreshing and which, he assured us, would not affect the head in the least—and told us there were twenty-four more weirs before we reached Ulm, the beginning of navigation. But none the less he, too, had his questions to ask.

"I thought all the Englishmen had gone to the war. The papers here say that England is quite empty."

The temptation was too great to resist. "No," we said gravely, "only the big ones went to the war. [We were both over six feet.] England is still full of men of the smaller sizes like ourselves." The expression on his face lightened our work considerably for the next mile.

Soon after the river left the plateau

behind it and took a sudden leap into the Donaual. We shot round a corner about six o'clock and came upon a little willow-island in mid-stream. Here we landed and pitched our tent on the long grass, made a fire, peeled the onions, fried our strips of beef with the potatoes, and made excellent tea. On all sides the pines crept down close into the narrowing valley. In the evening sunlight, with long shadows slanting across the hills, we smoked our pipes after our meal. There were no flies and the air was cool and sweet. Presently the moon rose over the ridge of the forest behind us and the lights of Immendingen, twinkling through the shadows, were just visible a mile below us. The night was cool and the river hurried almost silently past our tent-door. When at length we went to bed, on cork mattresses with india-rubber sheets under us and thick Austrian blankets over us, everything was sopping with dew.

The bells of Immendingen coming down the valley were the first sounds we heard as we went to bathe at seven o'clock next morning in the cold, sparkling water; and later, when we scrambled over the great Immendingen weir no villagers came to look on and say "*Engländer, Engländer,*" for it was Sunday morning and they were all at mass.

The valley grew narrower and limestone cliffs shone white through the sombre forests. It was very lonely between the villages. The river, now sixty yards wide, swept in great semi-circular reaches under the very shadow of the hills; storks stood about fishing in the shallows; wild swans flew majestically in front of us—we came across several nests with eggs—and duck were plentiful everywhere. Once, in an open space on the hills, we saw a fine red fox motionless in his observation of some duck—and ourselves. Presently he trotted away into

the cover of the woods and the ducks quacked their thanks to us. Then suddenly, above Möhringen, just when we were congratulating ourselves that wading was over for good, the river dwindled away into a thin, trickling line of water that showed the shape of every single pebble in its bed. We went aground continually. Half the Danube had escaped through fissures in the ground. It comes out again, on the other side of the mountains, as the river Ach, and flows into the Lake of Constance. The river was now less in volume than when we started, clear as crystal, dancing in the sunshine, weaving like a silver thread through the valley, and making delightful music over the stones. Yet most of our journey that day was wading. Trousers were always tucked up to the knees, and we had to be ready to jump out at a moment's notice. Before the numberless little rapids the question was: "Is there enough water to float us? Can we squeeze between those rocks? Is that wave a hidden stone, or merely the current?" The steersman stood up to get a better view of the channel and avoid the sun's glare on the water, and in this way we raced down many a bit of leaping, hissing water; and, incidentally, had many a sudden shock before the end, tumbling out headlong, banging against stones and shipping water all the time. The canoe got sadly scratched, and we decided at length to risk no more of the baby-rapids. A torn canoe in the Black Forest, miles from a railway, spelt helplessness. Thereafter we waded the rapids. It was a hot and laborious process—the feet icy cold, the head burning hot, and the back always bent double. Weirs, too, became frequent, and unloading and reloading was soon reduced to a science. In the afternoon the villagers poured out to stare and look on. They rarely offered to help,

but stood round as close as possible while we unloaded, examining articles, and asking questions all the time. They had no information to give. Few of them knew anything of the river ten miles below their particular village, and none had ever been to Ulm. Now and then there was a sceptical "*Dass ist unmöglich* (that's impossible)," when we mentioned Ulm as our goal. "*Ach je! They're mad—in that boat!*"

From Donaueschingen to Ulm there is a weir in every five miles, and our progress was slow. Whenever the river grew deep we learned to know that a dam was near; and below the dam there was scarcely enough water to float an eggshell. But there was no occasion to hurry; everything was done in leisurely fashion in this great garden of Würtemberg, and most of the villages were sound asleep. At Möhringen, indeed, we got the impression that the village had slept for at least a hundred years and that our bustling arrival had suddenly awakened it. It lay in a clearing of the forest, in a charming mossy bed that no doubt made sleep a delightful necessity. The miller invited us to the inn, where we found a score of peasants in their peaked hats and black suits of broad-cloth sitting each in front of a foaming tankard; and they drank so slowly that a hundred years did not seem too long to finish a tankard. There was very little conversation, and they stared unconscionably, bowing gravely when we ordered their stone mugs to be refilled and regarding us all the time with steady, expressionless interest. In due time, however, they digested us, and then the stream of inevitable questions burst forth.

"You bivouac? You go to the sea? If you ever get to Ulm! You have come the whole way from London in that shell?"

We gulped down the excellent cold beer and hurried away. The river

dwindled to a width of a dozen yards and wading was incessant. We lightened the canoe as much as possible, but, our kit having been already reduced to what seemed only strictly necessary, there was little enough to throw away—a tin plate, a tin cup, a fork, a spoon, a knife and a red cushion. These we piled up in a little mound upon the bank with a branch stuck in the ground to draw attention. I wonder who is now using those costly articles.

Another series of picturesque villages glided past us: Tuttlingen, famous (as the dirty water proclaimed) for its tanneries, and where a couple of hundred folk in their Sunday clothes watched our every movement as we climbed round two high and difficult weirs; Nendingen, where a kind and silent miller gave us of his cool mead; Mülheim straggling half-way up the hills with its red-brown roofs and church and castle all mingled together in most picturesque confusion, as if it had slipped down from the summit and never got straight again; and Friedigen, where we laid in fresh supplies, and found two Germans who had spent years in California, and whose nasal voices sounded strangely out of place among their guttural neighbors. "Camp anywhere you please," they said, "and no one'll object to your fires so long as you put 'em out."

I forget how many more villages ending in *ingen* we passed; but now that the heat of the day, and the labor and toll of wading are forgotten, they come before me again with their still, peaceful loveliness like a string of quaint jewels strung along the silver thread of the river.

Soon the water increased and the canoe sped onwards among the little waves and rapids like a winged thing. The mountains became higher, the valley narrower. Limestone cliffs, scooped

and furrowed by the eddies of a far larger Danube thousands of years before, rose gleaming out of the pine-woods about their base. We plunged in among the Swabian Alps, and the river tumbled very fast and noisily along a rock-strewn bed. It darted across from side to side, almost as though the cliffs were tossing it across in play to each other. One moment we were in blazing sunlight, the next in deep shadow under the cliffs. There was no room for houses, and no need for bridges; boats we never saw; big, gray fish-hawks, circling buzzards, storks by the score had this part of the river all to themselves.

Suddenly we turned a sharp corner and shot at full speed into an immense cauldron. It was a perfect circle, half a mile in diameter, bound in by the limestone cliffs. The more ancient river had doubtless filled it with a terrifying whirlpool, for the rocks were strangely scooped and eaten into curves hundreds of feet above us. But now its bottom was a clean flat field, where the little stream, with its audacious song, whipped along at the very foot of the cliffs on one side of the circle.

It was a lonely, secluded spot, the very place for a camp. Though only five o'clock on a June afternoon the cliffs kept out the sunshine. We sank the canoe to soak up cracks and ease strained ribs, and soon had our tent up, and a fire burning. Then we climbed the cliffs. It was a puzzle to see how the river got in or got out. As we climbed we came across deep recesses and funnel-shaped holes, caves with spiral openings in the roof, and pillars shaped like an hour-glass. Across the gulf the ruined castle of Kallenberg stood on a point of rock that was apparently inaccessible, and when the evening star shone over its broken battlements, it might well have been a ghostly light held aloft by the shades of the robber-barons who once

lived in it. When we went to bed at ten o'clock the full moon shone upon the white cliffs with a dazzling brilliance that seemed to turn them into ice, while the deep shadows over the river made the scene strangely impressive. Only the tumbling of the water and the chirping of the crickets broke the silence. In the night we woke and thought we heard people moving round the tent, but, on going out to see, the canoe was still safe, and the white moonshine revealed no figures. It was doubtless the river talking in its sleep, or the wind wandering lost among the bushes.

At five o'clock next morning I looked out of the tent and found our cauldron full of seething mist through which the sunshine was just beginning to force a way. An hour later the tent was too hot for comfort.

All day we followed the gorge, with many a ruined castle of impregnable position looking down upon us from the cliffs. The valley widened about noon, and fields ablaze with popples lay in the sun, while tall yellow flags fringed the widening river. In another great circle, similar in formation to that of Kallenberg, but five times as large, we found the monastery of Beuron with its eighty monks and fifty lay-brothers. We bathed and put on our celluloid collars (full dress in an outfit where weight is of supreme importance) and went up to the gates. A bearded monk, acting as door-keeper, thrust a smiling face through the wicket in answer to our summons and informed us with genuine courtesy that the monastery was not open to visitors at this time of the year.

"There are many visitors in summer, I regret," he explained.

"Visitors? How do they get here?"

"By road; they come from long distances, driving and walking."

"But we may never be here again; we are on our way to the Black Sea."

"Ah, then you will see far more wonderful things than this in your journey." He remained firm; so, by way of consolation we went to the Gasthaus Zur Zonne and enjoyed a meal—the first for a week that we had not cooked ourselves.

It was a quiet, out-of-the-world spot. Monks were everywhere working in the fields, ploughing and haymaking; and it was here I first saw sheep following a shepherd. A curious covered bridge, lined with crucifixes, crossed the river, and we took an interesting photograph of a monk in a black straw hat and gown going over it with a cloud of dust in the blazing sunshine followed by fifty sheep. There was contentment on all faces, but the place must be dreadfully lonely and desolate in winter. We bought immense loaves in the monks' bakery, and matches, cigars, sugar and meat in a *devotions-handlung* (store for religious articles)!

Sigmaringen, with its old rock-perched castle and its hundred turrets gleaming in the sun, was reached just in time to find shelter from a thunderstorm that seemed to come out of a clear sky. There was a hurricane of wind, and the rain filled the quaint old streets with dashing spray. In an hour it cleared away, and we pushed on again; but the river had meanwhile risen nearly a foot. The muddy water rushed by with turbulent eddies, and the bridges were crowded with people to see us pass. They stood in silent, dark rows, without gesture or remark, and stared. Suddenly the storm broke again with redoubled fury. Up went their umbrellas, and we heard their guttural laughter. In a few minutes we were soaked, and no doubt cut a sorry figure as we launched the canoe at the foot of the big weir and vanished into the gathering darkness. We swirled between the pillars of another bridge in sheets of rain and the outlook for a dry camp and a fire was

decidedly poor. It was after nine o'clock when we landed in despair under a clump of trees on the left bank, and found to our delight that they concealed a solitary wedge of limestone cliff, and that in this cliff there was an arch, and under the arch a quantity of dry wood. A fire was soon blazing in the strip under the arch—some three feet wide—and the tent stood beneath the dripping trees. Our waterproof sheets and cork mattresses kept us dry, though all night the rain poured down, while outside we could hear the swollen river rushing past with a seething roar.

Next day the rapids began in earnest. Rapids are to canoers what fences are to fox-hunters. The first wave curls over in front of the canoe, there is a hiss and a bump, a slap of wet spray in the face, and then the canoe leaps under you and rushes headlong. At Riedlingen, while carrying the canoe across a slippery weir, we fell, boat and all, into the deep hole below the fall, luckily with no worse result than a wetting, for our kit was safely piled upon the bank. At Dietfurt we went into an apparently deserted village to buy milk, but the moment we entered the street it became alive. From every door poured men and women gaping, and the moment they spied the little yellow canoe upon the shore they rushed down in a flock shouting "*E' schiff! E' schiff!*" But, if they ran fast, we ran faster, and were off before the terrible onslaught of questions had begun. The milk was a mere detail.

At Gutenstein, where we camped in a hay-field, the mowers woke us at dawn, peering into the mouth of the tent. But they made no objections, and merely said "*Gruss Gott*" and "*Gute Reise*;" and for an hour afterwards I heard their scythes musically in my dreams as they cut a pathway for us to the river.

At Obermarchsthal we left the moun-

tains behind us, and with them, too, the memory of a pathetic figure. As we landed to go up to the little inn for eggs, an old man, leaning on a stick, hobbled down to meet us. His white hair escaped in disorder from beneath a peaked blue hat, and he wore a suit of a curious checked pattern which seemed wholly out of keeping with the dress of the country. At first, when he spoke, I could not understand him, and asked him in German to repeat his remarks.

"He's talking English," said my companion. "Can't you hear?" And English it was. He invited us up to the inn and told us his story over a mug of beer.

"This is my native village. I was born and raised here, and sixty years ago I ran away from Germany to escape military service. I went to the United States and settled finally in Alabama. I had a shop in Mobile, down South in a nigger town, and as soon as I was ready I wrote to the girl I left here to come out to me. She came and we were married. I've had two wives since out there. Now they're all buried in a little churchyard outside Mobile. And this is the first time I've been back in sixty years," he went on after a gulp of beer. "The village ain't changed one single bit. I feel as though I'd been sleepin' and sorter dreamin' all the while. . . . The shop's sold and I'm takin' a last look round at the ole place. There's only one or two that remembers me, but I was born and raised here, and this is where I had my first love and the place is full of memories, just chock full. No, I ain't a-goin' to live here. I'm goin' back to the States nex' month, so as I can die there and lie beside the others in the cemetery at Mobile."

The country became flatter, and the mountains were soon a blue line on the horizon behind us. At Opfingen

we crossed our last weir, and among the clouds in front of us saw the spire of Ulm cathedral, the tallest in the world. A fierce current swept us past banks fringed with myrtle bushes, poppies and yellow flags. Poplars rose in lines over the country, bending their heads in the wind, and we camped at eight o'clock in a wood about a mile above the town. While dinner was cooking a dog rushed barking up to us followed by three men with guns. They were evidently German Jäger. Two of them were dressed like pattern plates out of a tailor's guide to sportsmen—in spotless gaiters, pointed hats with feathers (like stage Tyrolese), guns with the latest slings, and silver whistles slung on colored cord round their necks. They examined the canoe first, and then came up and examined us. One of them, who was probably the proprietor of the land, a surly gruff fellow, had evidently made up his mind that we were poachers. And I must admit that at first sight there was ground for suspicion, for no poacher could possibly have found fault with our appearance.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Preparing to camp for the night," we told him.

"When are you going on?"

"We intend to go into Ulm in the morning."

"Where do you come from; are you Englishmen?"

"Yes; we come from London."

"*Ach was!*" (they all say *Ach was* when they want to be witheringly scornful). "In *that* egg-shell?"

"Certainly."

"And where are you going to?"

"Odessa."

They exchanged glances. "Evidently madmen, and not poachers," said the face of the man with the biggest silver whistle plainer than any words could have spoken it. "Do you

know these are private preserves?" was the next question.

"No." My friend, a keen sportsman, sheltered himself scowling behind his alleged ignorance of German (somehow he always knew our conversation afterwards to a word); but the penny whistle and the immaculate costume of the hunters in a scrubby wood where not even a rabbit lived, excited him to explosions of laughter which he concealed by frequent journeys to the tent.

"What's in that tent?"

"Beds." The *chasseurs* and the keeper went to examine, while the dog sniffed about everywhere. Our beds were not then untied, and the sportsmen untied them; but they found only blankets and cork mattresses.

"You have no guns, or dogs, or fishing-rods?" We shook our heads sulkily. "And you are only travelling peacefully for pleasure?"

"We are trying to," we said meekly.

"Then you may sleep here if you go on again to-morrow; but don't go into the woods after game." Then the men moved off. Doubtless they were right to ask questions, yet we were so obviously travellers. "Still, our weather-worn appearance and unshaved faces probably made us look more than a little doubtful," quoth my friend, who himself wore a slouch hat that did not add to the candor of his expression.

In the middle of dinner the men suddenly returned from another angle of the wood and examined everything afresh. We offered them some tea in a tin cup which they declined; and at last, after watching us at our meal in silence for ten minutes they moved off, evidently still suspicious. Thereafter we always knew them as the *chasseurs*. They were not the only pests, however. Mosquitoes appeared later—our first—and that night we slept behind the mosquito-netting we had so carefully fitted to the mouth of the tent when we first erected it weeks

before in the garden of a London square. During the night some one prowled about the tent. We heard twigs snapping and the footsteps among the bushes; but neither of us troubled ourselves to get up. If they took the canoe, they'd be drowned; and our other only valuables (a celluloid collar apiece, a clean suit for the big towns and a map) were safely inside the tent.

In the morning we shaved, and washed carefully and put on our full dress for the benefit of Ulm. We intended to paddle down quietly and stop at the Rowing Club wharf of which we had read; according to the map, it was a mile, and the current easy and pleasant. We wished our entrance to be sober and in good taste.

The best-laid plans, however, will sometimes go amiss when you're canoeing on the Danube. We were half way when we heard a roar like a train rushing over a hollow bridge. It grew louder every minute. In front of us the water danced and leaped, and before we knew what had happened we were plunging about among foaming waves and flying past the banks at something more than ten miles an hour.

"It's the Iller," cried my friend as the paddle was nearly wrested from his grasp. "It's marked on the map just about here."

It was the Iller. It had come in at an acute angle after running almost parallel with us for a little distance. It tumbled in at headlong speed, with an icy, turbulent flood of muddy water, and it gave the sedate Danube an impetus that it did not lose for another hundred miles below Ulm. For a space the two rivers declined to mingle. The noisy, dirty Iller, fresh from the Alps, kept to the right bank, going twice as fast as its more dignified companion on the left. A distinct line (as though drawn by a rope) divided them,

in color, speed and height—the Iller remaining for a long time at least half an inch above the level of the Danube. At length they mingled more freely and swept us down upon Ulm in a torrent of rough, racing water. Our leisurely, dignified entrance into Ulm was, like the suspicions of the *chasseurs*, a structure built on insufficient knowledge, a mere dream. Ulm lies on a curve of the river. Big bridges with nasty, thick pillars (and whirlpools, therefore, behind them) stand at both entrance and exit. How we raced under the first bridge I shall never forget. We were half way through the town, with the wet spray still on our cheeks, before the sound of the gurgling eddies below the bridge had ceased behind us. Where, oh,

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where was the friendly wharf of that Danube Rowing Club? The second bridge rose before us. There were crested waves under its arches. Already Ulm was almost a thing of the past; yet we had hoped to spend at least a week exploring its beauties.

"There it is," cried my friend in the bows, "on the left bank! That old board—see it? That's the wharf."

We managed to turn in mid-current and point the canoe up-stream. Then, by paddling as hard as we could, we dropped down past the wharf at a pace that just enabled us to grasp the rings in the boards and come to a standstill. You'll never forget Ulm if you arrive there as we did, in a canoe, when the Iller is in flood.

Algernon Blackwood.

(To be concluded.)

BISHOP WESTCOTT.*

A person looking on quite from the outside would not find it easy to state the qualifications required by the Church of England in its bishops, or to account for the mode in which they are appointed. Of late years the tendency has grown to look for the rulers of the Church in the ranks of the parish clergy; but there have been times when almost any other qualification was taken into account—learning, birth, political convictions, experience in teaching boys, but not experience in dealing with the clergy or with the problems which arise in their daily parochial life. On the whole, though the whole process has probably come into being on the basis of a strongly secular view of

the Church, it has worked well. The men have risen to the work, and the result is that the line of English bishops is adorned with the names of men who have not only served the Church well in their high office, but have brought to it powers elaborately trained in other walks of life.

On the whole, perhaps, the impartial outsider would be least likely to regard profound learning as giving any promise of vigorous and successful administrative power. For the outsider is apt, not altogether without reason, to distrust the learned. They are liable to say things of which he does not catch the meaning, to be dissatisfied with his rough generalizations, and to make criticisms which seem to him dreamy and unpractical. Moreover, he does not see what use learning will be in the work of a Bishop; he is con-

* "Lessons from Work." By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Durham. (London, 1901.) And other works.

tent that any one who likes should acquire it, but he cannot see that there will be any occasion for it in the course of a Bishop's life. The strength of the plain man's case lies, of course, in the series of so-called Greek-play Bishops; men who owed their elevation to their scholarship, and never became anything else but scholars, or found it possible to turn their intellectual skill to the solution of practical problems.

The See of Durham has enjoyed for the last twenty years, the rule of two scholars who were summoned straight from the work of the University of Cambridge to their exalted and difficult post. Both were already famous in the world of scholarship; neither had had any direct experience of parochial life. Yet both were successful as diocesans, not in spite of, but because of their learning. They brought to the work of the See powers which only the discipline of learning can produce. There have been many great administrators among our Bishops, and many men of high spiritual power, but Lightfoot and Westcott stand alone. Their learning enabled them, in their several ways, to deal comprehensively with the problems of an age of increasing specialization. Lightfoot's wide knowledge of the life of the Church in various ages enabled him to see the signs of his own day, to answer its questions, and produce the organization it required.¹ Westcott's vast and various knowledge helped him to put out in act his conviction of the unity of all in Christ, which gave him so much power with different classes. Both were signal instances of the power and value of learning when applied in the practical sphere.

That this should have been so was, perhaps, more legitimately surprising in the case of Bishop Westcott than of

his younger predecessor. The line of his thought and the special character was not such as to suggest—at any rate to those who knew him through his printed works only—the promise of successful administration. The truth is, as we hope to make plain in the present article, that those who had fears of his competence for the task set before him were in error, mainly through ignorance of the man behind the books. The Bishop himself would have admitted that he had learned much from his years at Durham, but the new learning was continuous and consistent with the old.

The relevant facts of Bishop Westcott's life are soon told. He was born at Birmingham in 1825, was educated at King Edward VIth's School in that city, passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1844, graduated in 1848, was elected Fellow of Trinity in 1849. He did not reside long on his Fellowship, but became an assistant master at Harrow in 1851. From 1868-1883 he was Canon of Peterborough; from 1884 till his elevation to Durham he was Canon of Westminster; and from 1870-1890 he was also Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. These are the bare facts of the quiet career of a scholar; they form the setting of a singularly vigorous and active spiritual and intellectual life. It is always difficult with Bishop Westcott to get to the beginning of things; his mind seems to have suffered curiously little change in its main positions. Probably the strongest influence of all upon him was that of Prince Lee, the Head Master of the School at Birmingham. In his speech at Birmingham in 1896 the Bishop described his old headmaster's teaching, emphasizing the vivid way in which ancient history was made to live again, the "eloquent discourses on problems of life and thought suggested by some favorite passage of Butler's 'Analogy,' the depths which he

¹ Cf. his speeches at the Lambeth Congress, 1888.

opened to us in the unfathomable fullness of Apostolic words."³

When the Bishop spoke thus he was past the age of seventy, and had spent many years in incessant intellectual labor; it is conceivable, therefore, that he may have reviewed his school-life through the experience of a lifetime, and that his memories may have been colored by it. The vivid realization of ancient history, a profound interest in the great problems of life and thought, a sense of the unfathomable fullness of Apostolic words, have been throughout the most marked features of his own mental character, and one cannot but feel that Lee's teaching must have fallen on singularly receptive soil. But even if we allow something to the idealizing power of memory, it remains that we have here a glimpse of a very great teacher, a man who strove to raise his boys to his own level, and did not try to dwarf himself to theirs, who trusted to their possessing glimmerings, at least, of interest in life and thought, and some extra-athletic sympathies.

The result was that when Westcott went to Cambridge he had a real sense of the purpose for which he had come; he had visions and ideals, an object towards which he could work.⁴ He was, doubtless, exceptionally gifted, and it may be that he was serious beyond the usual level of his years. But it is difficult to avoid contrasting this history of him with the effects of some modern types of educational product. There are very few, comparatively speaking, one is inclined to say, who come to the University with any particular object in view. They are sent there; most people go when they leave school; but they do not know "what they are going to be," and will leave that question to be settled till they have got their degree. Lee had his

failures, no doubt; there must have been many who could never have responded to his teaching. But it is easy to see how much Westcott owed to a man who invited him to a share in his own lofty interests, with what pinched and starved resources he would have passed to Cambridge if the chief representative of learning within his horizon had aped the opinions of the least intelligent of his companions.

From the first there could have been no doubt as to the general line of Westcott's future life. His high academic distinctions made it obvious that he should succeed to a Fellowship at his College, and follow the course to which that is an opening. It is on record that Bishop Lightfoot, when he, a few years later, was elected a Fellow of Trinity, was attracted by the Greek classics, and projected an edition of *Æschylus*. We are not aware that Westcott had any hesitation as to the line of study he was to pursue, though the essays on Virgil, *Æschylus* and Euripides in "Religious Thought in the West" show with what care and insight he had read the classics. From the first he devoted his powers to those branches of learning which lie round Theology.

It was a time when recruits were sadly needed for this work. The negative theology of the Tübingen school was making its way in England, and Dr. Pusey, who had foreseen its progress and felt the danger of it, was under the cloud which Newman's secession had brought over all who thought with him, nor had he the type of mind which was needed for the contest. It was a time when to have wavered and deliberated might have meant loss of the opportunity. And Westcott does not seem ever to have wavered. Firm in his conviction that the highest truth he knew in religion would only become

³ "Christian Aspects of Life," p. 186.

⁴ "Lessons from Work," p. 290.

more vividly certain the more carefully its connection with historical and critical evidence was investigated, he started with his friends on the series of books to which all Christians owe so much. There are few more remarkable documents than the letters (published in the "Life and Letters of Dr. F. J. A. Hort") interchanged between the three friends when they are projecting their "Commentary on the New Testament." There is no idea of constructing an apology for the faith, but it is clear that Hort was somewhat nervous at first—anxious to have it clearly in black and white that the investigation to be begun was quite free, and that no consequences were to be expected except those which arose from the facts discovered. And Westcott eagerly accepts this condition; if he differs from Hort it is only in being rather more sanguine as to the result.* Of the three, Westcott achieved far the most of the original plan. Lightfoot published his editions of four Epistles of St. Paul, and then turned to what he calls "repairing a breach not indeed in the House of the Lord itself, but in the immediately outlying buildings." Hort's contribution never extended beyond the "Fragment on S. Peter" published after his death. In Westcott's case the original purpose branched out into three different series of works. In the first place, we have the works on the "Origin of the Gospels" and "History of the New Testament Canon." The former of these rose out of a prize essay with which the author won the Norrisian prize in 1851; the other is an historical work stating the evidence for the authenticity of the various books of the New Testament. The theory presented in the "Introduction to the Study of the Gospels" as to their origin is certainly

not the one most in vogue now. The notion of an oral basis underlying the various presentations in the three Synoptic Gospels has given way to that of one or two earlier documents upon which our present Gospels rest. It may be doubted whether either theory is adequate to solve a problem of such unparalleled complexity; indeed, whether either is more than a formula attempting to co-ordinate the facts. The oral traditions have to take on something of the fixity of written documents in order to account for the agreements in the Gospels; and, again, their differences imply a freedom of modification from various sources on the part of the editors, which comes to look like oral tradition. But whatever be the value of the theory put forward there is no question that the facts collected in the book are presented with the author's characteristic accuracy and exhaustiveness. The work on the "Canon" dealt less with theory and was more exclusively occupied in the collection of references. Hence its value is less affected by the passage of time. The author was familiar with all that had been written on the subject at the time when he wrote, and had searched diligently and scientifically through the early writers of the Church for indications of the use of the various books. This part of his work is not likely to be superseded. New evidence will come in, and this may alter the significance of parts of the old; but the book stands so far as it goes. The first edition was published in 1855, and was followed by several others; but, though some notice was taken of the strictures of the anonymous author of "Supernatural Religion," the author did not pursue the subject into all its ramifications. It remains a text-book of first-rate value;

* "Life and Letters of Dr. F. J. A. Hort," vol. 1, pp. 417 foll.

* Pref. to Edition of "Ignatius," p. xii, ed. 1.

It does not come into comparison with works like Zahn's "History" or Har-nack's "Chronologie."

A second line of study, apart from the work of the Commentaries, was that upon the text of the New Testament, pursued in conjunction with Dr. Hort. The two friends found themselves impeded in their progress by the inferiority of the text of the New Testament as it appeared in the current editions; and so they determined to construct a manual text, based upon the free investigation of MS. authority only, for their own use primarily, but with some hope that it might prove to be of some use also to others. The task was a more extensive one than they anticipated, and the text did not see the light till 1881, when it appeared with an accompanying volume containing Dr. Hort's famous Introduction. In the meantime, earlier drafts of it had been placed by the two scholars in the hands of the Revisers, and as a result the Revised Version bears indelible marks of their textual theory; some will regret that these marks are not more numerous. The text resulted from the independent labors of the two scholars. Westcott was at Harrow in the earlier years of the work, then at Peterborough or Cambridge; and Hort was mainly at his parish of St. Ippolyt's. Their discussions were carried on by correspondence, which, we believe, still exists. It is greatly to be hoped that some of the letters may see the light; it could not fail to be both interesting and instructive to note the process by which two such men reached agreement, or agreed to differ. The appearance of the text caused great discussion, as well it might, for the changes of it from the traditional text are numerous, and, in many cases, startling. But of all charges that could be brought against it, the most curiously irrelevant was that of Dean Burgon, who stigmatized it as the result of im-

agination. It was based upon the most exact statement of the facts accessible at the time; and the theoretical element in the construction and defence of it was the simplest application of common sense to the classification or interpretation of varieties of reading. The real objection to it was a deeper one than this; that the authors would not allow that the prevalence of a particular type of text from the fourth century onwards gave it any exceptional claim to authority, while Dean Burgon regarded this traditional text as inspired. Over such a difference as this there is no bridge. Recent investigations are said to have modified the situation in regard to the textual theory. New facts have come to light which will involve a different judgment upon some points, especially in connection with the Western text. But the principles upon which the authors based their text are not imperilled by such discoveries. Any change that is made will be an advance from their position, not a going back to older theories. They did not claim to have discovered all the facts in existence; but they claimed to have dealt fairly and scientifically with those at their command, and this claim has been generally granted them by scholars.

So we come at last to the Commentaries which were originally assigned to Westcott, when the three friends made their scheme of work. These were the works of St. John—exclusive of the Apocalypse—and the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is needless to say that this task was approached in the light of the other studies of which we have spoken. All that falls under the head of "Introduction" was carefully and completely set forth. Where critical questions arise, as they do notably in the case of St. John's Gospel, the arguments on opposite sides are candidly and clearly given. But in a very characteristic way. The Bishop presents

us with a finished result, and does not always let us follow him through the process of establishing it. Thus we do not find at the beginning of his Commentaries any elaborate account of the views of various critics such as is common in German editions. The slight or extensive distinctions between writers on one side or another—which seem to have so great a charm for German commentators—are of no interest, apparently, to Westcott. If here and there among all the crowd of writers one has produced some original contribution of importance, that is discussed; and so the reader learns incidentally that Dr. Westcott is familiar with the whole ground. But he has clearly digested the whole controversy before he begins to write, and has reduced it to manageable form. Such a method has its dangers, no doubt; and there is certainly room for the more cumbrous plan. But one cannot help the feeling that the mere question of the authorship of a book is, after all, a comparatively simple one, and that a limited number of considerations is really relevant. Schemes of composite authorship, which are the source of so much of the variety of theory among critics, are often only half-way houses between the direct Yes or No, and have little probability in their favor.

When we pass from the Introduction to the Exegesis we find characteristics which have been the subject of much criticism. Dr. Westcott inherited from Lee a profound belief in the value of exact verbal criticism. The following passage from a speech already quoted⁶ might have been used of the Bishop himself:—

Mr. Lee had an intense belief in the exact force of language. A word, as

he regarded it, had its own peculiar history and delivered its own precise message. A structural form conveyed for him a definite idea. In translating we were bound to see that every syllable gave its testimony.

This principle was the one which ruled the Bishop's interpretation of Holy Scripture. He did not make the mistake of supposing that there was no difference between Classical and Hellenistic Greek; but he maintained that each had its own exactness; that in neither were words or tenses used indiscriminately; and that there was no excuse for neglecting any minute detail that could possibly be induced to yield a meaning.⁷ Nor was he perturbed if it were argued that the author could not have had in mind all that his interpreter extracted from his words.

Some, perhaps, will think that in the interpretation of the text undue stress is laid upon details of expression; that it is unreasonable to insist upon points of order, upon variations of tenses and words, upon subtleties of composition, upon indications of meaning conveyed by minute variations of language in a book written for popular use in a dialect largely affected by foreign elements. The work of forty years has brought to me the surest conviction that such criticism is wholly at fault. Every day's study of the Apostolic writings confirms me in the belief that we do not commonly attend with sufficient care to their exact meaning. The Greek of the New Testament is not, indeed, the Greek of the classical writers, but it is not less precise or less powerful. I should not, of course, maintain that the fulness of meaning which can be recognized in the phrases of a book like the Epistle to the Hebrews was consciously apprehended by the author, though he seems to have used the resources of literary art with

⁶ "Christian Aspects of Life," p. 191.

⁷ The present writer well remembers the Bishop's horror on discovering in a book much belauded of reviewers—Bliss's "New Testament

Greek"—the statement that St. Luke used a particular tense because he liked rolling, loud-sounding words.

more distinct design than any other of the Apostles; but clearness of spiritual vision brings with it a corresponding precision and force of expression through which the patient interpreter can attain little by little to that which the prophet saw. No one can limit the teaching of a poet's words to that which was definitely present to his mind. Still less can we suppose that he who is inspired to give a message of God to all ages sees himself the completeness of the truth which all life serves to illuminate.*

In these words, in the Preface to the last of his great Commentaries—the book which completed the program of 1853—the Bishop states his creed as a scholar. It is easier to smile at it than to criticize it seriously. After all, a man writing in his own language uses unerringly and by the instinct of the language certain forms. The tongue is familiar to him, and he talks or writes readily without conscious deliberation. But an interpreter in another tongue must laboriously reconstruct all that was instinctive and habitual in the writer; he will find out the precise use of words and the value of tenses, not by practice in speech like the writer, but by collection of instances and induction—laboriously. His comments will look labored and pedantic when compared with the free movement of the text, but from the mere psychological point of view they may be necessary, much more if the subject of the book lies in the spiritual world, where much that the spiritual eye discerns escapes from the trammels of words. If these things are true it is not pedantry to deal minutely with the words; it is just the scientific plan of using for each subject the proper method.

There is, therefore, very little difficulty in understanding the method and the result of Dr. Westcott's exegesis.

His notes are very brief; in very rare cases are they complicated by the discussion of rival views; and there is a considerable certainty about them when once the principle on which they are made is conceded. Those who do not accept the premiss will be inclined to reject its application; but there is no doubt about the method employed. It is when we go further, and ask what type of theological teaching did the Bishop draw from his study of Holy Scripture, that some difficulty begins; for we have, at this point, to consider the charge of obscurity frequently alleged against the Bishop's thought in his lifetime, and recently reiterated in two articles contributed by Dr. Sanday to the "Pilot" (September 7 and 14, 1901).

What was the Bishop's theology, and what was his philosophy? To answer these questions even approximately, it will be necessary to recall, as far as we are able, the conditions of his education and development. It would seem probable, though we have only inferential reasons for saying so, that the Bishop was brought up in Evangelical circles; he must have started upon his theological development with Evangelical ideas. By these are commonly meant a very firm sense of the individual's right of access to God, and a strong conviction of the necessity of conversion and of the Atonement of Christ. In many Evangelicals these ideas are developed in direct opposition to others. The right of individual access is held to dispense with the necessity of an organized body—a visible Church; the attainment of conversion seems to exhaust the demands of God upon the Christian soul; the death of Christ upon the Cross is dwelt upon to the exclusion of the wider aspects of the Incarnation. There are various reasons why this limited Evangelicalism could not retain his allegiance. As a boy, so he has told us, his attention

* "Ep. to the Hebrews," Pref. p. vi.

was drawn to the corporate aspect of human life by the speeches of the Chartist leaders; and he seems to have learnt very early the emptiness of the individual apart from the society. Nor could so accurate a student of Scripture fail to notice that, while the limited Evangelical view of things derived great support from certain isolated texts, the whole drift of the New Testament rests all man's hopes on the Twofold Nature of Christ, so that it is on His being really both God and man that the efficacy of His sacrificial act depends.

These two doctrines—the Incarnation of the Son of God and the existence and necessity of a visible Church—were prominently defended by the Tractarians. But Dr. Westcott could never have been a Tractarian. He was an independent scholar, not a follower of a Movement; and, with all their learning, there was a sad deficiency in critical power among the Tractarian leaders. Moreover, Newman and those of his way of thinking were trained in speculative thought rather than in scholarship, and it would seem that this way of attaining results was viewed at Cambridge with profound distrust. The letters preserved in Dr. Hort's Life seem to show a sympathy with the school of Stanley and Jowett; but again there was not to be found among these scholarship of the Cambridge type, and such thinkers sat far too loosely to fundamental dogmas to approve themselves to men like Westcott and his friends.

There is thus no intelligible party designation that can be affixed to the Bishop. He was neither High, nor Low, nor Broad; but he worked out for himself a theology of his own, based upon exact and scientific exegesis. And,

therefore, people who read his works are apt to be puzzled. They find premisses asserted from which they are accustomed to draw certain conclusions. Instead of that, they are shut off from the conclusions they would like to draw by some note on the exact meaning of a word, or a tense, or a phrase. And then they do not quite know where they are.*

Something of the same sort may be said of Dr. Westcott's philosophy. He had been inspired, as we have seen, by Prince Lee with an interest in the problems of life and thought, but it seems very doubtful whether he had received any special training in philosophy. At Cambridge he attained high distinction in mathematics, and must necessarily have studied Plato. But the technical language of philosophy is largely absent from his works. That comprehensive view of things which is called the philosophical view seems to have been reached by him as a result of reflection upon his own wide range of learning, and not by the study of the works of philosophers. He never, indeed, had any special training in philosophy, technically so called, but shortly after he took his degree he spent a long vacation in reading the works of the great Positivist writer, Comte, and always looked back to that as an epoch in his intellectual progress. It would account for the absence of anything like metaphysical or technical philosophic expressions, and for the wide and manifold grasp of human nature and the created world which form one of the bases of his religious thought. His discussion of the nature and limits of law in regard to miracles¹⁹ sounds like Kant; but the Bishop was assuredly not a Kantian. "A law of nature," he tells us, "can mean nothing

* Cf., as an illustration of this, the Bishop's treatment of St. John vi in relation to the Eucharist and his notes on the Intercession of our Lord in the "Ep. to the Hebrews."

¹⁹ "Gospel of Resurrection," ch. 1.

else than the law of the human apprehension of phenomena. We are forced to regard things under conditions of time and space and the like, and the consequence is that phenomena are grouped together according to certain rules."¹¹ Here one might have looked for some explanation of the relation of phenomena to the reality underlying them; but none is offered. In philosophical matters as in matters of scholarship, the Bishop is primarily an observer. He notes differences in the nature of the facts which make up our experience; he shows that different methods are necessary for the approach to various forms of truth; but we get from him no scholastic scheme of things—articulate and complete—and scarcely any technical language. For he is more of a mystic than a philosopher; he sees principles and reports what he sees. Though he speaks of them in abstract terms, they are always present to his mind in the concrete.

It is now time to approach the two questions: What was Dr. Westcott's Theology, and what was his Philosophy? The key to both is to be found in the doctrine of the Incarnation. To the Bishop's mind—and in this respect he thought with the greatest of the Greek Fathers—the Incarnation was more than an expedient devised to meet the difficulty caused by sin; it was part of the order of Divine Providence, its special character only being affected by the presence of sin in the world. Hence it was an event of which the significance was most profound and far-reaching. It was essentially a reconciliation of opposites. Before it there was an unbridged gulf between the finite and the infinite. Man, the finite spirit, limited by the flesh and the conditions of his earthly life, longed for but could not reach to God.

Through the Incarnation—that is, by the entry of the Divine upon the conditions of humanity—this longing was satisfied; through Christ the fundamental religious impulse of man was fulfilled. Christ revealed the Father. He gave strength and directness and assurance to the weak, vague and indecisive aspirations of man; the best of men among the heathen had thought of one God; the belief in one God was the basal dogma of Judaism. Christ, without disturbing the monotheism, revealed the Father and promised the Spirit. He spoke in human language and lived a human life, and therefore His message was intelligible. And this message must have come in any case; it was part of man's true heritage; *vita hominis visio Dei*.

Thus the Bishop approached the Incarnation, if we may so say, from the cosmic side. He thought of the Word of God become—not made—flesh; of the image of the invisible God in Whom all things had their system revealed in the world of experience. And this affected all his inferences from the Incarnation as a principle of thought. His natural form of expression for those in whom the purpose of Christ's coming was fulfilled was not "the saved," but those "who abide in Christ," who are "in Christ." With his strong sense that the Incarnation affected all nature and had a meaning for nature in all its stages, he held strongly to a belief in the value and dignity of all the lower forms of life, and the symbolic significance of all true art; and had only horror of great artistic power—such as that of Aristophanes—that was not actuated by moral purpose.¹² So, again, the thought of Christ as the typical Man—the Son of Man—led on to his socialism. This was not an accident of political opinion, but a real outcome of his re-

terrifies me. Such power and such recklessness!"

¹¹ "Gospel of Resurrection," p. 25.

¹² "I dare not read Aristophanes," he said; "he ECLECTIC. VOL. LXXV. 347

ligious point of view; his strong conviction of the unity of all men in Christ made him long for some practical exposition of the idea.

Those who think most of the Incarnation from the cosmic side have a certain temptation before them in regard to evil. They are pre-disposed—like the great Alexandrines—to minimize it, to treat it as an element in an imperfect state of things which would work itself out almost by the inherent necessity of God's ordering of the world. So also the accompaniments of evil—death, pain and the like—tend to receive somewhat imperfect appreciation. It may, perhaps, be maintained that on these points the Bishop was not wholly consistent. He maintained the reality of evil,¹² but with his wonderfully ethereal and heavenward view of life he had a peculiar confidence in regard to it. Sin was not to him the blazing offence that it seems in the eyes of some; he marvelled at it, and trusted that wider knowledge and deeper insight would clear away it and the temptation to it. In the same way, though he spoke freely and believed devoutly in the efficacy of the Death of Christ, yet the Cross always appeared to him as a Victory. He could not endure representations of the Crucifixion which in any way laid emphasis on the physical side of the death, and his main ground for praising Francia's representation of the dead Christ was that "the Body is not dead."¹⁴

All these lines of thought are obscure in themselves, or, at least, are very difficult and not very common. And they did not gain in clearness from the Bishop's method of exposition. In the sermons and other works which were not directly exegetical he expounded his philosophy and his theology. And

he did so in a peculiar way. He produced no connected or reasoned scheme in either region; but he put forward thoughts and, as it were, meditated aloud upon them, never repeating himself or putting a difficult idea in more shapes than one, but presenting his thought in a variety of aspects and leaving the reader or hearer to connect them into a whole. No doubt this made a serious demand upon persons who had the knowledge to understand and appreciate the principles of his thought, and still more upon those who had not such knowledge. But we do not think he was naturally obscure or a confused thinker, as Dr. Sanday rather seems to imply;¹⁵ though it is certain that he had a great horror of definiteness where definiteness meant loss of variety and fulness of thought, and he was fond of repeating the utterance of the painter Haydon, "There are no outlines in Nature."¹⁶

We have left ourselves but little room to speak of Dr. Westcott's work as Bishop of Durham, although his eleven years as ruler of that great See were, perhaps, the most splendid in his whole life. He came to a diocese that was already fully and firmly organized, and thus the problems which confronted him were very different from those which Dr. Lightfoot had to meet. And it is well that the two great Bishops came to Durham in this order. For Bishop Westcott's interests and habits of mind did not lead him in the direction of organization; his disposition was to leave men very largely to themselves, and he was tempted to ignore the facts, often the undesirable and regrettable facts, of actual life. It cost him, for instance, some trouble to realize that the legal boundaries of parishes in large towns were treated by the inhabitants as entirely conventional

¹² "Gospel of Resurrection," p. 23 sqq.

¹⁴ "Lessons from Work," p. 448.

¹⁵ "Pilot," September, 14, 1901.

¹⁶ "Christian Aspects of Life," p. 193.

and that few recognized the claim of their parish or district church as binding. But he had many gifts that enabled him to win his way to the hearts of the people and the clergy. He had an extraordinarily wide and unprejudiced interest in the pursuits and thoughts of men. He was prepared to listen to what people said and to consider schemes they had in view, not as matters of curious pathological interest, but with real sympathy and openness of mind. He might not be persuaded, but no one could doubt his readiness to listen and to understand. So in his successful work with the coal-strike in 1892, it was not his Socialistic sympathies which won his victory, but it was the fact that he had made a real effort to know the causes of the quarrel, as well as the fact that he could put before the combatants a lofty ideal of conduct. Either of these alone might have failed.

And he had the gift of inspiring and winning the confidence of his clergy. There has rarely been in any Diocese such an enthusiasm for mission-work as in Durham during his Episcopate. And in times when most Bishops were agitated by ritual problems his Diocese has remained at peace. This was not because the people or clergy are all of one color in Durham, but because they trusted and revered their Bishop. Of course he had vast learning. The boldest reader of the correspondence columns of Church newspapers would not venture to stand up against him on points of scholarship or even of ritual history. But it was not only learning that gave him his power. It

was because every one knew that he was not the Bishop of any party but recognized his relations to all parties in the Church. We have already said that he was probably inclined by education to the Evangelical point of view, but High Churchmen worked gladly with him, because they knew that he gave them credit for what they did in the light of their own convictions, and was scrupulously fair in all his interpretations of law.

Much of all this came naturally to him because he was learned, because he had, for years, been accustomed to weigh accurately problems requiring research, and wisdom, and freedom from prejudice. And more still depended upon that which people gradually came to know of him, his simple and saintly life, his ready sympathy, his unmistakable pleasure in seeing and trying to help those who came to him at Auckland. But of this it is not the place to speak. Left the last of the four great companions, there has gone with him the last, or almost the last, example of the best learning of the last century, and it seems sometimes as if the union of great learning with the vocation of the priesthood had ceased to be a natural product of the Universities of which the Bishop thought so highly. But if it is hard to see who will carry on his peculiar work it would be unfaithfulness to his teaching to dream that it will not be carried on. The last words the present writer heard from him were these—"I am full of hope."

ART AND USEFULNESS.

I.

Time was when everybody that made anything made a work of art besides a useful piece of goods, and it gave them pleasure to make it.—William Morris, Address delivered at Burslem, 1881.

Among the original capitals removed from the outer colonnade of the ducal palace at Venice there is a series devoted to the teaching of natural history, and another to that of such general facts about the races of man, his various moral attributes and activities, as the Venetians of the fourteenth century considered especially important. First, botany, illustrated by the fruits most commonly in use, piled up in baskets which constitute the funnel-shaped capital; each kind separate, with the name underneath in funny Venetian spelling; *Huva*, grapes; *Fici*, figs; *Moloni*, melons; *Zuche*, pumpkins; and *Persici*, peaches. Then, with Latin names, the various animals: *Ursus*, holding a honeycomb with bees on it; *Chanis*, mumbling only a large bone, while his cousins, wolf and fox, have secured a duck and a cock; *Aper*, the wild boar, munching a head of millet or similar grain.

Now, had these beautiful carvings been made with no aim besides their own beauty, had they represented and taught nothing, they would have received only a few casual glances, quite insufficient to make their excellence familiar or even apparent; at best the occasional discriminative examination of some art student; while the pleased, spontaneous attentiveness which carries beauty deep into the soul and the soul's storehouse would have been lacking. But consider these capitals

to have been what they undoubtedly were meant for; the picture books and manuals off which young folks learned, and older persons refreshed, their notions of natural history, of geography, ethnology and even of morals, and you will realize at once how much attention, and of how constant and assimilative a kind they must have received. The child learns off them that figs (which he never sees save packed in baskets in the barges at Rialto) have leaves like funny gloves, while *huva*, grapes, have leaves all ribbed and looking like tattered banners; that the bear is blunt-featured and eats honeycomb; that foxes and wolves, who live on the mainland, are very like the dogs we keep in Venice, but that they steal poultry instead of being given bones from the kitchen. Also that there are in the world, beside these clean-shaved Venetians in armor or doge's cap, bearded Asiatics and thick-lipped negroes—the sort of people with whom uncle and cousins traffic in the big ships, or among whom grandfather helped the Doge to raise the standard of St. Mark. Also that carpenters work with planes and vises, and stonemasons with mallets and chisels; and that good and wise men are remembered forever; for here is the story of how Solomon discovered the true mother, and here again the Emperor Trajan going to the wars, and reining in his horse to do justice first to the poor widow. The child looks at the capitals in order to see with his eyes all these interesting things of which he has been told; and during the holiday walk drags his parents to the spot, to look again, and to beg to be told once more. And later, he looks at the familiar figures in order to show them to his children; or, per-

haps, more wistfully, loitering along the arcade in solitude, to remember the days of his own childhood. And in this manner, the things represented, fruit, animals and persons, and the exact form in which they are rendered; the funnel shape of the capitals, the cling and curl of the leafage, the sharp, black undercutting, the clear, lightly incised surfaces, the whole pattern of line and curve, light and shade, the whole pattern of the eye's progress along it, of the rhythm of expansion and restraint, of pressure and push, in short, the real work of art and visible form, become well-known, dwelling in the memory, cohabiting with the various moods, and haunting the fancy; a part of life, familiar, everyday, liked or disliked, discriminated in every particular, become part and parcel of ourselves, for better or for worse, like the tools we handle, the boats we steer, the horses we ride and groom and the furniture and utensils among which and through whose help we live our lives.

Furniture and utensils; things which exist because we require them, which we know because we employ them, these are the type in all great works of art. And from the self-same craving which insists that these should be shapely as well as handy, pleasant to the eye as well as rational; through the self-same processes of seeing and remembering and altering their shapes; according to the same æsthetic laws of line and curve, of surface and projection, of spring and restraint, of clearness and compensation; for the same organic reasons and by the same organic methods of preference and adaptation as these humblest things of usefulness, do the proudest and seemingly freest works of art come to exist; come to be *just what they are*, and even come to be *at all*.

I should like to state very clearly, before analyzing its reasons, what seems to me (and I am proud to follow

Ruskin in this as in so many essential questions of art and life) the true formula of this matter. Namely: that while beauty has always been desired and obtained for its own sake, the works in which we have found beauty embodied, and the arts which have achieved beauty's embodying, have always started from impulses or needs, and have always aimed at purposes or problems entirely independent of this embodiment of beauty.

The desire for beauty stands to art as the desire for righteousness stands to conduct. People do not feel and act from a desire to feel and act righteously, but from a hundred different and differently-combined motives; the desire for righteousness comes in to regulate this feeling and acting, to subject it all to certain preferences and repugnances which have become organic, if not in the human being, at least in human society. Like the desire for righteousness, the desire for beauty is not a spring of action, but a regulative function; it decides the *how* of visible existence; in accordance with deep-seated and barely guessed at necessities of body and soul, of nerves and perceptions, of brain and judgments; it says to all visible objects: since you needs must be, you shall be in *this* manner, and not in that other. The desire for beauty with its more potent negative, the aversion to ugliness, has, like the sense of right and wrong, the force of a categorical imperative.

Such, to my thinking, is the æsthetic instinct. And I call *Art* whatever kind of process, intellectual and technical, creates, incidentally or purposely, visible or audible forms, and creates them under the regulation of the æsthetic instinct. Art, therefore, is art whenever any object or any action, or any arrangement, besides being such as to serve a practical purpose or express an emotion or transfer a thought, is such

also as to afford the *sui generis* satisfaction which we denote by the adjective, beautiful. But, asks the reader, if every human activity resulting in visible or audible form is to be considered, at least potentially, as art; what becomes of *art* as distinguished from *craft*, or rather what is the difference between what we all mean by *art* and what we all mean by *craft*?

To this objection, perfectly justified by the facts of our own day, I would answer quite simply: There is no necessary or essential distinction between what we call *art* and what we call *craft*. It is a pure accident, and in all probability a temporary one, which has momentarily separated the two in the last hundred years. Throughout the previous part of the world's history *art* and *craft* have been one and the same, at the utmost distinguishable only from a different point of view; *craft* from the practical side, *art* from the contemplative. Every trade concerned with visible or audible objects or movements has also been an art; and every one of those great creative activities, for which, in their present isolation, we now reserve the name of *art*, has also been a craft; has been connected and replenished with life by the making of things which have a use, or by the doing of deeds which have a meaning.

We must, of course, understand *usefulness* in its widest sense; otherwise we should be looking at the world in a manner too little utilitarian, not too much so. Houses and furniture and utensils, clothes, tools and weapons must undoubtedly exemplify utility first and foremost because they serve our life in the most direct, indispensable and unvarying fashion, always necessary and necessary to every one. But once these universal, unchanging needs supplied, a great many others become visible; needs to the individual or to individuals and races

under definite and changing circumstances. The sonnet or the serenade are useful to the romantic lover in the same manner that carriage-horses and fine clothes are useful to the man who woos more practically-minded ladies. The diamonds of a rich woman serve to mark her status quite as much as to please the unpleasable eye of envy; in the same way that the uniform, the robes and vestments, are needed to set aside the soldier, the magistrate or priest, and give him the right of dealing *ex officio*, not as a mere man among men. And the consciousness of such apparent superfluities, whether they be the expression of wealth or of hierarchy, of fashion or of caste, gives to their possessor that additional self-importance which is quite as much wanted by the ungainly or diffident moral man as the additional warmth of his more obviously-needed raiment is by the poor, chilly, bodily human being. I will not enlarge upon the practical uses which recent ethnology has discovered in the tattooing, the painting, the masks, head-dresses, feather skirts, cowries and beads, of all that elaborate ornamentation with which only a few years back, we were in the habit of reproaching the poor, foolish, naked savages; additional knowledge of their habits having demonstrated rather our folly than theirs, in taking for granted that any race of men would prefer ornament to clothes, unless, as was the case, these ornaments were really more indispensable in their particular mode of life. For an ornament which terrifies an enemy, propitiates a god, paralyzes a wild beast, or gains a wife, is a matter of utility, not of æsthetic luxury, so long as it happens to be efficacious, or so long as its efficacy is believed in. Indeed, the gold coach and liveried trumpeters of the nostrum vendor of bygone days, like their less enlivening equivalents in many more modern professions, are of the nature

of trade tools, although the things they fashion are only the foolish brains of possible customers.

And this function of expression and impressing brings us to the other great category of utility. The sculptured pediment or frescoed wall, the hieroglyph, or the map or the book, everything which records a fact or transmits a feeling, everything which carries a message to men or gods, is an object of utility; the coat-of-arms painted on a panel, or the emblem carved upon a church front, as much as the helmet of the knight or the shield of the savage. A church or a religious ceremony, nay every additional ounce of gilding or grain of incense, or day or hour, bestowed on sanctuary and ritual, are not useful only to the selfish devotee who employs them for obtaining celestial favors; they are more useful and necessary even to the pure-minded worshipper, because they enable him to express the longing and the awe with which his heart is overflowing. For every oblation faithfully brought means so much added moral strength; and love requires gifts to give as much as hunger needs food and vanity needs ornament and wealth. All things which minister to a human need, bodily or spiritual, simple or complex, direct or indirect, innocent or noble, or base or malignant, all such things exist for their use; they do exist, and would always have existed equally if no such quality as beauty had ever arisen to enhance or to excuse their good or bad existence.

II.

The conception of art as of something outside, and almost opposed to, practical life, and the tendency to explain its gratuitous existence by the special "play instinct" more gratuitous itself, are due in great measure to our wrong way of thinking and feeling upon no

less a matter than human activity as such. The old-fashioned psychology which, ignoring instinct and impulse, explained all action as the result of a kind of calculation of future pleasure and pain, has accustomed us to account for all human activity, whatever we call *work*, by a wish for some benefit or fear of some disadvantage. And, on the other hand, the economic systems of our time (or, at all events, the systematic expositions of our economic arrangements) have furthermore accustomed us to think of everything like *work* as done under compulsion, fear of worse, or a kind of bribery. It is really taken as a postulate, and almost as an axiom, that no one would make or do anything useful save under the goad of want; of want not in the sense of *wanting to do or make that thing*, but of *wanting to have or be able to do something else*. Hence everything which is manifestly done from no such motive, but from an inner impulse towards the doing, comes to be thought of as opposed to *work*, and to be designated as *play*. Now, art is very obviously carried on for its own sake; experience, even of our mercantile age, teaches that if a man does not paint a picture or compose a symphony from an inner necessity as disinterested as that which makes another man look at the picture or listen to the symphony, no amount of self-interest, of disadvantages and advantages, will enable him to do either otherwise than badly. Hence, as I said, we are made to think of art as *play*, or a kind of play. But play itself, being unaccountable on the basis of external advantage and disadvantage, being, from the false economic point of view, unproductive, that is to say, pure waste, has in its turn to be accounted for by the supposition of surplus energy occasionally requiring to be let off to no purpose, or merely to prevent the machine from bursting. This opposition of work

and play is founded in our experience of a social state which is still at sixes and sevens; of a civilization so imperfectly developed and organized that the majority does nothing save under compulsion, and the minority does nothing to any purpose; and where that little boy's Scylla and Charybdis *all work* and *all play* is effectually realized in a nightmare too terrible and too foolish, above all too wakeningly true, to be looked at in the face without flinching. One wonders, incidentally, how any creature perpetually working from the reasons given by economists, that is to say, working against the grain, from no spontaneous wish or pleasure, can possibly store up, in such exhausting effort, a surplus of energy requiring to be let off! And one wonders, on the other hand, how any really good work of any kind, work not merely kept by dire competitive necessity up to a standard, but able to afford any standard to keep up to, can well be produced save by the letting off of surplus energy; that is to say, how good work can ever be done otherwise than by impulses and instincts acting spontaneously, in fact as play. The reality seems to be that, imperfect as is our poor life, present and past, we are maligning it; founding our theories, for simplicity's sake and to excuse our lack of hope and striving, upon its very worst samples. Wasteful as is the mal-distribution of human activities (mal-distribution worse than that of land or capital!), cruel as is the consequent pressure of want, there yet remains at the bottom of an immense amount of work an inner push different from that outer constraint, an inner need as fruitful as the outer one is wasteful; there remains the satisfaction in work, the wish to work. However outer necessity, "competition," "minimum of cost," "iron law of wages," call it what you choose, direct and mis-

direct, through need of bread or greed of luxury, the application of human activity, that activity has to be there, and with it its own alleviation and reward; pleasure in work. All decent human work partakes (let us thank the great reasonableness of real things!) of the quality of play; if it did not it would be bad or ever on the verge of badness; and if ever human activity attains to fullest fruitfulness, it will be (every experience of our own best work shows it) when the distinction of *work* and of *play* will cease to have a meaning, play remaining only as the preparatory work of the child, as the strength-repairing, balance-adjusting work of the adult. And meanwhile, through all the centuries of centuries, art, which is the type and sample of all higher, better modes of life, art has given us in itself the concrete sample, the unmistakable type of that needful reconciliation of work and play; and has shown us that there is, or should be, no difference between them. For art has made the things which are useful, and done the things which are needed, in those shapes and ways of beauty which have no aim but our pleasure.

The way in which the work of art is born of a purpose, of something useful to do or desirable to say, and the way in which the suggestions of utility are used up for beauty, can best be shown by a really existing object. Expressed in practical terms the object is humble enough; a little trough with two taps built into a recess in a wall; a place for washing hands and rinsing glasses, as you see the Dominican brothers doing it all day, for I am speaking of the "Lavabo" by Giovanni della Robbia in the Sacristy of Santa Maria Novella in Florence. The whole thing is small, and did not allow of the adjoining room usually devoted to this purpose. The washing and rinsing had to take place in the sacristy itself;

but this being the case, it was desirable that the space set apart for these proceedings should at least appear to be separate; the trough, therefore, was sunk in a recess, and the recess divided off from the rest of the wall by pillars and a gable, becoming in this manner, with no loss of real standing room, a building inside a building; the operations, furthermore, implying a certain amount of wetting and slopping, the dryness of the rest of the sacristy, and particularly the *idea* of its dryness (so necessary where precious stuffs and metal vessels are kept) had to be secured not merely by covering a piece of wainscot and floor with tiles, but by building the whole little enclosure (all save the marble trough) of white and colored majolica, which seemed to say to the oaken and walnut presses, to the great table covered with vestments: "Don't be afraid, you shall not feel a drop from all this washing and rinsing." So far, therefore, we have got for our lavabo-trough a shallow recess, lined and paved with tiles, and cut off from the frescoed and panelled walls by two pilasters and a rounded gable, of tile work also, the general proportions being given by the necessity of two monks or two acolytes washing the sacred vessels at the same moment. The word *sacred* now leads us to another determining necessity of our work of art. For this place, where the lavabo stands, is actually consecrated; it has an altar; and it is in it that take place all the preparations and preliminaries for the most holy and most magnificent of rites. The sacristy, like the church, is moreover an offering to heaven; and the lavabo, since it has to exist, can exist with fitness only if it also be offered, and made worthy of offering, to heaven. Besides, therefore, those general proportions which have had to be made harmonious for the satisfaction not merely of the builder, but of the people

whose eye rests on them daily and hourly; besides the shapeliness and dignity which we insist upon in all things needful; we further require of this object that it should have a certain superabundance of grace, that it should have color, elaborate pattern, what we call *ornament*; details which will show that it is a gift, and make it a fit companion for the magnificent embroideries and damasks, the costly and exquisite embossed and enamelled vessels which inhabit that place; and a worthy spectator of the sacred pageantry which issues from this sacristy. The little tiled recess, the trough and the little piece of architecture which frames it all, shall not only be practically useful, they shall also be spiritually useful as the expression of men's reverence and devotion. To whom? Why, to the dear mother of Christ and her gracious angels, whom we place in effigy, on the gable, white figures on a blue ground. And since this humble thing is also an offering, what can be more appropriate than to hang it round with votive garlands, such as we bind to mark the course of processions, and which we garnish (filling the gaps of glossy bay and spruce pine branches) with the finest fruits of the earth, lemons, and pears, and pomegranates, a grateful tithe to the Powers who make the orchards fruitful. But, since such garlands wither and such fruits decay, and there must be no withering or decaying in the sanctuary, the bay leaves and the pine branches, and the lemons and pears and pomegranates, shall be of imperishable material, majolica colored like reality and majolica, moreover, which leads us back, pleasantly, to the humble necessity of the trough, the spurting and slopping of water, which we have secured against by that tiled floor and wainscot. But here another suggestion arises. Water is necessary and infinitely pleasant in

a hot country and a hot place like this domed sacristy. But we have very, oh, so very, little of it in Florence! We cannot even, however great our love and reverence, offer Our Lady and the Angels the thinnest perennial spurt; we must let out the water only for bare use, and turn the tap off instantly after. There is something very disappointing in this; and the knowledge of that dearth of water, of those two taps symbolical of chronic drought, is positively disheartening. Beautiful proportions, delicate patterns, gracious effigies of the Madonna and the angels we can have, and also the most lovely garlands. But we cannot have a fountain. For it is useless calling this a fountain, this poor little trough with two taps! But you *shall* have a fountain! Giovanni della Robbia answers in his heart; or, at least, you shall *feel* as if you had one! And here we may witness, if we use the eyes of the spirit as well as of the body, one of the strangest miracles of art, when art is married to a purpose. The idea of a fountain, the desirability of water, becomes, unconsciously, dominant in the artist's mind; and under its sway, as under the divining rod, there trickle and well up every kind of thought, of feeling, about water; until the images thereof, visible, audible, tactile, unite and steep and submerge every other notion. Nothing deliberate; and, in all probability, nothing even conscious; those watery thoughts merely lapping dreamily round, like a half-heard murmur of rivers, the waking work with which his mind is busy. Nothing deliberate or conscious, but all the more inevitable and efficacious, this multi-fold suggestion of water. And behold the result, the witness of the miracle; in the domed sacristy, the fountain cooling this sultry afternoon of June as it has cooled four hundred Junes and more since set up, arch and pilasters and statued gables hung with garlands

by that particular Robbia. Cooling and refreshing us with its empty trough and closed taps, without a drop of real water! For it is made of water itself or the essence, the longing memory of water. It is water, this shining pale amber and agate and grass-green tiling and wainscoting starred at regular intervals by wide-spread patterns as of floating weeds; water which makes the glossiness of the great leaf-garlands and the juiciness of the smooth lemons and cool pears and pomegranates; water which has washed into ineffable freshness this piece of blue heaven within the gable; and water, you would say, as of some shining fountain in the dusk, which has gathered together into the white glistening bodies and draperies which stand out against that newly-washed æther. All this is evident, and yet insufficient to account for our feelings. The subtlest and most potent half of the spell is hidden; and we guess it only little by little. In this little Grecian tabernacle, every line save the bare verticals and horizontals is a line suggestive of trickling and flowing and bubbles; a line suggested by water and water's movement; and every light and shadow is a light or a shadow suggested by water's brightness or transparent gloom; it is water which winds in tiny meanders of pattern along the shallow, shining pillars, and water which beads and dimples along the shady cornice. The fountain has been thought out in longing for water, and every detail of it has been touched by the memory thereof. Water! they wanted water, and they should have it. By a coincidence almost, Giovanni della Robbia has revealed the secret which himself most probably never guessed, in the little landscape of lilac and bluish tiles with which he filled up the arch behind the taps; some Tuscan scene, think you? Hills and a few cypresses, such as his

contemporaries used for a background? Not a bit. A great lake, an estuary, almost a sea, with sailing ships, a flooded country, such as no Florentine had ever seen with mortal eyes; but such as, in his longing for water, he must have dreamed about. Thus the landscape sums up this dream, this realization of every cool and trickling sight and touch and sound which fills that sacristy as with a spray of watery thoughts. In this manner, with perhaps but a small effort of invention and a small output of fancy, and without departing in the least from the general proportions and shapes and ornaments common in his day, has an artist of the second order left us one of the most exquisitely shapely and poetical of works, merely by following the suggestions of the use, the place, the religious message and that humble human wish for water where there was none.

III.

It is discouraging and humiliating to think (and therefore we think it very seldom) that nowadays we artists, painters of portraits and landscapes, builders and decorators of houses, pianists, singers, fiddlers, and, quite as really though less obviously, writers, are all of us indirectly helping to keep up the greed which makes the privileged and possessing classes cling to their monopolies and accumulate their possessions. Bitter to realize that, disinterested as we must mostly be (for good artistic work means talent, talent preference, and preference disinterestedness), we are, as Ruskin has already told us, but the parasites of parasites. For of the pleasure-giving things we make, what portion really gives any pleasure, or comes within reach of giving pleasure, to those whose hands as a whole class (as distinguished from the brain of an occasional individual of

the other class) produce the wealth we all of us have to live, or try to live, upon? Of course there is the seeming consolation that, like the Reynoldses and Gainsboroughs, the Watteaus and the Fragonards of the past, the Millais and the Sargents (charming sitters or the reverse, and all), and the Monnets and Brabazons will sooner or later become what we call public property in public galleries. But, meanwhile, the Reynoldses and Gainsboroughs and Watteaus and Fragonards themselves, though the legal property of everybody, are really reserved for those same classes who own their modern equivalents, simply because those alone have the leisure and culture necessary to enjoy them. The case is not really different for the one or two seemingly more independent and noble artistic individualities, the great decorators like Watts or Besnard; their own work, like their own conscience, is indeed the purer and stronger for their intention of painting not for smoking-rooms and private collections, but for places where all men can see and understand; but then all men cannot see—they are busy or too tired—and they cannot understand, because the language of art has become foreign to them. The same applies to composers and to writers; music and books are cheap enough, but the familiarity with musical forms and literary styles, without which music and books are mere noise and waste-paper, is practically unattainable to the classes who till the ground, extract its stone and minerals, and make, with their hands, every material thing (save works of art) that we possess. Indeed, one additional reason why, ever since the 18th century, art has been set up as the opposite of useful work, and explained as a form of play (though its technical difficulties grew more exorbitant and exhausting year by year) is probably that, in our modern civilizations, art has been

obviously produced for the benefit of the classes who virtually do not work, and by artists born or bred to belong to those idle classes themselves. For it is a fact that, as the artist nowadays finds his public only among the comparatively idle (or, at all events, those whose activity distributes wealth in their own favor rather than creates it), so also he requires to be, more and more, in sympathy with their mode of living and thinking; the friend, the client, most often the son, of what we call (with terrible unperceived irony in the words) *leisured* folk. As to the folk who have no leisure (and therefore, according to our modern æsthetics, no *art* because no *play*) they can receive from us privileged persons (when privilege happens to be worth its keep) no benefits save very practical ones. The only kind of work founded on "leisure"—which does in our day not merely increase the advantages of already well-off persons, but actually filter down to help the unleisured producers of our wealth, is not the work of the artist, but of the doctor, the nurse; the inventor, the man of science; who knows? Perhaps almost of the philosopher, the historian, the sociologist; the clearer away of convenient error, the unmaker and remaker of consciences. As I began by saying, it is not very comfortable, nowadays, to be an artist, and yet possess a mind and heart. And two of the greatest artists of our times, Ruskin and Tolstoy, have done their utmost to make it more uncomfortable still. So that it is natural for our artists to decide that art exists only for art's own sake, since it cannot nowadays be said to exist for the sake of anything else. And as to us, privileged persons, with leisure and culture fitting us for artistic enjoyment, it is even more natural to consider art as a kind of play; play in which we get refreshed after somebody else's work.

IV.

And are we really much refreshed? Watching the face and manner, listless, perfunctory or busily attentive, of our fellow creatures in galleries and exhibitions, and in a great measure in concert rooms and theatres, one would imagine that, on the contrary, they were fulfilling a social duty or undergoing a pedagogical routine. The object of the proceeding would rather seem to be negative; one might judge that they had come lest their neighbors should suspect that they were somewhere else, or perhaps lest their neighbors should come instead, according to our fertile methods of society intercourse and of competitive examinations. At any rate, they do not look as if they came to be refreshed, or as if they had taken the right steps towards such spiritual refreshment; the faces and manner of children in a playground, of cricketers on a village green, of Sunday trippers on the beach, or of German townsfolk walking to the beer-house or café in the deep, fragrant woods, present a different appearance. And if we examine into our own feelings, we shall find that even for the most art-loving of us the hours spent in galleries of pictures and statues, or listening to music at concerts, are largely stolen from our real life of real interests and real pleasures; that there enters into them a great proportion of effort and boredom; at the very best that we do not enjoy (nor expect to enjoy) them at all in the same degree as a dinner in good company or a walk in bright, bracing weather, let alone, of course, fishing or hunting or digging and weeding our little garden.

Of course, if we are really artistic, and if we have the power of analyzing our own feelings and motives, we shall know that the gallery or the concert afford occasion for laying in a store of pleasurable impressions, to be enjoyed

at the right moment and in the right mood later; outlines of pictures, washes of color, grouped masses of sculpture, bars of melody, clang of especial chords or timbre combinations, and even the vague æsthetic emotion, the halo surrounding blurred recollections of sights and sounds. And knowing this, we are content that the act of garnering, of preparing, for such a future enjoyment, should lack any steady or deep pleasurable about itself. But, thinking over the matter, there seems something wrong, derogatory to art and humiliating to ourselves in this admission that the actual presence of the work of art, sometimes the masterpiece, should give us the minimum, and not the maximum, of our artistic enjoyment. And comparing the usual dead level of such merely potential pleasure with certain rare occasions when we have enjoyed art more at the moment than afterwards, quite vividly, warmly and with the proper reluctant clutch at the divine minute as it passes; making this comparison, we can, I think, guess at the nature of the mischief and the possibility of its remedy. Examining into our experience, we shall find that, while our lack of enjoyment (our state of æsthetic *aridity*, to borrow the expression of religious mystics) had coincided with a deliberate intention to see or hear works of art, and a consequent clearing away of other claims on our attention, in fact, to an effort made more or less in *vacuo*; on the contrary, our Faust-moments ("Stay, thou art beautiful!"), of plenitude and consumption, have always come when our activity was already flowing, our attention stimulated, and when, so to speak, the special artistic impressions were caught up into our other interests, and woven by them into our life. We can all recall unexpected delights like Hazlitt's in the odd volume of Rousseau found on the window-seat, and dis-

cussed, with his savory supper, in the roadside inn, after his long day's pleasant tramp.

Indeed, this preparing of the artistic impression by many others, or focusing of others by it, accounts for the keenness of our æsthetic pleasure when on a journey; we are thoroughly alive, and the seen or heard thing of beauty lives *into* us, or we *into* it (there is an important psychological law, a little too abstract for this moment of expansiveness, called "the Law of the Summation of Stimuli"). The truth of what I say is confirmed by the frequent fact that the work of art which gives us this full and vivid pleasure (actually refreshing! for here, at last, is refreshment!) is either fragmentary or by no means first-rate. We have remained arid, hard, incapable of absorbing, while whole Joachim quartets flowed and rippled *all round*, but never *into* us; and then, some other time, our soul seems to have drunk up (every fibre blissfully steeping) a few bars of a sonata (it was Beethoven's 10th violin, and they were stumbling through it for the first time) heard accidentally while walking up and down under an open window.

It is the same with painting and sculpture. I shall never forget the exquisite poetry and loveliness of that Matteo di Giovanni, "The Giving of the Virgin's Girdle," when I saw it for the first time, in the chapel of that villa, once a monastery, near Siena. Even through the haze of twenty years (like those delicate, blue December mists which lay between the sunny hills) I can see that picture illumined piecemeal by the travelling taper on the sacristan's reed, far more distinctly than I see it to-day with bodily eyes in the National Gallery. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that where it hangs in that gallery it has not once given me one half-second of real pleasure. It is a third-rate picture now; but even

the masterpieces, Perugino's big fresco, Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," Piero della Francesca's "Baptism;" have they ever given me the complete and steady delight which that mediocre Siennese gave me at the end of the wintry drive, in the faintly-illuminated chapel? More often than not, as Coleridge puts it, I have "seen, not *felt*, how beautiful they are." But, apart even from fortunate circumstances or enhancing activities, we have all of us experienced how much better we see or hear a work of art with the mere dull help of some historical question to elucidate or technical matter to examine into; we have been able to follow a piece of music by watching for some peculiarity of counterpoint or excellence or fault of execution; and our attention has been carried into a picture or statue by trying to make out whether a piece of drapery was repainted or an arm restored. Indeed, the irrelevant literary program of concerts and all that art historical

lore (information about things of no importance, or none to us) conveyed in dreary monographs and hand-books, all of them perform a necessary function nowadays, that of bringing our idle and alien minds into some sort of relation of business with the works of art which we should otherwise, nine times out of ten, fail really to approach. And here I would suggest that this necessity of being, in some way, busy about beautiful things in order to thoroughly perceive them, may represent some sterner necessity of life in general; art being, in this as in so many other cases, significantly typical of what is larger than itself. Can we get the full taste of pleasure sought for pleasure's own sake? And is not happiness in life, like beauty in art, a means rather than an aim; the condition of going on, the replenishing of force; in short, the thing by whose help, not for the sake of which, we feel and act and live?

Vernon Lee.

The Contemporary Review.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

"Mine be a cot," for the hours of play,
Of the kind that is built by Miss Greenaway;
Where the walls are low and the roofs are red,
And the birds are gay in the blue o'erhead;
And the dear little figures, in frocks and frills,
Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,
And play with the pups, and reprove the calves,
And do nought in the world (but work) by halves,
From "Hunt the Slipper" and "Riddle-me-ree"
To watching the cat in the apple tree.

O Art of the Household! Men may prate
Of their ways "intense" and Italianate,
They may soar on their wings of sense, and float
To the *au delà* and the dim remote,
Till the last sun sink in the last-lit West,
'Tis the Art at the door that will please the best;
To the end of Time 'twill be still the same,
For the Earth first laughed when the children came!

Austin Dobson.

OF THE PERSONAL ELEMENT IN HISTORY.

An old shagreen manuscript book which I have been lately turning over has had the effect of awakening, as though it had been a scent, a rush of half-obliterated impressions, so dim and evanescent for the most part, that even as I try to touch them they elude me, and melt away into nothingness. It belonged to a forebear of mine, a man of three generations back, though how it came to lodge specially in my keeping, or by what right I retain it there, I should be not a little puzzled to explain.

As a book the poor thing is, I must confess, desperately dull reading, the matters of which it treats being almost entirely utilitarian ones, chiefly financial, though occasionally political, and a good deal of it takes the form of a diary, not at all in the style either of Mr. Pepys or M. Amiel. Of the facts and the figures it refers to I know nothing, so that it must be something familiar in the book itself, or in the names that catch my eye as I glance along its pages, which produces this odd attack of recollectiveness, vague as a dream, yet not quite of the texture of a dream either, rather like something that has once really formed part of my own experience, only so long ago, and so overlaid by fresher matters, that it is impossible to guess when it all happened, or to disentangle it from the baffling crowd of other, and hardly less shadowy events, amid the jungle of which it has contrived to hide itself.

Such impressions are, I imagine, in one form or another, common enough, and the scientific, therefore the orthodox, thing is to set them down as part of that root of inherited experience which makes us all either leaves or blossoms of one sadly over-burdened human tree. It may be so, yet the

explanation falls somehow to satisfy me, and it seems much easier to talk about heredity, and the solidarity of the race, than to try honestly to account for some probably quite simple operation of one's own brain, which happens to be a little out of the range of one's ordinary middle-day experience.

Another favorite way of accounting for the matter is to say that all who enjoy or suffer from these odd attacks of recollectiveness are endowed with what is known as the "Historic sense," the power that is, of so throwing themselves into the past that they become for the time being the actual contemporaries of their own grandfathers or great-grandfathers. Whether such a power exists or not I cannot say, but certainly I have never felt the slightest suspicion of possessing it myself. No impression of familiarity with the great and good of three generations back has ever for a moment overtaken me. No tie, sentimental or otherwise, binds me to Mr. Pitt or to Mr. Fox; not even to Mr. Grattan or Mr. Burke, dearly as those two last names ring through every decent Irish heart. No, the sort of impression I mean is entirely different, very much more impalpable; consequently, like all impalpable impressions, extremely difficult to put into words so that one can even recognize it oneself, far less pass it on intelligibly to any one else.

I sometimes wonder whether the dividing line between the events that take place within our own memory and those that we read of, or have been told about, is really so hard and fast a one as it is commonly supposed to be. Let us take the case of any intelligent child, and consider how the events actually now going on in the big outside

world get themselves projected upon his or her small consciousness. Few people, it is true, take the trouble of presenting those occurrences in such a fashion that they could be intelligently received, but even if by chance some one did take this trouble, my impression is that they would sustain such a change in the alembic of a child's imagination that they would practically become, not themselves, but something entirely different.

Memory is, of course, an extremely capricious possession, and differs prodigiously with different individuals. Judging by the "Lives" that in some seasons lie thick as autumn leaves upon our reading tables, the early years of properly constituted people stand out to the last with all their original sharpness and precision. Like those stereotyped moulds, which sometimes record our poor literary misdeeds, they have been "set up" once for all, and remain "set up" forever. Other memories, unfortunately, more resemble that inferior style of type which, after a brief period of service, gets broken up, and reduced to a mere incoherent jumble of letters, without context or back-board of any kind to hold them together.

To take a personal instance. I have been told that in early youth I more than once travelled by canal boat. It may have been so, and I am sure I hope it was, but alas! treacherous memory entirely declines to furnish so much as the faintest shadow of such an event. And yet a canal boat! Could anybody, one asks oneself, travel in a canal boat and fail to remember the circumstance? Think of the sights, of the sounds, above all, think of the smells that would attend such a voyage! Think of the descent into the Tartarean depths of the first lock! Think of the tarry sides of our good ship all adrip with black drops; drop following drop, drip! drip! to the

very bottom of our temporary dungeon! Think of the all-pervading sense of ooze and weediness; of the shrill shrieks with which those who carried or guided one on so adventurous a voyage would be sure to greet every fresh incident of it! Reflecting upon this, I ask myself if these things failed to make the slightest impression on my mind—as they most certainly did—why should a revolution or any other perturbing incident, have succeeded in doing so?—unless indeed it had taken the form of pulling down one's nursery roof over one's dolls' heads, or of leaving oneself without pudding for dinner, either of which catastrophes might, of course, have provided the necessary pinch or prick of attention.

I am the less disposed to take a dignified view of the advantages of a direct contact with history from a recollection of the inverted, not to say extremely topsy-turvy fashion with which a very slight approach to such a contact was regarded by a circle of young people with whom in youthful days I happened to be rather intimately connected. The event in question was not indeed contemporary with themselves, nor could it even strictly speaking be called historic, save in the most partial and so to speak family sense of the word. For them, however, it was *the* historic event, the one up to which all previous history led, and after which the value of that study so visibly declined in importance that it seemed really hardly worth any one's while to prosecute it further.

Why they were so inordinately proud of it, or who put it into their heads to be so, I am unable at this distance of time to tell. The source of pride in children is a very obscure subject, one which would need much careful thought to elucidate properly. I once knew a small boy whose deepest source of pride was that his nurse's brother had a wen upon his forehead, the larg-

est wen, so nursery report ran, that had ever been seen, and he would dilate upon this protuberance as though wens were at least diamonds, and this particular wen had been the Kohinoor. In this case my young friends were not driven to seek out any such recondite and wholly extraneous sources of elation. They knew perfectly well where in their own pride, grandeur and special glorification lay. It was all summed up for them in the four magic words, "The Tower of London."

Now the oddest part of the affair was that at that particular date not one of the party had, I believe, with their bodily eyes so much as seen that historic edifice, or even, I think, the town in which it stands. This, however, had nothing to say to the matter. Seen or unseen, the Tower of London was theirs; it belonged to them, and to no one else, nor had any one so much as the right to speak of it, or to dare to know anything about it without their special leave and license.

Had a contemporary of their own, on the strength of a mere visual acquaintance with the building in question, dared to dispute their intimate and peculiar knowledge of it, I verily believe that they would have felt it their duty to tear him in pieces. Even for an elder, a casual visitor, still more for some authorized instructor—an unfortunate new governess, say, unacquainted with the family tradition—it would have been by no means safe. It would have been regarded as a *casus belli*, and they would have burst out instantly into shrill and open war.

"Was your grandfather ever shut up in the Tower of London?" they would have shouted with one accord, and with all the united power of their lungs. Now, as it is extremely unlikely that the casual visitor or the newly arrived governess would have been able to reply that he was, the repartee

would have been felt to be unanswerable, and their triumph as complete as it deserved.

It has sometimes struck me since in reflecting upon the circumstance that it must have been a little edifying, the alacrity which upon this point, and upon this point only, overtook the languor with which ingenuous youth strives as long as possible to resist receiving information upon any subject. If in their readings of Mrs. Markham or "Little Arthur"—still at that date the main historical pabulum provided for schoolrooms—the topic was even remotely touched upon, there was an instant pricking up of ears around the lesson table; a sudden show of alacrity; a feeling that the era of futility was for the moment over, and that an important, and really-worth-attending-to topic had at last been reached.

Fortunately Mrs. Markham has a great deal to say upon this only important topic. "Tower Hill," "State Prisoners," "High Treason," "The Axe," "The Headsman," "The Scaffold," "The Block," these and other cheerful appendages to the Tower itself figure considerably in her instructive pages. Upon each of these details my young friends were in those days extremely well informed. They had mastered every stage of the proceedings, from the first arrest of the illustrious victim, down to his last momentous walk upon Tower Hill. Next to Mrs. Markham the author most patronized by them was, I believe, Shakespeare, but chiefly, I may say almost entirely, with a view to how far he could throw light upon this one important point. Did Shakespeare—perhaps it was Mary Lamb's Shakespeare—cause Crookshanks to exclaim—"Off with his head! Now by St. Paul I swear I will not dine until I see the same!" the whole party thrilled as if the particular victim of the minute

had been a near relation of their own. They did more, they sighed enviously, feeling that fate might have been even kinder to them than it had been. To have had a grandfather who had been shut up several years in the Tower of London was indeed a splendid privilege, one which few contemporaries could hope to rival, but it might have been more splendid still! There was a picture in Mrs. Markham representing a gentleman crossing the stage wearing trunk hose excessively distended, and a black velvet cloak which depended gracefully from one shoulder. It was called "A Statesman's Death on Tower Hill," though who the particular statesman was, or why he was to be executed I have never been informed. All that I am sure of is that he was preceded by "The Headsman," wearing a mask, and carrying "The Axe," and that the edge of that axe was presented in due form to the victim.

Over this inspiring print the whole party were in the habit of hanging long and lovingly. It suggested various ideas to their minds; some of them rather odd ones. For it may as well be admitted at once that the only flaw to their satisfaction was that the orthodox and fascinating preliminaries had not in their own case led up to their still more orthodox and fascinating end. There was no personal feeling to interfere with this natural aspiration, the hero of the drama having died in the fulness of old age, years before most of the party were even born. Moreover it was anything but a lack of filial piety that inspired it. On the contrary, it was a profound desire for his honor and glory. To have risen so high, and yet not to have risen to the very top. It did seem rather hard upon him! If only he had been sufficiently inspired to see wherein his own greatness lay, or if only the government of the day had been good enough to in-

sist upon that concluding scene—Tower Hill, Masked Headsman, Condemned Gentleman, the Axe, the Trunk Hose, the Black Velvet Cloak and everything—how glorious it would have been for himself; and, moreover, how immensely gratifying for his descendants! That their progenitor having been a mere youth at the time and unmarried, they would never have come into existence to glory in his exit, was a detail which I need hardly say nobody ever stopped to remember. Had it been forced upon their attention, I feel sure that it would have been dismissed as the merest irrelevancy. Poor-spirited would be that boy or girl who allowed so trumpery an obstacle to dip for a moment the straining topsails of their glory.

Unfortunately, everybody cannot be so happy as to have had a grandfather who has gone within even an imaginary distance of being beheaded for high treason, and for those to whom this endearing note of association is wanting, a good deal of history is undoubtedly rather flat, and sadly deficient in the right personal note.

To possess a name that is itself redolent of history would perhaps be even a happier lot; a name that has been shouted at Agincourt, possibly even at Hastings! The number of persons in that happy position must, however, be extremely small, and for the rest of us the gorgeous historic roll-call is apt to wear rather a cold and haughty aspect, like the guest-list of some entertainment to which we have not been invited. There is always patriotism, it is true, to fall back upon, and an Englishman has the right to flatter himself that a good deal of history has been written specially with a view to gratifying his share of that quality. National vanity is undoubtedly a much finer thing than family vanity; at the same time it must be remembered that it does not afford quite the same room for elation, especially for that very

comfortable form of elation which implies the exclusion of everybody else! Seeing that providence has so arranged it, that we cannot all be De Veres or De Courcys, the next best thing is to see if we cannot discover something else in history to fill up the vacuum, and provide us with some feeling of personal relationship with these men and women who have strutted or wept their brief hour upon that emblazoned stage. Perhaps the nearest approach to such a personal link is to be found in a joke; a nice, timely little joke, well delivered, and exactly at the right moment. "One touch of humor makes the old world kin," and the man with whom we have shared a joke—though he may have died centuries before we were born—is ever afterwards a friend of ours, in that truly intimate sense of the word which makes the Tapleys and the Wellers, the Poyzers and the Falstaffs among the best and most consolatory of our friends.

I should be sorry to dogmatize upon such a point, but it seems to me that English history is rather poorly provided with jokes, the few that one encounters in its pages being mostly of extraneous origin. If this is so, it is, after all, hardly unnatural, seeing that history deals with a race as a whole, and humor—at all events in its airier manifestations—has never been regarded as a special characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon. So little indeed is this the case that when a son or daughter of that race shows any marked aptitude in this direction their biographer generally thinks it necessary to scan their pedigree in order to discover a reason. Among sovereigns the Tudors were extremely English, and several of them were also great jesters, but for the lighter sort of repartee or badinage their hands appear to have been a trifle heavy, and their jokes apt to take that personal turn pleasanter for

the joker than for the necessary second actor of the piece. No one, we all know, ever succeeded in crying "Halves" with Macaulay in conversation, and no one, I feel quite confident, ever succeeded in crying "Halves" with Henry the Eighth over a joke! His illustrious daughter, Elizabeth also liked her jokes, and although her pleasantries were of a less sanguinary turn than her father's she must have been even more formidable than usual when disposed to be frolicsome. A tale may be found in one of Lord Essex's letters with regard to a new dress belonging to one of her maids of honor, over the possession of which the owner had been rash enough to exhibit some elation. The young lady, it seems, was several inches taller than Her Majesty—hardly, perhaps, quite a nice or loyal thing to be. Having desired that the dress should be made over to her custody, the Queen, first carefully selecting an extremely wet day, was pleased to put it on, and trail it for yards behind her in the mud, the owner of the humiliated garment having to appear as delighted with the royal fun and condescension as the rest of the lookers-on.

This is a small peg upon which to hang an indictment against an entire reigning house, but if a poor example of the historical illustration, it is at least a good example of the sort of joke which is no joke, or only one of that detestable kind of which we are all guilty when, overcome by the sense of our own pleasantry, we fail to perceive that for some one else our joke is not a joke, but a mere annoyance; at best an intolerable bore.

The jokes in Irish history are few and far between, unless we are to include those very grim ones of which the flow of blood and the reek of burning roofs are the main points. Here and there in that murky record a few of lighter type may be discovered, and

these ought to be carefully noted and cherished by all who wish to recommend that most unpopular of all varieties of history. No one, I should think, can ever have failed, for instance, to thrill imaginatively over the reply of the Earl of Desmond to the Ormond soldiery who, having captured him, were carrying him off triumphantly on their shoulders. "Where now is the proud Desmond?" they shouted. "The Desmond is where he ought to be, upon the necks of the Butlers!" came the retort, and one feels that the captive had in his discomfiture one moment of supreme, and really almost compensatory enjoyment.

His kinsman, Gerolt Mor, ninth Earl of Kildare, and for many years the virtual ruler of Ireland, was a great joke-maker, and the tales told both of himself and of his son are many, and in their day had a wide popularity. They belong rather to the rollicking, schoolboy type of pleasantry, of which hard thumps and horse-play are the staple. Of a larger and more dignified type of repartee perhaps the best known in Irish history is the reply of Lady Tyrconnell to James the Second upon his arrival in Dublin, hot-footed, and almost unattended after the defeat of the Boyne. "Madam, your countrymen have run away!" was the king's gracious accost. "I am rejoiced, at least, to perceive that your Majesty has won the race!" the viceroy's wife replied with a curtsy.

A few more jokes, good, bad and indifferent might be culled from the same pages, but the truth is, Irish history does not seem to be quite fair game for any little sport of the kind. It looks up at us with its pitiful eyes from the ground, and seems to request, if we cannot show it any decent measure of attention, at least that we will have the goodness to leave it alone, and not make it the subject of our poor and pointless comments. Its record is

too dark, the woes of which it is the receptacle have been too many, the neglect under which it has labored too consistent for any save serious comment to be quite becoming. Men laugh who win, and the winning days for Irishmen have been a long time on the road.

Recurring to the old green manuscript book, and still trying to account for the not very reasonable feeling of familiarity with which its contents inspire me, I am inclined to think that to get to the inner side of history must be a less difficult performance than people are wont to imagine. Certainly if we want to read it with any feeling of vividness and reality, we ought to contrive to get ourselves into it, and to put oneself into the foreground of any event, or series of events has never been accounted a particularly difficult feat. What we call the Past is not, after all, an utterly dead and withered thing, or if it is, this other, that we call the Present—soon in its turn to bear the same name—must be half dead, and half withered already. To induce history to live and move, to induce its men and women to walk and talk, to live, breathe, sigh, weep and laugh for us, in their habit as they existed, is the aim of every good writer, and ought equally to be the aim of every good reader. Nor, given the right mood, and the right materials to work upon, is there any particular difficulty about the matter. Something fresh, no doubt, we need; something that we can imagine to be of our own finding, even though it be nothing more promising than an old last-century account-book. The sense of discovery, of having dug ourselves, with our own private trowels, amongst the roots of that hoary old forest of Time, is consoling, and brings a peculiar sort of satisfaction to the mind. For such of us as have no private family copple to delve in, the most attractive of such

hunting grounds is undoubtedly the State Papers, nearly all of which are now printed and ready to our hands. Open these where you will, they are extraordinarily living, far more so, I think, than the same materials after they have been worked over by even the best of historians. Peep into no matter what volume, and you find yourself at once at the very heart of things. You read the actual letter which A wrote to B, specially charging him not to make the contents of it known to C, and you read C's letter after the faithless B had sent on A's letter to him. The whole forgotten panorama begins suddenly to heave and move. The actors wake up and walk; the scenes shift; the procession passes by under our very noses. It is as if the thick cloud of centuries had shifted for a moment, and allowed some fresh rays of sunlight to fall upon the picture. More than a mere picture, it becomes a play to us, and we hold our breath as we follow its developments. That it is really past, over and done with; that the actors and actresses are all dead, gone and buried, we know very well. Their woes and their triumphs are alike at an end; the kings and the clowns are sleeping together in the dust.

King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead.

For the moment, however, he seems alive, and we shake in our shoes as though he could condemn us to the headsman; as though his sceptre were not dust, and his very name a matter often of the merest conjecture.

The pleasant pursuits of life so notoriously flag as the years roll on that it seems well if we can hit upon a few

which rather wax than wane with time. The part of looker-on is generally admitted to be one of these, and there seems no particular reason why this should apply only to the smaller dramas of life, those that we can see played out under our actual eyes.

Personally I think that we enjoy this rôle of historic looker-on best when we have no particular purpose of our own to forward at the time; no special little task in hand; no pet theory, which must be supported at any cost, and after which we go burrowing blindly through the past, as moles burrow through the choicest seed-beds. Here, as elsewhere, the impersonal attitude brings its own reward. The prospect opens, and we get a wider sweep of the horizon, when we are not trying to focus for ourselves some one particular corner of it. Gradually, as we read—or as, laying down our book, we dream open-eyed over the scenes that its pages have evoked—a certain sense of intimacy, of real acquaintance with these dead men and dead women begins to grow up in us. Genuine likings, still more swift and genuine dislikes, spring into existence like mushrooms after rain. For good or for ill we get an extraordinarily extended sense of the unity, or the unbroken continuity of our race as a whole, merely by dwelling upon one little corner of it. So close does this intimacy now and then become, that the time-honored barriers between the words "Past" and "Present" seem at last to melt away, and vanish into air. And if under these circumstances the famous "Historic sense" does not get itself born, all I can say is that it proves more conclusively than ever that no such sense has ever existed.

Emily Lawless.

EXAMINATION BLUNDERS.

Next to Scripture English history seems to be the most fruitful field for the amusing blunders of examinees. Those now to be related have the merit of being strictly authentic, having come within the writer's own experience during the past few years. They have, too, the further interest—a somewhat melancholy one—that they are the work, not of school children, but of teachers, mostly adults, who have been already for some time engaged in the training of the youth of England, and who now—under the regulations which have lately come into force—are in all cases obliged to give instruction in the history of their own country. *Quis docebit ipsos doctores?* Many of the mistakes are due to the use of a wrong word in some phrase which the candidate has remembered from his textbook, and has proudly inserted in his answer. Such, for instance, is the statement that the Danes, when Dane-geld was paid, only came “clambering” for more. So, too, we are told that Godwin was an “uprighteous” man; that Henry II, on seeing Becket's conduct, was “rageous;” that the “pheasants” rose under Wat Tyler at the “fragrant” injustice of the Poll-tax, and that they demanded “manual sufferance.” “The Greeks, driven out of Constantinople, sought refuge in Western Europe,” is a singularly happy perversion. So, too, is this: “When General Monk marched to London, Parliament revolved itself into a Convention.” The spectacle of Parliament turning round and round till it becomes a Convention appeals to one irresistibly; so also does the vision called up when we are told that Duplex worked on the ruler of the Deccan till he became a mere “puppy” in his

hands. During the Napoleonic Wars all “legible” men were enlisted; and after Leipzig and the Peace of Paris Napoleon was imprisoned in “Etna”—a new Enceladus. In the eighteenth century the “rotundity of plants”—presumably the rotation of crops—was first understood; and among the chief inventions of the nineteenth century is “physlognomy.” Sometimes, again, the blunder is due to a confusion between two persons of the same or similar names. “Major André is the latest personage who has gone to find the North Pole. He used a balloon.” “Lord George Gordon was killed at the battle of Cartoon.” Sometimes where knowledge fails an attempt is made to supply its place by reasoning. “The self-denying ordinance was an ordinance brought into effect by a party of very high church people.” A latitudinarian is variously explained as “one who believed in having the Church Service read in Latin,” “one not ashamed to confess his code of religion, no matter in what latitude he may find himself,” and as “a geographical term—one who studies the various latitudes of different countries.” Often there is sheer unconscious humor. “The chief benefit of the revival of learning was that newspapers began to be published and gas was used more freely.” “The chief event in the Reformation was that Martin Luther publicly sold indulgences.” It is gravely cited as an instance of the despotic power of the Tudors that “Henry VIII obtained permission from Parliament to have six wives.” After the “Forty-five” “a reward was offered for Prince Charlie's body, dead or alive, but no one ever troubled to find it.” In reference to the questions raised by the affair of

Wilkes in George III's reign we are told that "Parliament at this time debated in silence." A request to name three great Ministers of George III is thus answered: "Gladstone did much work for the country: Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Wellington led many battles." Finally, "Nelson is famous for his short poem, 'England expects every man to do his duty.'" In the lowest depth to which the blunderers descend we find pure nonsense. Thus one candidate, asked to discuss Elizabeth's duplicity, writes that the difficulties of her reign "tended to create a feeling akin to womanness, and to place forth the actions of that of a man." Another says: "The Occasional Conformity Bill exacted that all who were found worshipping after taking oath of Transubstantiation and Supremacy should be fined and dismissed from office." Another informs us that "Saratoga was the seat of war between Richard I and Surajah Dowlah." Most frequently, however, there is that little knowledge which is so dangerous a thing, and this combined with confusion of thought and vague, inaccurate recollection produces queer results. "Dunstan improved the celebracy of the clergy." "Dunstan was an Italian. He was taught music and literature by the wandering jews of Ireland." "The Young Pretender said that he was one of the Princes that had been murdered in the Tower." "Clive had a simple boyhood, and rose to be named Lord Clive. He put the Indian Mutiny to rights and relieved the people of the Black Hole of Calcutta." But the Napoleonic Wars form, perhaps, the favorite subject for both examiner and examinee. It is only fair to say that the answers here given are the work of quite young candidates, perhaps fourteen or fifteen years of age; those under the three preceding heads—the attempts at reasoning, the unconscious humor and the pure nonsense—are, on the other hand,

written by older teachers. Here is an account of Nelson. "The chief battles he fought were Waterloo, in which he spoiled the French power, and Napoleon was imprisoned on the island of St. Helena. The last battle he fought was Quebec in which he was wounded and died, but not before knowing he was victorious." Three descriptions of Waterloo follow:—(1) "The armies were placed all ready for action, and on Sunday the first shot was fired." Nelson won the victory. He was wounded and carried to the lower deck. His wound proved mortal, and while his attendant stood by, he said, 'They run.' 'Who run?' said Nelson. 'The enemy.' 'Then I die happy.' Thus England lost one of her bravest and best heroes." (2) "This war was fought in 1815, on the 8th day of the month. The English had a great advantage over the French, for they had come fresh from England, while the French had been marching wearily back from their fruitless war in Russia. The French were so worn out with their continual marching, day after day, that the battle was hardly a fair one; also many had died on the way, leaving the remaining army very small. However, there is no doubt the Duke of Wellington would not have won so marvellous a victory had it not been for his courageous efforts and splendid motto. The war is noted for the charge of the Light Brigade. After the battle followed the Hundred Days." The "splendid motto" is presumably the "short poem" already mentioned. A plan is added to this answer, with the Russians hovering near, but it does not appear on which side they are fighting. (3) "Waterloo was called the Hundred Days' Fight. . . . What made it worse was that it had been raining the night before, and the grass was wet, and many caught cold and died. By this great victory the Duke of Wellington received the name of 'Iron Duke,' which means an hero

of one hundred fights." This may fittingly close our collection, unless we add the statement of an up-to-date candidate that "in 1897 Seigneur Macroni invented the famous ex-rays." The stories of Waterloo and those resembling them raise a smile, but do not imply any hopeless incapacity in those who perpetrate them. They are merely the natural result of an ill-digested mass of knowledge in young students. Many of the absurdities, too, which are caused by the misuse of single words may be mere slips of the pen, due to the haste with which the answer is written. What is more disquieting, however, is the vague use of phrases

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such as "manual sufferance" and "celebracy of the clergy," to which the writers obviously can attach no meaning, and the stringing together of words without sense or grammar—just for the sake of saying something—which so frequently occurs. Once in a hundred times the result is comic; the other ninety-nine times it is merely saddening, and forces the examiner to the conclusion that those who display such vagueness and inaccuracy of thought and such inability to use their own language are but ill-equipped for the task of educating others. The teaching of the mother tongue is the great need of our elementary schools.

DICKENS AND MODERN HUMOR.

The conceptions of novelists, though not necessarily their power of treatment, have grown continuously from the beginning. If we take Fielding as a starting-point—though he himself, with trouble, may be proved a direct descendant (shall we say?) of Apuleius and Homer—we shall find a steady growth in the extent of the material which the novel is thought fit to cover. The stages of the growth may be suitably marked by Fielding, Scott, Hugo or Balzac, George Eliot, and even Mr. George Meredith. In the last instance there is clearly no increase of skill, of actual merit, of poignancy, on the work of Fielding. It is merely that the aim and scope have altered, and on the whole, if judged by intention, not by performance, "The Egoist" is as much superior to "Notre Dame" as "Notre Dame" is to "Tom Jones." Using the test of evolution, the more complex is a development of the more simple, the bird of

Paradise many ages superior to the archæopteryx. But it is even more true that "The Egoist" is incomparably inferior to "Tom Jones." The later author reminds one of the belated traveller stumbling about a field of turnips on a dark night; there are curses, headlong scrambles to prevent a fall, somersaults, terrors of looming shapes, stops to kick off the gathered mud, weariness, and but little progress. When, if ever, the writer reaches home a glow of pride for the memorable difficulties he has conquered is intense; such a task none ever before attempted, and if the labor was long and the method ungainly, what matter? *Finis* can be written with a flourish, and writer and reader are together proud. Fielding did not try such a route; he turned into the road and moved smoothly along, neither fast nor slow, now and again, if he felt so disposed, leaning on the top bar of a gate to express his gratitude that nowadays

cross-country routes were unnecessary; when he reached home he had his dinner and went to sleep, happy enough but not particularly proud. Why should he be? He had travelled with a good deal of pleasure, his natural course. Like many of Fielding's successors, Mr. Meredith has been too ambitious; why should they strain to make the novel an amalgamation of all literature? The teller of a story should be above all things unconscious; and in spite of developments and theories, a novel still depends for its claim to merit on the sheer capacity for romantic narration. So although the novel since his day has made good its claim to be as serious a piece of lasting literature as a drama or a picture or a poem, the first English novelist is at least as great as the last, as Mr. Meredith or as Mr. Hardy.

Now Dickens in his infancy learned "Tom Jones" almost by heart, and necessarily imbibed some of the character of the author. Critics who like to fit every author into his place in the mosaic of their theory, have condemned Dickens out of hand because he was the last of a school which had been superseded by one of higher and wider aims. As Stevenson pointed out in connection with Victor Hugo, great moral principles are part of the tissue of modern tales. Take away the *motif*, on which all the French critics lay such stress, from "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" and no story is left. With Dickens, though no one more deliberately and vigorously attacked standing abuses, the people are the thing. It is as if hypocrisies were invented to illustrate Mr. Pecksniff. Such an elemental creation could never have been fashioned by secondary inspiration. Chiefly for this reason all attempts to fit Dickens into an essential place in the development of fiction have been found beside the mark. His date, as well as his character, forbids it.

Though he owed much to Fielding, he is in no full sense of Fielding's school; and though in aim he is as simple as Mr. Meredith is complex, his work is not therefore earlier in theoretical evolution. Even with regard to Thackeray, with whom he is often unfairly compared, he is his contrary, not his contradictory, naturally different, not consciously opposed. He belongs to the immortal band of observers, the men whose observation is so keen and interest so vivid that articulate expression becomes a necessity. When the kettle boils the steam must escape. The character, training, environment of the authors give them each individuality, but Dickens's laughable hyperbole, Thackeray's genial cynicism, Hugo's melodramatic extravagances, are individual accidents, not the inheritance of a school. Dickens, then, is neither the first nor the last of a school, though he owed much to Fielding, and has been now and then slavishly imitated by Daudet. Literary men have, from time to time, thrown off a sketch or two, as Gigadibs did, which may be mistaken for Dickens, but to keep up the effort for a hundred pages is beyond the power of imitation.

But though fortunately Dickens founded no school, his work has produced an almost unexampled effect on the humor of a whole nation. It is impossible to estimate the popularity of the novels in America, but it is certain that if he had received a penny royalty on the sale of his books there, he would have been, in spite of his generous habits, a man of vast wealth. The number of pirated editions was immense; it is no wonder that he wrote home with such bitterness of the cruelty that the want of a copyright law entailed. He may be said to have been the first novelist whom the whole nation through all its castes read and enjoyed. He found, as he writes in one of the letters from America, even "the car-

men of Hertford in their blue frocks all reading my books." Though his published impressions of America caused the deepest indignation, which was intensified by the powerful but rather unhappy chapters in "Martin Chuzzlewit," he regained his popularity quickly for the reason that his bitterest foes had never escaped from the grip of his charm. His humor "fair whipped," as one of them said, anything they had read before; and the appreciation of it, widespread beyond precedent, had exercised an unprecedented influence on the style of the nation's humor.

No people have a form of humor so well defined as the Americans. It is not perhaps particularly admirable; it is not literary; it is certainly much inferior to the humor of Dickens's novels, but it is still descended directly, having developed certain unfortunate features, from the children of Dickens's genius. On humor in England Dickens has exercised no similar effect because the quality of the nation's humor was already individual when Dickens wrote. In some ways his humor is not particularly English, or rather it exaggerated one attribute to the exclusion of others. Typical English humor, the result of Teuton solidity meeting Celtic imagination, is reticent, subtle, even it may be, grim; it is chiefly marked, as a rule, by inward appreciation, and more often made articulate by action than by speech. A twinkle at the corner of the mouth is a more frequent sign than an epigram or a laugh. But it is well to remember that there are no clowns like the English, no such physical humorists, so to speak, who plunge into extravagant quiddities for the mere zest of tumultuous life. Dickens was a prince of clowns, and the title is commendatory. His whole person overflowed with vitality, and the fun in him came out anyhow, tricked in grotesque trap-

plings, tumbling into ridiculous antics, grimacing, frowning, blubbering, cracking whips, turning catherine-wheels, mimicking, originating; but always it was exuberant, and in the midst of the most farcical folly betraying an almost supernatural shrewdness of observation. Such, from one isolated point of view, was Dickens's humor, and in this aspect it appealed with universal force to the American people. There existed, no doubt, traces of this bent of humor in the States before Dickens wrote; and his work, especially the earliest and least mature, gave an impetus to the movement by reason of which it is still hurried forward. The cardinal attribute of American humor is exaggeration. It seeks out and clings to the extravagant, heaping hyperbole on hyperbole with care to leave the grotesque addition to the top of the outrageous heap. The effect of the stories is always cumulative. Of those that are quotable one of the best examples is the description of the latest rifle-club, and its use was to cap any "tall" talking from visitors. The opening, to borrow a metaphor from the chess-board, is one commonly played by Americans. A foreigner had spoken of his nation's skill with the rifle. "That's nothing," said his host. "In America, we never think of shooting at a still target; some one just rolls a tub down-hill, and you've got to put three consecutive bullets into the bung-hole before you can become a member of the club. There's a fresh trial of the members every month, and every man that misses one of his three shots has to leave the club." Then, with a pause designed to create the impression that hyperbole had reached its limit, the narrator would add, "And we haven't lost a member for four years." The incidents of the story are cumulative. By artificial extravagance, he is heaped upon he till altitude can be carried no further. Just the same

means are adopted with considerable effect by Mark Twain in his sketch, popular at Penny Readings, of the doings and goings of his watch after he had begun to meddle with the regulator. If you are in boisterous health, you may indulge in tumults of laughter. If your mood is only receptive, not aggressive, you will find your sense of humor strained to the breaking-point. There is no middle course possible, no midway smile between appreciation and laughter.

It is a commonplace, and a particularly irritating commonplace, of criticism that Dickens is spoiled by exaggeration. Mr. Micawber, we are told, and Mark Tapley are gross caricatures. "Dickens could not draw a gentleman," as if Mr. Pickwick was ever anything else. "No man of literary perceptions can read Dickens if he has learned to appreciate Thackeray," as though Peggotty's heart were not as valuable as Becky's brain. "Dickens's pathos is a model of mock sentiment," as though even the critics themselves in their salad days had not suffered with Agnes and Dr. Strong. Dickens is no artist, they assure us, and the prophets prophesy, in the face of the new editions, that the Dodsons and Gamps will die forgotten as soon as manners change and abuses are scattered. Poor Dickens! When the literary man has done with him, there is nothing left but a substratum of burlesque humor, fit to please a few uncultured spirits of the middle class. Even the admirers of Dickens grant the truth of these arguments, and confess that the portraiture of the character is generally damaged by some hyperbolic attribute. There are no Quilps in real life who swallow liquid fire; hypocrites do not reach the Pecksniffian level; small Olivers do not whimper over mothers they have never known. These charges, partially accurate in the letter, are founded on a

misconception; but it is true that the exaggerative and boisterous qualities of Dickens have chiefly enthralled Americans; and it is the popular misconception of Dickens's art and aim, fostered by certain critics, which has perverted throughout America the influences of Dickens's work. With a natural appreciation of extravagances, such as those they thought they had found in Dickens, American humorists, imitating consciously or unconsciously, sought to create effects, similar, for instance, to Mr. Dounce's quandary in the "Sketches by Boz," by inventing a series of ridiculous situations. But the result has been something essentially different from anything in Dickens, because with him the occurrences are always co-ordinate emanations from a central character, with the Americans they are successive *tours de force* of the author's inventiveness. Now and then, perhaps, in Dickens the events are grotesque and extravagant, but they are never unreal, because the characters commit just that sort of action which they should in accordance with the essential attributes of their definition. The degree of the action may be disproportionate, its quality never is. With writers, on the other hand, whose characters are produced by the events, the action is the essential part, and if the details be judged improbable or unconvincing the tale or sketch loses its justification.

We may say that Dickens never consciously set out for dramatic situation. His characters did that for him, acting as did John Inglesant on Mr. Shorthouse. "It was days," Mr. Shorthouse once said, "before I could make Inglesant travel over to Italy." Inglesant's heart was in the little village of Gidding and he refused to leave England, and it was not till after a week's wrestling that he reluctantly yielded to his author's remonstrances and crossed the channel. In the pages of the book you

feel the hero's reluctance; he drags along, for the reason that his experiences were not of his own finding. The characters he created were more real to Dickens than Inglesant was to Mr. Shorthouse, and Dickens was seldom foolish enough to contradict their wishes. His method is excellently described in one of his letters to Felton: "I am in great health and spirits and powdering away at Chuzzlewit while all manner of facetiousness rises up before me as I go on." The humor rose up, the situations came. "He spoke in numbers for the numbers came." Such confessions may be made by almost every genius, and of no one is it truer than of Dickens that "he wrote because he could not help it." His characters, at least in the earlier novels, said what they said because he could not help it. Without the help of the good lady no one, not even Dickens, could have written Mrs. Nickleby's more eloquent speeches; there is less exaggeration in the whole of her amazing orations than in a page of Mark Twain (a great humorist, we grant) or of Mr. Jerome, who represents American humor on its way back to England. Contrast the most ludicrous passage (for instance, the slipping of the tow-rope) in Mr. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat," with any speech taken at haphazard from the lips of Mrs. Nickleby, and the superiority of the method of Dickens to the best efforts of American and the newest English humor will appear at once. Hers is the true oratory. Listen to her at the theatre with Sir Mulberry Hawk and his delectable companions.

"I think there must be something in the place, for, soon after I was married, I went to Stratford with poor dear Mr. Nickleby, in a post-chaise from Birmingham—was it a post-chaise though?" said Mrs. Nickleby, considering. "Yes it must have been a post-chaise, because I recollect remarking

at the time that the driver had a green shade over his left eye;—in a post-chaise from Birmingham, and after we had seen Shakespeare's tomb and birth-place, we went back to the inn there, where we slept that night, and I recollect that all night long I dreamt of nothing but a black gentleman, at full length, in plaster-of-Paris, with a lay-down collar tied with two tassels, leaning against a post and thinking; and when I woke in the morning and described him to Mr. Nickleby, he said it was Shakespeare just as he had been when he was alive, which was very curious indeed. Stratford—Stratford," continued Mrs. Nickleby, considering. "Yes, I am positive about that, because I recollect I was in the family-way with my son Nicholas at the time, and I had been very much frightened by an Italian image-boy that very morning. In fact, it was quite a mercy, ma'am," added Mrs. Nickleby, in a whisper to Mrs. Wiltitterly, "that my son didn't turn out to be a Shakespeare, and what a dreadful thing that would have been!"

Mrs. Nickleby speaks as her definition compelled; she was forced by inward compulsion to live up to her attributes. The case is exactly reversed with a great deal of the humor that is now commended; it is either imported or reported. That is to say, facetious words or ridiculous occurrences are fetched from anywhere and this or that character compelled to say or act them, though they each would be just as funny if it were spoken or experienced by any one else. We may take the adventures of the Three Men in a Boat, or of the Invisible Man, or even of Huckleberry Finn, as illustrative; the words and occurrences are imported.

Another class of humorist, who is now enjoying a vogue, laboriously studies a locality and its slang, and then invents characters and story to illustrate the entries in the notebook. Mr. Morrison, who writes picturesquely and powerfully, was greatly commend-

ed in a late review for his "easy swing of detail." He had, in a word, a large amount of notes to pick from, and he made us laugh by the accuracy of his reports. There is an undoubted laugh in the boast of the man that he had "a pair of Benjamins cut saucy with double fakements down the sides." The phrase we remember well, but who it was that said it we have long since forgotten. On the other hand, let any one hear such simple unremarkable words as "so disposed," or "swelling wisely," and the pictures of Mrs. Gamp or of Tony Weller rise up instantly. The mind acts on the law of association of ideas, by which, if two things are once associated together, ever afterwards the appearance of the lesser tends to suggest the greater. If the character came before the words in the order of creation, the hearing of the words will recall the character; if the phrase was made and afterwards put into a character's mouth, we must hear of both the character and the phrase before we can recall their connection.

The causes of what we may call the degeneration of humor are reciprocal, as between author and public. There is continuous pressure on the author to supply what the public wishes, and the wishes of the public are fostered by the sort of literature which authors supply. The author may be above his public; but he is also of it, vitiated by its prejudices and inspired with its enthusiasms, and there can be no doubt that the bulk of people prefer that sort of forced wit which the admirers of Dickens deprecate. As a test of popular opinion it is illuminating to cross-examine a number of people who may be described without offence as belonging to the class of professional novel-reader. The unanimity of their criticisms will be surprising. Let Mr. Barrie, in his capacity as humorist, be taken as the subject of interrogation.

Let one story, for example, "The Court-ling of T'Nowhead's Bell," be selected for illustrating our professional novel-reader's theories of humor. It will be found that at least nine out of ten will become rapturous over that detail of the story in which occurs the description of the race, as watched from the kirk gallery, between Sanders Elshoner (who took the roadway and to his eternal disgrace ran on the Sabbath) and Samuel the weaver, who tried the short cut over the burn and up the commonty. The race is described with much spirit and the details are diverting; but the essence of the story, its claim to a more than fugitive distinction, its real humor, lies in the subsequent events as displayed in the repeated conversations between the canny Sanders and the diffident Samuel. The conclusion is quite excellent.

"Ye'll be gaein' up to the manse to arrange wi' the minister the morn's mornin'," continued Sanders in a subdued voice.

Sam'l looked wistfully at his friend. "I canna do't, Sanders," he said, "I canna do't."

"Ye maun," said Sanders.

"It's alsy to speak," retorted Sam'l bitterly.

"We have a' oor troubles, Sam'l," said Sanders soothingly, "an' every man maun bear his ain burdens. Johnnie Davie's wife's dead, and he's no repinin'."

"Ay," said Sam'l, "but a death's no a maritch; we hae ha'en deaths in oor family, too."

* * * * *

"I maun hae langer to think o't," said Sam'l.

"Bell's maritch is the morn," said Sanders decisively.

The Scotch allusiveness and the characters of the two men are illustrated here with an exquisite touch, and in this vein Mr. Barrie would have done really good work. He is not Scott, but

Sanders and Sam'l have the native charm, which has helped to make Caleb Balderstone and Andrew Fair-service immortal. Sanders is a small man compared with the Olympians of Scott; but Sanders in pursuit of a wife is endowed with the real native humor not less truly than Caleb running off with the wild ducks on the spit or Andrew in the arrangement of a horse-deal.

But the later Barrie! What a falling off is there! And the reason is not only that Thrums had been worked out and the store of its characters exhausted, but that popularity lay in the direction of extravagant incident, of hyper-sensitive sentiment.

There is another fault in the later humorists which is also conspicuous in many writers on other subjects, even on science. It springs in the first place from hurry and from the poverty of thought which must result from it. Authors will not take even a vastly modified form of Horace's advice to let their work lie fallow for a time. Mr. Shorthouse did it in the case of "John Inglesant;" Messieurs Paul and Victor Marguerite have made a trilogy of novels the work of a lifetime; but in most cases the man who is conscious of talent exhausts his material as soon as it is acquired; he shapes out the forms of his imagination before he has learned his business. The immediate result is thinness. It is as if Dickens, having come across the abominations of a Bumble or a Squeers, had filled "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby" with their doings to the exclusion of the thieves, actors and the rest of the immortal characters that fill the pages. Supposing, again, that Dickens had acquired such an intimate knowledge of Thames shipping as Mr. Jacobs, we should have had from him glorious chapters winking to the brim with the bubbles of humor; but to offer a brew of nothing but

Thames boatmen would never have occurred to him.

A humorist, whose field should be as wide as his world, needs above all things broad observation and broad sympathy. The world is right in refusing to keep before its eyes a number of miniatures. However clever and neat, they must become wearisome and unsatisfying. We can put up with a few. Mr. Jacobs undoubtedly makes us laugh; in his vein he has genuine wit and humor, and needs only to give himself wider scope. Mr. Hope is clever and subtle beyond his classical predecessors. Mr. Anstey, on the almost irritating irony of fate working in the unimaginative medium of middle class lives, has won more than an ephemeral success; but they are all too contracted, too subtle, too clever, too careful of means, too well bridled. They are infinitely superior to most of their farcical contemporaries who must be always sticking spurs into jaded nature, that she may seem, at any rate to the gallery, to be gambling naturally; but something bigger is wanted, a man before whom "all manner of facetiousness will rise up" as he writes. He will not come while men are content to spread their stuff thin, and to write before they have realized. In spite of his many deficiencies the one exception is Mr. Kipling. He is real; he speaks that he knows; his humor is inherent and plain-spoken; Mulvaney ~~is~~ and the drummer-boys of the Fore and Aft ~~were~~. His imagination is actual on whatever subject it works.

When 'Omer smote 'Is bloomin' lyre
'E'd 'eard men sing by land and sea;
An' what 'e thought 'e might require
'E wen' and took, the same as me.

This is the true historical imagination which working on things past or present sees for itself without straining and without distortion. Even so free

from hypocrisy was Dickens, and the modern novelist and the modern humorist both need a full dose of him. The Americans have only copied his extravagances and, if we allow the criticism, his want of style. The English humorists have either taken a sort of tertiary inspiration through the Americans, or have mistaken the humor of situations for the humor of character,

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and the product of the mere intellect for the expression of character. We are told that Dickens is about to go out of favor. The consummation will only be reached when the sense of humor is destroyed either by the dilettante affectations of professional word-catchers or the overwhelming flood of paragraphic facetiousness.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

"All things," says Emerson, "preach the indifference of circumstances. The man is all." The man may be all, but circumstances are not wholly indifferent. They are the environment in which human character is developed; they are the framework in which capacity and disposition are displayed. As the rules of a game are limitations which enable the player to show his skill, so are circumstances opportunities for the manifestation of personal ability. We should be inclined, without undervaluing the personal factor, to venture another aphorism. As the circumstances without the man are nothing, so the man without the circumstances is nothing, for how can virtue, or courage, or patience, or kindness display themselves without the circumstances of temptation and danger, of suffering and distress? When a life is lived under circumstances of peculiar and varied severity, the lights and shadows of character are more clearly seen, and the triumph of spiritual forces more decisively displayed. "Why am I called to suffer as I do?" once asked the late Empress Frederick. "To show, madam, the victory of the spiritual over the material," was the reply. The world has naturally dwelt much on the tragic circum-

stances of the late Empress Frederick's life; they were well known, they appealed forcibly to the imagination and sympathy of mankind; but they did much more than this. They served to unfold the dignity, serenity and simplicity of one to whom fell trials more bitter and more various than usually fall to the lot of man. It is not our purpose to dilate on these; we shall only touch on them so far as they indicate character and illustrate the victory of spiritual forces.

One or two preliminary remarks will be useful. The Empress Frederick was born in 1840 and died in 1901. Her life was thus ten years short of the three-score years and ten allotted to man. It covered a period which was marked by startling changes in Europe, the most conspicuous and startling of which affected the land of her birth and the land of her adoption. She was eleven when the Great Exhibition in London was thought to be a sign of new and nobler rivalry among nations. She was thirty when the revival of the German Empire gave effect to the dreams of German unity; and she lived to see the rise of Imperialism among the British people. Her life coincided that is to say, with movements which gave birth to great political revolutions

and indicated important changes of thought. The drift of these changes showed itself in the tendency to substitute large units for small, to obliterate old geographical boundaries and to combine together men who could claim common blood. Dukedoms, principalities, even kingdoms disappeared, absorbed in empires and monarchies whose strength was that of race. The Kingdom of Italy replaced the assemblage of minor states whose administration had been narrowly tyrannical. The Empire of Germany was established by the lowering of some local prestige. Austria lost her chance of leadership, and Hanover was dis-crowned. In the British Empire alone have imperialistic ideas coincided, not with a lowering, but a raising, of the dignity of dependencies. But whatever loss or gain of provincial or colonial dignity has accompanied the movement, it has been one which has shown the influence of race and language; the spirit of the movement has everywhere been the same; it has been the movement of peoples. The Kingdom of Italy would never have been revived without the antecedent popular movements. The German Empire would never have been an accomplished fact unless it had coincided with the aspirations of a great and resolute race; and British Imperialism is strong because it is the expression of the law of kinship and of the conviction that ties of blood are stronger than geographical obstacles. The spirit of the people has pronounced for union and against separation; it has done so in Europe, as we have seen; it has done so across the Atlantic in the great war of secession. This spirit was strongly at work in Germany when the Princess Royal of England went there as a bride in 1858.

It is not our province to deal with the political aspects of the late Empress's life. The time to estimate

rightly her attitude, or the value of the policy she was supposed to favor, has not yet come. But it is impossible to overlook altogether her relation to the great events which culminated not only in German unity but in the vast increase of German influence over the destinies of the world. Rightly or wrongly, Bismarck regarded her as an opponent. The bitterness of Bismarck has even suggested a question whether any personal offence aggravated a difficult position. So far as we know, no trace or record of such can be found. The Empress Frederick herself desired, as we know, to be, like her mother, "loved for her own sake." It was one of her disappointments that she did not win the free and unstinted affection of the German people. We are ourselves inclined to think that there was some exaggeration of facts in her own feeling of disappointment; however this may be, it was not likely that one who so keenly wished to be loved would gratuitously give cause for personal resentment; but we can well understand that her truthfulness and her uncompromising dislike of insincerity may have led her into errors of judgment. An injudicious frankness may be as deeply resented as a studied unkindness. It is not right to compromise truth, but it may be wise to conceal our preferences. It is gracious to do so among those who are sensitive; and before the wars of 1866 and 1870, Prussia was fuller of sensitive people than it is to-day.

The German race was then feeling its way towards unity, and it had a growing consciousness of high destiny. The man who is conscious of the possession of powers upon which opportunity and achievement have not yet set their hall-mark is frequently the victim of at least moods of sensitiveness. Nations are not unlike individuals in this respect; and the German people at the time of which we speak

were quick to suspect, perhaps even in innocent phrases, the suggestion of their inferiority. This may account for the umbrage which was taken at utterances which seem to us void of offence.

The habitual sensitiveness of the German people was at this time increased by the apprehension of danger. They had a difficult task before them; and none knew better than Bismarck how difficult it was, for none knew better than he how to interpret the vague dreams of his countrymen. Knowing this, the anxiety of lofty ambition was his portion; he feared the results of divided counsels; he dreaded a freedom which might hamper the executive; he deemed that the free institutions of England were inappropriate, or at least inopportune, in Germany, as they might delay, if not destroy, the chances of German unity. In the Crown Princess, enamored as she was of those free institutions, he thought he saw one who believed in Quixotic dreams, who reckoned with a visionary human nature, not with men and women as they really are; and Bismarck, who was never betrayed into idealism in politics, did not believe in rose-water methods. His fear of the miscarriage of the schemes he cherished made him remorseless in his opposition. His fears, we believe, exaggerated the danger. It is possible that the Crown Prince and Princess, whose minds were full of schemes for the social and industrial well-being of Germany, did not at first realize so clearly as Bismarck the force of the Imperialistic aspirations of the people. They certainly believed more strongly than he did in the efficacy of the methods of peace and in reliance upon moral and social forces; but neither the Crown Prince nor the Crown Princess would have proved weakly credulous or dreamily impractical, or would have done anything to jeopardize German unity; and we be-

lieve that the Emperor Frederick, had his life been spared, would have ruled with a strength and energy which would have surprised those who had only half read his character. Such at least was Bismarck's own opinion: "Had he lived longer as German Emperor, he would have astonished the world by his energy and personal action in the Government."

We cannot speak with certitude upon contingencies, but we feel sure that the Emperor and the Empress were alive to the meaning of the extraordinary changes of which we have spoken. The conception of what we may call race-imperialism has given rise to new aspirations. The aims which sufficed when men measured the world from the standpoint of the treaty of Vienna and the balance of power in Europe, are felt to be inadequate to the present condition of the world. The outlook is wider than it was in the days of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The questions are no longer those of merely European politics; they are questions which touch the civilization and happiness of the world. It is impossible to suppose that this wider outlook would have had no influence upon the mind of a great and wise prince; and it is certain that Bismarck's relations with the Prince and Princess were, after 1886, as Bismarck himself said, "Quite satisfactory, with him and also with *her*." When in 1888 the Crown Prince ascended the throne, he addressed Bismarck as the loyal and courageous adviser of his father. "Bismarck," we are told, "was the first to greet his new master, who embraced him with warmth and kissed him on the cheek." During the short period of the Emperor's reign, the intercourse between them was cordial and easy; and it is pleasant to read the old statesman's eulogy:—

The Emperor Frederick was indeed

a very remarkable and estimable man, extremely amiable and friendly, yet none the less far-sighted, intelligent and decided. He knew himself thoroughly, and a resolve once taken remained unalterable. . . . He was a genuine Hohenzollern of the best kind and most brilliant capacity. ("Poschinger's Life," p. 452.)

In our judgment the cordial relations thus disclosed are in themselves an evidence that in all questions of high policy affecting the unity of the Empire there was no important divergence of opinion between the Emperor Frederick and Prince Bismarck; and that the Empress was loyal to her husband is beyond all doubt. Men will always differ as to methods; and it is allowable to doubt whether Prince Bismarck's were always the best. He had an unscrupulousness which shocked more fastidious minds, and to have differed from him need not always have been wrong. But in loyal devotion and in sincere desire for the welfare of the German Empire and people, the Emperor and Empress were not one whit behind the great statesman himself. That they wished to cultivate friendly relations with England ought not to be counted as a fault, either in England or Germany, by those who read their own times aright.

It cannot be for the interests of mankind that Germany and England should quarrel; their amity is a safeguard of peace and civilization. The common sorrows which have been theirs during the last few years may be instrumental in clearing away misunderstandings. When England was mourning her Queen, and the King of England his mother, it was the Emperor of Germany who, by his tact, his thoughtfulness and his self-effacement, soothed and softened the first hours of grief. When the Empress Frederick died, the King of England, grieving for his sister, stood in sympathy by the side of

the Emperor who was mourning for his mother. Other trials may await the two great European nations which, more than any others, are the shrines of thought, liberty and reasonable faith; but however these trials may arise, whether from commercial jealousy or, as we are inclined to believe, from some quick and unexpected common peril, the German and English peoples will never forget that they struggled side by side in the cause of faith in the sixteenth century; that they fought side by side in the nineteenth century against the tyranny which threatened to extinguish the liberties of European nations; and that in the dawn of the twentieth century they mingled their tears over the grave of a bright, able and philanthropic woman who was a German Empress and an English Princess.

But whatever suspicion and hostility the Empress encountered in the sphere of politics, there was one course of activity which she could pursue without let or hindrance. She could move unchallenged, though not uncriticized, along the pathway of philanthropy; and none will grudge admiration to the devotion with which she pursued it. When the great struggle with France began, the Crown Princess, after showing her interest in the hospital agencies at Berlin, took up her residence at Homburg as being nearer the field of operations. Here she arranged for the reception of the sick and wounded; the barracks were turned into a hospital; a friend and pupil of Florence Nightingale was brought over to organize the nursing; and when the sad convoys of the suffering arrived, the Crown Princess moved about among the lines of beds, with words of encouragement and with little acts of thoughtful kindness for friend or foe. "The ladies," said a French prisoner, "are all very kind, but none of them like Madame la Princesse. She

never passes without some kind word to the unhappy ones who lie here, and if she sees any that are more wretched than the others she talks the most to them." But she was not content with any one sphere of helpfulness. Her quick mind and sympathetic heart anticipated the various needs which the war would occasion; she remembered the little comforts which the men at the front would welcome, and she thought no less of the distresses of the bereaved at home.

Her benevolence, moreover, was not spasmodic. There are thousands whose hearts are stirred to sympathy in times of crisis and emotion, but who remain unmoved by the monotonous and commonplace needs of ordinary daily life. There are few who make beneficence a principle of life. To this small circle the Empress Frederick belonged. The evidence of this is seen in the variety of her philanthropic interests. The cause of the English governess in a foreign town; the importance of giving women training and education to fit them to support themselves; the need that the system of education should be the best possible, intelligible and systematic, above all, framed to develop the intelligence of the pupil; the study of Domestic Hygiene; the proper direction of charity; the discouragement of mendicancy, the assistance of real distress; the encouragement of schools of cookery; homes for student and working girls; the Lette society with its training-school for girls as printing apprentices; the Victoria Lyceum for women students—these and similar institutions and movements attest the width of her sympathies.

Neither sorrow nor sickness stayed her kindly activities; and the genuineness and persistency of her philanthropy are perhaps most clearly marked in the spot which was her home of recent years. The little vil-

lage of Kronberg will always be associated with the name of the Empress Frederick. Here she fixed her home, and the Schloss Friedrichshof bore in every nook and corner, in design, arrangement and furniture, the impress of her active mind, the evidence of her forethought and of her taste. Before the building was commenced, the architect was sent upon a pilgrimage of investigation to gather hints and ideas from the best and most famous homes in England and on the Continent. Then the Schloss was built after much anxious thought, and it grew to its completion under the vigilant eye and increasing interest of the Empress herself. To her it had sacred associations. The thought of her husband was with her in the building. It occupied a site which he had loved; and, when it was completed, the castle was, as it were, dedicated to his memory. Over the main entrance the inscription, "Frederici Memoria," reminds the visitor of the love which does not forget. The site is pleasing. The Taunus Mountains rise behind the Schloss, and their tree-covered slopes give shelter from the cold winds of the North. At intervals the sloping sides of the hills draw back and leave a little bay in which the sunshine seems to linger. In one of these stands Friedrichshof. Before the house there stretches the wide and corn-laden plain which creeps downwards till it reaches the banks of the Main, and the manufactories on the outskirts of Frankfort. Good roads lead under the shadow of pleasant trees towards Homburg, or, rising upwards, climb the mountain slopes to Altkönig or Falkenstein. These were the hills which to young Goethe were full of grave and alluring mystery. They were to his longing eyes far off and full of earnestness. With his friend Müller at length, in his sixteenth year, he visited Kronberg and climbed the hills which had beckoned to his

fancy so long. He has told us how full of glad content his soul was when he mounted the Feldberg and found a quiet, shady spot, a calm harbor of refuge, sheltered by the lordly shadows of oak and beech. "Hier fand ich mich wohl," he cried; and many another has echoed the cry, as he has looked at the wide expanse of plain, the varied trees, and felt the sweet influence of those silent hills. But as the eye travels over the varied scenery it rests upon symbols of the passion and pathos of human life. To right and left, upon proud spurs of the mountain range, are to be seen castles, some in ruins, the eloquent witnesses of the struggles of the past and the neglect of the present—of the rise and fall of once famous families.

Close at hand, within a mile of Friedrichshof, is the village of Kronberg, dominated by the picturesque castle and keep. The story of the Lords of Kronberg¹ gives a touch of historic interest to the beauty of the place, and accentuates the happy accident or the appropriate choice which led the Empress Frederick to select this neighborhood as her home. In the fifteenth century, Anna von Kronberg (Hartmut) was the representative of a family which had exercised seigniorial rights in Kronberg, and in after generations she was looked back upon as the venerable Stammutter of the house. Her portrait is still to be seen in the Castle Chapel. In the days of the Reformation the Kronbergs identified themselves with the new movement; and the Lord of Kronberg was a valued and esteemed friend of Martin Luther, one, as Luther said of him, "whose words spring from the depth and fire of the heart and prove that not, as in the case of many, does the word of Christ merely hover on the tongue and ears but dwells earnestly and thorough-

ly grounded in the heart." Von Hartmut gave practical evidence of his devotion, for, when the edict was issued which condemned Luther, he resigned the office which he held under the Emperor and the two hundred gulden of income attached to it, unwilling to serve him any longer. The Kronberg family and their whole neighborhood suffered much in those troublous times, and later in the Thirty Years' War. The population was decimated; the fortunes of the ruling house were wasted by war and persecution; the castle was neglected and fell into decay; the little chapel became a ruin; and we know that from the beginning of the eighteenth century onwards the village and neighborhood sank into insignificance. It was a spot only visited by the casual tourist, who, like Goethe, looked with wonder on the picturesque ruins and with pleasure upon the changeless hills.

At length, under the inspiring auspices of the Empress Frederick, the time of renovation came. The building of Friedrichshof and the keen interest which the Empress took in the surrounding country combined to revive the life and prosperity of the place. Everything which could contribute to its well-being awakened her sympathy. She saw and regretted the sad ruin of the ancient castle, the memorial of glorious days. She greatly wished to obtain possession of it that she might save it from further decay. Difficulties stood in the way. There were legal impediments owing to the contradictory claims of proprietorship. The present Emperor William knew and approved his mother's wish. His quick eye appreciated the picturesque and historic interest of the castle. His vigorous intervention swept away the unexpected and incomprehensible official difficulties, and at the end of the year 1891 he presented the property as a Christmas gift to his mother. In

¹ "Die von Kronberg und ihr Herrensitz." By L. F. von Ompteda. Frankfurt, 1890.

thus coming into the Empress Frederick's possession the old castle was restored, in a sense, to its lawful owner; it became the property of one who, through her own and her husband's family, belonged to Von Kronberg lineage. For both the Emperor Frederick and his wife could trace their descent, he through the Von Braunschweig-Wolfenbüttel, the Von Braunschweig-Blankenburg and the Von Oettingen, and she through the Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Von Erbachs, back to Georg III Von Erbach, who was the fifth in direct descent from the old Stammutter, Anna Von Kronberg (Hartmut), the ancestress of eight reigning families.

The affectionate interest which the Empress took in this home of her ancestors was displayed in many ways. She manifested the same spirit of thoughtful kindness in her quiet life at Kronberg as in the world's eye at Berlin. In the little village which she made her home she identified herself by sympathy and practical benevolence with all who were in need, sickness or suffering; she cared for the health, comfort and welfare of those who were at her door; she provided useful institutions, and when possible she made them beautiful. Her little hospital there was a model in its way; skilled nurses cared for the sick; not only was medical aid at hand, but the healing influence of sun and air was provided, and the patients could refresh their tired eyes with the prospect of the bright and broadening plain within the tender shelter of the encircling hills. She took care that the children should have the best and fullest opportunities of education; she renovated the old Protestant church at Kronberg; she helped in the erection of the Roman Catholic church at Homburg; she restored the old castle with generous hand and with a careful reverence for ancient precedent and his-

toric memories; and her care would, if her life had been spared, have been extended to the little chapel of the castle. This wide, practical and sympathetic interest in things and people brought her its own reward.

Englishmen and Germans are alike in their passionate attachment to home. The domestic instinct in both peoples is strong, and is, we believe, a source of national strength. It is therefore a matter not merely for sentimental regret but for serious misgiving when we perceive the decay of domesticity amongst us. There are grave reasons for believing that the love of novel pleasures has superseded the capacity for real home joy which was once both a steadying and inspiring influence in English life. What was once a delight and a pride has become a burden which, if borne at all, is borne with ill-concealed regret and intermittent irritability. Far otherwise was it with the Empress, in whom the domestic spirit was strong. Home was to her an enchanting word. It conjured up visions of that glad, pure home in which she had been reared—the home of the blameless Queen and the self-repressing Prince, who seemed to Tennyson scarce "other than his own ideal knight." She never forgot the wise counsels of her venerated father. For her mother she cherished a tender affection, mingled with a most winsome reverence. It was a real agony to her that she could not travel to England in those sad days of last January. "To think that I could not be with her," was her cry. To her brothers and sisters she was attached with a constant and unflinching affection. In her early days she was "the kindest of sisters;" later, she was "the wisest friend," besides "the most tender, loving sister." The memories of her home were an inalienable inheritance.

The traditions in which the Empress Frederick and her husband had been

brought up were of a purer and better sort than is fashionable to-day. As a consequence they reaped the harvest of home joy, of mutual love and un-failing confidence. It is true that even in this sacred shelter the Crown Prince and Princess did not escape misrepresentation. There was a time when evil tongues dared to say of such a home as theirs that it was marred by domestic discord. These rumors, carelessly or maliciously repeated, caused them deep personal pain.

"I had good reason to know this," writes one who knew them well, "as once, after spending an evening with the Princess in Paris in 1867, the Prince took me on one side and . . . said, 'Go back and tell them in England how you have seen us this evening,' alluding to the easy, affectionate terms on which they were and which I had witnessed in her boudoir, where their chief conversation had been about the dispositions and characters of their children."

It is needless to do more than refer to these rumors. No reasonable being believed them then; no one at all believes them now. We know well that from the day the white heather was gathered on Craig-na-ban till the day on which the Emperor breathed his last, still holding close to his breast the hand of his wife, the strong and deepening attachment knew no break, no distrust. From the time when she began to reflect, she realized how large a place simple and genuine love played in human happiness. "She would like best to be loved for her own sake, as dear mamma is," "She would never marry except for love." In her marriage she had her wish. "It is not politics, it is not ambition," said the young Prince; "it is love." The observant eye of that wise and affectionate Prince, her father, endorsed this. "The Prince," so wrote the Prince Consort—"the Prince is really

in love, and the little lady does her best to please him." When the home had been formed, the settling down into domestic quietness did not, with the loss of novelty, weaken their affection. After more than a decade of married life, the Crown Prince, during his visit to the East, collects flowers from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to take home to his wife. To spare her the pain of parting he rides away like a knight of old to the battlefields of Weissenburg and Wörth without bidding his wife farewell. So strong is her love that she wishes in all things to have his confidence; she only resents Freemasonry because it possesses secrets which a man may not tell his wife. So free were they from domestic discord, that the very strength of their attachment was an annoyance to political opponents. He was the ever chivalrous and magnanimous man, whose heart was in his home, and who yet, in the midst of free and affectionate intercourse, never lost sight of those ideals of courtesy which were natural to him. Danger and anxiety, difficulty and the strife of tongues, the perils of war and bereavements at home, drew these loyal hearts closer to one another, till that day when the broken-hearted wife cried to the cold form of her husband—"Fritz, Fritz, this is the first time you have ever given me pain."

Their home life throughout was one of increasingly affectionate intercourse; and in that home the Empress Frederick exerted an influence which was due alike to her intellectual capacity and to her simpleness of heart. "She had the brain of a philosopher and the heart of a child," was the exclamation of one who knew and loved her well. The words were well chosen. The Empress Frederick was not a philosopher; she had not, we imagine, thought out any clear or well-defined scheme of the Universe, or adopted and elabo-

rated the conclusions of any school. We doubt whether, in the strict sense of the word, she had followed out carefully the evolution of philosophical thought, say, from Kant or Hegel to T. H. Green; but nevertheless there is a sense in which it is true to say that she had the brain of a philosopher. She had read, and, what is more rare, she had thought. She had intelligently co-ordinated her reading, and she possessed a mind which quickly and clearly apprehended the core of a question. Hers was not a mind of that feminine order which is allured by side-issues or diverted by preferences. She could discuss, and keep to the point. In other words, she exchanged ideas. She never wearied you with the irrelevant discursiveness which shallow ostentation loves, and which helpless unintelligence unwittingly inflicts. Her wide reading made her quick to follow the track of an allusion, and to anticipate the suggested quotation. Elaborate explanations were not needful to her. She went unerringly to the central thought. It is well to remember this, as it bears upon a matter we shall allude to later, viz., her religious position. It is enough here to note that her quality of mind was that which regarded the thought as more than the form in which it was presented—not that she did not appreciate beautiful and fitting forms of expression, but that she could recognize truth and rejoice in worthy thoughts, whether meanly or magnificently apparelled.

But if she had the brain of a philosopher, she had the heart of a child. She had not been schooled in a home where it was needful that natural feelings should be carefully concealed; no jealous eyes watched her, eager for opportunities of misinterpretation; she needed not to set a vigilant non-committal expression upon her tell-tale eyes. Under the affectionate care of a father and mother to whom what

was simple and natural was best, and in that English atmosphere which abhors suspicion and views concealment with distrust, she grew up, accustomed to speak frankly, to admire without pretence, to disdain artificiality and to trust to natural feeling. Was it to be wondered at that a heart which had developed in such surroundings, should carry its childlike simplicity with it to the last? This temperament brought to her both strength and weakness. It brought her weakness; for, in the difficult days when she came into conflict with those who had learned in bitter experience the need of watching against any self-betrayal in feature or in speech, her eloquent face and her habit of frank expression put her at a disadvantage. But what was weakness to her at such time was strength to her in the general intercourse of life. People might differ from her, they might disapprove of her liberalism in politics or in theology, but they could not deny the charm of a woman who, though royal in blood and station, preferred the interchange of intelligent conversation to dignified dulness, and whose brightness, vivacity and naturalness thawed the official ice and liberated the warm currents of human interests. Thus there were drawn to her side men of culture and of thought; the artist, the philosopher, the theologian, the poet felt that they were appreciated for their own sake. Her absolute sincerity and ready sympathy enlisted the affection alike of bourgeois and peasant. The man who, more than all others, was opposed to her on political grounds admitted her ability and her attractiveness. "She is one of the cleverest women I have met," said Bismarck; but we think that it was not merely her cleverness which won the admiration of the stern old statesman. Empire-maker though Bismarck was, and, as such, driven to expedients which

success alone could justify, he had a large fund of simple, natural affection, and he could admire the straightforward simplicity of heart and character which could confer brightness on the home, though they might be inconvenient in politics.

The Empress Frederick possessed exceptional intellectual gifts. In any walk of life she would have shown herself a remarkable woman. In her young days she impressed people as a "charming and unusually gifted child." The promise of her childhood did not forsake her. She startled Professor Schellbach when he was presented to her in 1858 by the first words she addressed to him. "I love mathematics, physics and chemistry." Herr Von Saucken-Tarputschen wrote of her in 1863, when she visited East Prussia: "Every one was pleased with the Crown Princess. She possesses a mind of her own" ("Poschinger," p. 162). Gustav zu Putlitz, the dramatic writer, said in 1864: "The Crown Princess is marvellously well read; she has literally read everything and knows everything, more or less, by heart. This young Princess has more than average gifts, and, besides, is more cultured than any woman I know of her age" (ib. p. 201). Renan, in 1869, after discussing with her questions of philosophy, metaphysics and literature, pronounced her to be "a very remarkable woman."

One marked characteristic of her ability was its versatility. Nothing came amiss to her. She loved ethics, and talked with lively interest upon economic and philosophical questions. She delighted in art, and would ransack the shops of places which she visited—in Germany, Italy and England—for things rare and beautiful. She understood, moreover, the value of the things which she admired. She was no haphazard and wasteful collector. She was a true connoisseur. The trades-

man who presumed upon her rank to ask an exorbitant price soon found that she knew the business she had in hand. She had a happy gift in painting. She was not deficient in imagination. She showed the author whose opinion of her powers we have just quoted a drawing (or a print of it) which she executed as a memorial of the victories at Düppel. It represented four soldiers, each setting forth a different stage of the battle; one before the attack at dawn; the second, when the standard was raised aloft at noon; the third, the wounded soldier, in the afternoon, listening to the anthem of praise, "Now, thank we all our God;" the fourth showed the evening scene, the victor, laurel crowned, standing sorrowful by an open grave. In execution she possessed the true artist touch. Her hastily worked water-color drawings were never careless, still less were they stiff and awkward; they showed that happy freedom and that unerringly correct instinct which gives the telling strokes—and no more—that are needed to produce a picture.

The intellectual ability which could thus appreciate and aim at producing broad general effects was allied with a careful mastery of details. This showed itself in every work that she undertook. When she devoted herself to the welfare of the soldiers in 1870, she exhibited more than a sentimental interest in the sick and wounded; for she had studied and mastered the conditions needful to secure their comfort. She loved to possess exact information. One illustration of this quality of her mind occurs to us. We cite it more readily because it is characteristic of the two illustrious personages involved—the Empress Frederick and Thomas Carlyle. "There is one matter," said the Empress to Mr. Carlyle, "which will interest you. You say in your life of Frederick the Great that he was about the middle height. Now we have

his gloves, his boots and his uniform, and from accurate measurement of these it appears that he was a small man—about my own height." "He was about middle height," was Carlyle's impatient answer. The opinionated obstinacy which declined to be set right did not commend itself to the Empress's mind. Her natural energy showed itself in the unflagging cultivation of her powers of memory and thought. Visitors would find her spinning and at the same time recalling passages from her favorite writers.

To recall the noble thoughts which have been expressed in poetical words was a joy she shared with all cultured minds. She knew by heart large portions of Shakespeare, Goethe and Byron, of the *Divina Commedia* and the *Idylls of the King*. All kinds of books appealed to her. She had a ready appreciation of new as well as old. She would discuss a recent novel as readily as an ancient writer. She took a keen interest in the libraries she had begun to form at Friedrichshof. The beautiful room had been carefully constructed; the cases that were not yet filled were being slowly supplied with well-chosen and judiciously grouped books. The range of her reading was illustrated by the volumes which were to be found there. Works illustrative of the development of art were plentiful; local histories and biographies found a place; the shelves devoted to Italian literature and to the Renaissance period were well filled; books theological and philosophical were abundant; and the standard literature of England and Germany was well represented. She welcomed with eager joy any worthy addition to the library which she hoped to make worthy of her house and of her tastes. Her delight in literature added to the pleasure she derived from her travels. She writes from Italy, to her always a land of delight, delineating the beau-

tiful scenery near Ala and the magnificent ruins of Castelbarco; and she finds additional interest in visiting a place where Dante had stayed.

She possessed in high degree the capacity for enjoying life in all its aspects, and the fair earth in all hues and forms. She could delight in new scenes, in cities of ancient and historic splendor; her artist eye could find pleasure in majestic mountain scenery, and in the more restful outlines of some simpler landscape; and yet with an ever-increasing joy she could return to the beauties of Kronberg, and write rejoicingly that though the spring (1895) was late, and "the oaks and Spanish chestnuts were quite bare, and also the limes," yet "maple trees, beech, birch and larch are lovely in their tender green, and the cherry-blossom is out." We can feel the tragedy that she, to whom this rich power of joy was given, lived a life in which the glad and beautiful things she loved were withdrawn just after her hand had seemed to grasp them. Her love of nature indeed appeared to strengthen as life drew to its close. In those long, weary months of painful wasting, she found solace from her pain and a moment's respite from hideous foreboding among the flowers of her garden and on the roads which climbed through pleasant woods to the shoulders of the hills that surrounded her home.

It was indeed a pathetic sight to see her in her bath-chair moving in the grounds and gardens of Friedrichshof, glancing at the trees with looks of love, or halting for a moment and calling attention to some blaze of color which shone from fruit-tree, bush or flower-bed beneath the cloudless sky; or in some longer excursion, when a good day enabled her to drive farther afield in her little oak-colored phaeton with its simple gray cushions, to see the wistful look which came over her

as the carriage climbed the mountain road and her eye rested on greensward, on fresh-foliaged trees, on pines with the tender green of spring telling the tale of renewed life, on oaks stretching their generous arms over road and meadow, or on some modest flowers which made glints of blue amid the green. Then she would challenge the admiration of her guests as she said, "This is my favorite drive;" and the little carriage bearing its burden of suffering would make its way along a pleasant road, flanked on one side by rock and tree, but commanding on the other a view of the wide, undulating plain, stretching away till it reached the spot where the smoke of Frankfort hung as a faint veil over her daughter's home. Who that has seen her on such occasions can forget the mingled gladness and wistfulness of her gaze as of one who had loved God's beautiful world always and must love it to the end! Who can wonder that she should have spoken of Friedrichshof as her Pisgah, whence she could look upon beautiful scenes whose possession was denied her? Who can blame her if she felt regret as her eyes bade adieu to what had become to her inexpressibly dear? There were some in Germany who thought that for her position she was too English; but those who have seen her as she looked her last upon Kronberg and its pleasant scenery will realize how truly she had made this fair spot of German soil her home.

We are reluctant to touch on the religious belief of the Empress Frederick. There is a tendency among us to treat nothing as sacred, and to submit to the inspection of ignorant curiosity the analysis of the deepest and most awful convictions of the soul. We hesitate to violate the sanctity of the inner life of any; but, on the other hand, so many misstatements and misunderstandings have passed current that we can hardly put aside the question of

the religious position of the late Empress without a word.

It should not be forgotten that the early years of the Empress Frederick, the years when her intellectual powers were ripening, coincided with a period of marked and vigorous investigation of things sacred. "Essays and Reviews" appeared in 1860; Colenso's work on the Pentateuch in 1862; Renan's "Vie de Jésus" in 1863; Strauss's shorter "Leben Jesu" in 1864; and "Ecce Homo" in 1866. It is difficult for us who have passed into calmer times to realize the effect of these works upon the thought of their age, but we forget our widened horizon and our greater knowledge. There were giants in those days, even though, in the eyes of the increased stature, they do not seem gigantic. The attack which Strauss made upon the credibility of the Gospel story is now seen to have failed in its main contention. No scholar of to-day would for a moment adopt his position or imitate his strategy. The most recent, and one of the ablest, of liberal thinkers in Germany has pronounced the verdict of historical experts upon the method of Strauss when he says: "Sixty years ago David Friedrich Strauss thought he had almost entirely destroyed the historical credibility, not only of the fourth, but also of the first three Gospels as well. The historical criticism of two generations has succeeded in restoring that credibility in its main outlines." No doubt we have modified our views about the value of verbal accuracy and the significance which we attach to the idea of credibility; but with more scientific methods put into our hands we have clearer ideas what to expect, and we are less uneasy about the attacks that may be made. We know better what to value and what we can afford to part with. We know what we have gained as well as what we have lost,

and we are sure that what we have gained cannot well be taken from us. We know where we are secure from attack, and where attack has ended in disaster to the assailant. For instance, the very existence of miraculous events in any narrative was thought by Strauss to damage the credibility of the whole story, and on the strength of this theory the Gospels were discredited; but

historical science in this last generation has taken a great step in advance by learning to pass a more intelligent and benevolent judgment on those narratives; and accordingly even reports of the marvellous can now be counted among the materials of history and turned to good account. (Harnack, "What is Christianity?" translated by Saunders, p. 24.)

We have not space to follow out this question, nor is it our duty to do so; but a due appreciation of the change that has taken place in the last forty years is necessary to any one who would estimate rightly the intellectual trials of those whose minds were waking up to the thoughts and methods which were influencing the theological and religious world forty years ago.

The Empress Frederick was married in 1858, and she moved into Germany when the Tübingen school led the advance of thought, and when Strauss was accepted as a prophet. She possessed a singularly candid and active mind. By birth and intellectual constitution she could not stifle her judgment, and she was obliged to confess that the intellectual force and scholarship belonged to the advanced thinkers; the orthodox were poorly equipped for the conflict; and their weapons were too often the weapons of abuse and misrepresentation of their opponents. Walls over the frightful infidelity which had invaded Christendom were more frequent than steady and

well-considered arguments. The religious world had lost its presence of mind. There were men of calm judgment who scorned the falsehood of extremes; but in times of extremes the voices of the moderate count for little. Into such a world of wordy strife the newly-married Princess was introduced. All her intellectual instincts were drawn to the side of those who seemed to be seeking truth fearlessly, while her sympathy was alienated by the spirit of flattery which marked too often the ministrations of the orthodox. Moreover, much of the prevalent religion was mere shibboleth; the formula must be spoken, and if spoken, all was well; the need of a life-pervading faith was too often lost sight of. We have a glimpse of the feelings which the condition of current religious thought and conduct evoked in the words uttered by the Prince Regent (afterwards the Emperor William) in 1858.

We cannot deny that an orthodoxy has arisen in the Evangelical Church which is not consistent with its fundamental views, in consequence of which it has dissemblers amongst its followers. All hypocrisy—in fact, all Church matters which are employed as a means to egoistic ends—must be exposed wherever it is possible. True religion is manifested in the whole conduct of a human being; this must ever be kept in view, and distinguished from outward appearances and display. ("Poschinger," p. 115.)

It is needful to bear in mind these conditions of religious ferment. It was a time of intellectual activity. Men began to realize the significance of the application of a more scientific criticism to the facts of history. They saw that in many quarters religious belief had stiffened into a conventional orthodoxy, the ready tool of a blind conservatism. The Empress Frederick was intellectually courageous and loved truth. She could not ignore what

was going on in the world of thought. She refused to accept banishment from the arena of investigation and inquiry. Spirits like hers have to pay the penalty of their intellectual honesty. There were many such between 1860 and 1870 whose position involved anguish of heart, who were sometimes doomed to be silent for sheer honesty's sake, and who at other times endured the suspicion of unbelief because they rebuked teaching which appeared to them to be the caricature or travesty of truth. But darkness does not last forever; and there is a thick darkness in which God may be felt. Certain it is that the Empress Frederick emerged from this cloudy period with surer convictions of the greatness of Him who rules over all; but the heightened sense of the greatness of the Supreme Power who fulfils Himself in many ways is accompanied by a hesitation to accept conventional definitions. They may even seem to be profane. How can the human mind grasp even the skirts of the Infinite? How small a part of Him, said the Patriarch, how small a part of Him is heard! There is the agnosticism which exalts, as well as the agnosticism which denies, the Divine. In it there is concealed the faith of a robust and vigorous soul.

But our deepest religious convictions are not the product of speculation and discussion; they are born of experience; and truths which cannot survive the strange vicissitudes of life are convicted of emptiness. In the life of the Empress the trials of the intellect were succeeded by the trials of the heart. In 1866 came, hand in hand, bereavement and anxious weeks of suspense. Prince Sigismund, "a beautiful boy," the joy and pride of his parents, died; while the Crown Prince had girded on his sword to take part in the war with Austria. The war was short. A campaign of six weeks, marked by the bloody but triumphant field of Sadowa,

sufficed to drive out of the Germanic Federation the only power which could challenge the supremacy of Prussia. Four years later began that other and more terrible struggle which placed the Imperial Crown upon the brow of the King of Prussia. The top-stone was then placed upon the edifice which that master-builder Bismarck had so long labored to erect. In the throes of these titanic conflicts the minds of Germans were absorbed by the practical demands of a terrible reality. The urgency of the daily duties of sympathy and service was brought home by the vivid realities of the battlefield, and by ceaseless experience of bereavement. Death, too, which respects not the home of princes, drew aside the sheltering curtain of family affection, and claimed first one and then another. In 1878 Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, died on the anniversary of her father's death. Three months later (March 27, 1879), the Crown Prince and Princess lost, by the death of Prince Waldemar, "a bright boy of much promise." In 1884, the Duke of Albany, the much-loved brother, died. Sorer trials were to come. The awful disease, inscrutable in origin and terrible in effects, the cruel malady which never fails to kill and which tortures before it slays, began its insidious work; and the shadow of a tragedy began to creep over the happy and hopeful home.

The late Empress Frederick was called upon to meet those mental trials which are the penalty of active and inquisitive intellects; she was called upon to encounter in uncommon degree and in tragic guise those trials of the heart which are common to all, and finally to face in her own person the fiery trial of prolonged physical pain. No drop of bitterness was wanting in the cup placed in her hands; no kind of sorrow or suffering was spared her. The conflict of doubt, the ache of loss,

the sudden snatching away of the joys and dignity of life, the bereavements, the isolation, the horror and agony of tormenting disease—all were hers. Through these strange and painful vicissitudes her grasp upon the realities of life widened and strengthened. The principles of the Christian faith, which find such various expression in the creeds of the Churches, became deep and supreme realities to her; and even the ancient symbols of Christendom were to her venerable monuments of the plety of the past, striving to give expression to eternal truths. Let us hear her own words.

When people are puzzled with Christianity (or their acceptance of it), I am reminded of a discussion between an Englishman and an advanced radical of the Continent (a politician). The latter said, "England will become a republic as time advances." The Englishman answered, "I do not see why she should. We enjoy all the advantages a republic could give us (and a few more), and none of its disadvantages." Does not this conversation supply us with a fit comparison when one hears—The days of creeds are gone by, etc.? I say "No." You can be a good Christian and a Philosopher and a Sage, etc. The eternal truths on which Christianity rests are true forever and for all; the forms they take are endless; their modes of expression vary. It is so living a thing that it will grow and expand and unfold its depths to those who know how to seek for them. To the thinking, the hoard of traditions, of legends and doctrines, which have gathered around it in the course of centuries remain precious and sacred, to be loved and venerated as garbs in which the vivifying, underlying truths were clad, and beyond which many an eye has never been able to penetrate. It would be wrong and cruel and dangerous to disturb them; but meanwhile the number of men who soar above the earth-born smallness of outward things continues to increase, and the words in which they clothe their souls' conception of

Christianity are valuable to mankind; they are in advance of the rest of human beings, and can be teachers and leaders by their goodness and their wisdom. So were the Prophets and the Apostles in their day, and so are all great writers, poets and thinkers. That the Church of England should now possess so many of these men is a blessing for the nation, and the best proof that the mission of the Church on earth has not come to an end.

Such were her thoughts in the summer of 1884, and before the darkest shadows had begun to gather over her life. In 1887 the little cloud rose upon the horizon. During the previous autumn the Crown Prince took a drive at Monza with the King and Queen of Italy. The treacherous air of the Brianza brought on a severe cold, and the Crown Prince's throat "never recovered from the exposure." In January, 1887, he had a presentiment of the coming evil. His throat obstinately refused to yield to treatment. "The future?" he said. "No, that belongs to my son; my time has passed away." He felt the signs of final change. "I am an old man; I stand with one foot in the grave" ("Poschinger's Life," p. 434). In May it was surmised that the throat was the subject of a malignant growth. In June the Prince took part in the Jubilee festivities in England. The eyes of the enthusiastic crowds, which gave their first look to the Queen whom they loved, gave their second to the tall and stately figure, conspicuous in white uniform, of the man who bore himself so self-forgetfully, although the hand of death was already upon him. A few months later there was a gleam of hope. On September 28 the Crown Prince reported that "his convalescence was in full swing." In November the fatal verdict was given. "Is it really cancer?" the Crown Prince asked. When he heard that the case was hopeless, he paused for a few moments, and then

began a conversation on other matters. The sublime self-repression which had been his habit stood him in good stead now. His calmness did not desert him.

In March, 1888, the Emperor William died, and the Crown Prince succeeded to the duties and responsibilities of Empire. No Prince ever ascended a throne under such strange and tragic circumstances. He took the reigns of power, knowing and recognizing that death was seated by his side.² With the full knowledge of the tragedy which awaited her, the Empress wrote:—

There is a silver lining in every cloud; and the kind interest showed from far and near, the earnest sympathy, has touched the Emperor and me very deeply, and we are full of gratitude which I would fain express in better chosen words. Certainly we cannot unriddle the mystery of pain and sorrow, nor of any of the mysteries of which our fate is made up, and which surround us from the cradle to the grave! Still we can catch the gleams of the Heavenly Love and be grateful for the brightness. We can rejoice that the spring of pity, compassion and of kindly, brotherly feeling between human beings is not dried up in men's hearts, and we can bless Him who implanted these feelings in our frail natures so full of contradiction and imperfection.

This was written on the last day of March, 1888. The reign which had just begun did not last a hundred days. In these days of trial the Empress was constantly at the Emperor's side. She acted the part, so difficult and so open to misconstruction, of protector to the

invalid. She was the breakwater between him and the tide of business and the fretting waves of minor worries. Yet she incurred no blame; she turned aside the edge of all suspicion; she sheltered the Emperor without betraying his duty or belittling his dignity. Her happy tact and capacity facilitated the transaction of affairs of State without undue interference or the lowering of her husband's prestige. She was the nursing wife, but she was also the Empress, who recognized the claims of public business, and who sought to make the position easy to the Emperor, as well as to the Emperor's responsible Ministers. Here again we may quote Prince Bismarck:—

At the time of his (the Emperor Frederick's) government I was always on the best of terms with the Emperor Frederick and his consort, the Empress Victoria. Any differences of opinion between us were discussed with Their Majesties in the most friendly way. The Empress Victoria is, moreover, very clever and decided. When I appeared with some business for her imperial consort, she frequently entered the sick room before me to prepare him and gain him over for my project. (p. 450.)

Thus in nursing, in acting as friend of the State and of the home, the weary days—so slow and yet so swift—passed, and the shadow deepened from week to week. The end came in June. The Emperor was conscious to the end, and kept his wife's hand within his clasp to the last.

With his death the dream of large and worthy work on a great stage passed away. It was not a husband only that the Empress lost, it was a

² With reference to a statement often made at the time, to the effect that the Crown Prince, in his existing condition, was not legally entitled to succeed, it may be well to quote the following:—

"The report which emanated from England, that the Crown Prince on returning from Ems had renounced his right of succession to the

throne in favor of his son, is characterized as absolutely false by Prince Bismarck in his 'Reminiscences.' The fable that an incurable disease was a bar to succession, he declared, had not the slightest foundation either in the statutes of the House of Hohenzollern or in the Prussian constitution." ("Poschinger," p. 435.)

throne; and, even more, it was the sphere of noble and responsible activities—the opportunity of playing her part in the great world for which her gifts and her training had fitted her. To imagine that such a tragedy involved no disappointment and brought no regrets would be absurd; but few could have borne the bereavement more unselfishly or the disappointment more bravely. Her telegram to the Empress Augusta shows how her thoughts for another raised her above the egotism of sorrow. "She who was so proud and happy to be the wife of your only son mourns with you, poor mother. No mother ever had such a son. Be strong and proud in your grief. Even this morning he sent you a greeting." Self-forgetful as she was, the blow was a heavy one, and left her dazed, paralyzed and robbed of her wonted energy; but, characteristically, she realized that it was not right to succumb to the paralyzing influence of sorrow. "I am very anxious," she wrote in February, 1889, "to do my duty, so I hope the energy will return to enable me to do so." Her hope was fulfilled. She triumphed over the temptation to abandon herself to sorrow; she escaped the egotism of grief, for in the midst of her grievous trouble the remembrance of the shadows which darkened other lives rose before her at the bidding of the trained sympathy of her heart. "It is wrong to complain," she wrote, "it is wrong to complain of one's own lot when there is so much suffering and sorrow in the world and so many noble examples of how to bear them." (February 24th, 1889.) The same spirit makes her say later (January, 1893):—

Thirty-five years ago, on 25th of January, I left my beloved home to belong to the kindest and best of husbands. On this 25th of January, my last daughter and companion leaves

me, and I remain a lonely widow. But, she adds, there is so much to be truly thankful for, and I rejoice in the joy of others so truly.

Two daughters of the Queen, both widowed, gave, on one notable occasion, a conspicuous example of this power to joy in the joy of others. The Diamond Jubilee is still in our memories. It was the last great outburst of national and imperial loyalty which greeted the ears of our late much-loved Queen. As we watched the procession which defiled, splendid and various, through the London streets, we felt our hearts suddenly smitten with the impulse of tears, for there, amid the dazzling colors and pompous circumstances of deep and exuberant joy, appeared two lonely women who had laid aside, for that day, the heaviest drape of their sorrow, and who now, with a high courage worthy of their race, moved in the procession, forgetful of their own broken and bereaved lives, proudly rejoicing in their mother's welcome, and nobly sharing in the nation's joy. Among the many brave soldiers and sailors, generals and veterans, who had fought for the Queen, there were not any braver than the Empress Frederick and the Princess Beatrice, who endured the agony and the joy of that day with self-forgetful and smiling face.

The weight of lonely, hidden grief often feels heaviest when all surroundings are in such contrast. And yet the heart of man is so made that many feelings find room in it together; so gratitude and thankfulness mingle with memories so sad that they can never lose their bitterness; but it would indeed be a shame to complain when there is so much cause for joy.

Thus the Empress Frederick wrote in reference to the great ceremonial in which she "gladly and thankfully"

joined "with proud heart" as a "daughter of our beloved Queen."

During her long and painful illness the Empress Frederick suffered much. However we may battle with pain, whatever skill and patience we may summon to mitigate human agony, the mystery of suffering will remain. The key may be put into our hand when we pass out of this world of shadows. Meanwhile, we know no better solution than that which Christianity supplies—that life is education, and the object of education is character. Understood thus, all classes of trial may work for good; or, to quote words¹ which brought the Empress Frederick some comfort:—

All are stairs
Of the illimitable House of God.
... And men as men
Can reach no higher than the Son of
God,
The perfect Head and Pattern of Man-
kind.
The time is short, and this sufficeth us
To live and die by; and in Him again
We see the same first starry attribute,
"Perfect through suffering," our sal-
vation's seal,
Set in the front of His humanity.
For God has other words for other
worlds,
But for this world the word of God is
Christ.

Her simplicity and kindly thoughtfulness remained to the last. When in a spasm of agony she uttered a cry

and seized convulsively the nurse's hand, she gently apologized, "I am so sorry; I am afraid I hurt you." The influence of such a bearing was inspiring. "I have only been with her for a week," said the nurse, "but she has filled me with 'higher ideals,' and I am going back resolved to be a better nurse than ever." As the Empress was passing away, a butterfly floated into the room, hovered awhile over the bed, and, when the last breath was breathed, spread its wings and flew forth into the free air again. The incident seemed symbolic.

The tragedy of her life may, by and by, obscure the memory of her abilities, of the vigor of her mind, the width of her reading and her skill in various branches of art; but, if these should be forgotten, the memorials of her active benevolence will remain in the many philanthropic institutions associated with her name. But most of all will she be remembered as an heroic-hearted woman who, endowed with singular capacity for enjoyment, was called upon to suffer much; who, loving all beautiful things, was early forced to surrender them; who, fitted to shine in active life, was suddenly doomed to comparative inaction; who suffered with unfailing courage; who in manifold disappointments never lost cheerfulness and hope; and who, in a life of singular vicissitudes, never checked her overflowing kindness, and kept her simplicity of character unspoil to the last.

¹ From Ugo Bassi's sermon, in "The Disciples,"
The Quarterly Review.

TO A TUDOR TUNE.

When all the little hills are hid in snow,
And all the small brown birds by frost are slain,
And sad and slow the silly sheep do go,
All seeking shelter to and fro;
Come once again,
To these familiar, silent, misty lands,
Unlatch the lockless door,
And cross the drifted floor,
Ignite the waiting, ever-willing brands,
And warm thy frozen hands,
By the old flame once more.
Ah, heart's desire, once more by the old fire, stretch out thy
hands.

Ford M. Hueffer.

A PRIVILEGED COMMUNICATION.

"Excuse me, I believe you belong to the party, but are the antiquaries inside this old church?"

She was rather a shabby little person—a trifle dowdy too, but she glanced up at the tall young man with a glint of wonderful humor.

"You are misled by association of ideas," she answered demurely; "you mean the archæologists, don't you? Yes, they are inside listening to the fifth architectural paper that has been inflicted on them this day."

He looked at her laughingly, and then his eyes wandered to a cool river bank which was crowned by golden corn jewelled with poppies. Now there is no other color quite like poppy red when the sun shines through the transparent petals.

"So I see that you are a fraud also. I only came with them to get a blessed breath of the country. Those awful papers are Greek to me. Do you know

a Perpendicular insertion when you see one, because I don't?"

She shook her head. "I was more interested in the cheeses, were not you?"

"Then, in the name of glorious summer, let us desert the antiquaries and go down by the river."

"With all the recklessness born of a return ticket I am willing. That river has been calling me all the time."

With a mutual sense of good fellowship they wended their way to the much desired spot, and, in finding a seat for her as near the rippling margin as he could, he looked inquiringly at her.

"I suppose I do not really know you, but it seems to me that I do."

"I cannot say," she answered composedly; "but it is certain that I know you. Your name is Parmiter; you live on the sunny side of Lenton Street, at number thirty-eight, and you have evil-

dently no mother or sister, for I have seen you attempt to mend your own socks. From your daily habit of putting your head out of window to watch for the postman, I judge that you possess a sweetheart who sometimes forgets to write."

The young man was completely taken aback at this accurate summing-up of him, but he laughed frankly and good-naturedly enough, and in his turn he began to remember things.

"I know you now; you live opposite, and we have sometimes gone down to the City in the same 'bus."

"Yes; I live opposite on the shady side of the street; it is symbolical of our different estates. What do you think of me as a feminine edition of Paul Pry?"

"I think it simply marvellous, for I cannot deny anything. I do cobble at my own socks, and my sweetheart—bless her—sometimes forgets to write; but she is only two miles away, you know, and although she is the dearest girl in the world, I could not ask her to mend my socks, could I?"

"I suppose not, although she would just love to do them. But you might ask an old woman like me, for I've watched you for years."

"Old? Nonsense! I won't have you laugh at yourself, even in fun, as the children say."

"Why not? When one can laugh without bitterness one becomes a power. Time was when I wept and was dull; now I can sometimes amuse people."

His bright, sympathetic eyes probed hers. "But you weep sometimes now?"

"Never, on my honor as an old woman. Youth weeps because it is at once so serious and so superficial; its long, long thoughts are wearisomely egotistical. We who are waiting like old coins for our new minting have more

leisure to be gay. Beyond the stars is a wide outlook."

They were both silent for a little while, but the wind in the corn made exquisite music for them, and, like the same musicianly hand upon a different instrument, it set the tall elms all a-tremble until they had the sound of the sea in their ears—the sea, with its summer waves all unrestful to rise and fall upon the shingle. The calm progress of the river was silent as it passed the loiterers upon its banks, but the fall of waters could be heard from the distant weir, and tiny flecks of foam bore witness that they had not always been so still. There was a cool plash as the young man threw in a pebble, idly as one whose thoughts were straying, and the two watched the circle slowly widening until it touched the waving grasses of the margin.

"If it comes to that," he said, "for all your assumption of age, I might die long before you."

"God forbid! for He gives us such good days; is not such a one as this worth living through a whole winter for? If the year gave us nothing more we should still have lived one day."

"But I am looking forward to no end of happy days. Come, you seem to be a very witch—the nicest kind, of course—so please tell me my fortune."

He held out his hand, and she took it seriously in both hers and examined it painstakingly.

"It is a strong hand—physically. I would rather see its strength expended on the reaping of a field than wasted behind a desk. I don't speak in a monetary sense, of course."

"I do get pretty sick of it at times—say when the sun is shining as it is now—only it does bring more grist to the mill; but, if you please, I want my fortune told."

"I will not pretend to do that, but I

will tell you a few of your characteristics, if you will not be offended?"

"I can't promise, for that sounds as though you considered them rather bad. I want to be told how talented and what a genius I really am in spite of appearances."

It was not a brilliant sally, but they both laughed, being so full of that holiday humor which makes laughter as natural as breathing. But she became serious as she bent over his hand, pretending to read from it, although she knew nothing of palmistry.

"I think you are impulsively warm-hearted and generous, but you might easily become a failure through these virtues. If you were a doctor and had to inflict pain to bring about a good result, you would hesitate. You would be afraid of hurting your patients, and, what is worse, you would be afraid of hurting yourself by having to see them suffer."

He nodded in corroboration. "I dare say you are perfectly right. My people wanted me to go in for the medical profession, but I would not hear of it; I do hate sad sights."

"I think," she went on, "that you could be much braver for yourself than for others; I saw you stop a runaway horse once, but I noticed that you left the others to help the injured man."

"Oh!" he cried gaily, "it seems that already you know too much about me without your necromancer's aid. I think it is my turn to tell you something about yourself."

"But you did not even remember me," she answered quickly.

"Not at first, but I do now quite well. Do you know that on quiet evenings I can hear the sharp tapping of your typewriter—by the way, you work too late; that must be altered now that we are going to be friends—and on Sundays you often play hymns softly to yourself between the lights, and I

like the music ever so much better than the machine working."

"The typewriter is hired; the old Erard was a wedding gift to my mother—you can guess how ancient it is, yet every note is like the ghost of departed sweetness; when I touch them there comes to me the scent of *pot pourri*, and if I look out upon the street, wet and shining after rain, I see it as a river upon which the moon shines peacefully—it was like that with me when she used to play it in the old times, for I was country born and bred. There is a magic hidden away in that shabby old case, and it wakes when the notes are touched."

"There wouldn't be if I touched them, but I know there is when you do. How odd it is that we should have met here to-day."

"Not odd, as far as I am concerned, for I am a member of this learned body that you are pleased to call antiquaries—but you! If you knew how ridiculously young and out of place you look amongst such elderly scientists—How is it that the sweetheart is not another incongruous element in such an owlsh collection?"

"She is gone away with her people. If she were only here it would be a day straight out of Paradise." Then, because his quick, sympathetic tact accused him of having spoken ungraciously, he turned to her with a smile that touched the latent maternity in her and made it shine through her eyes. Was it not true that for years she had mothered him from over the way, and perhaps—who knows?—warded off from his unconsciousness some of the unseen evils of life.

"Do you know, I think that I have found to-day what I have been missing ever since my mother died, and that is a woman friend?—for I hope you mean to honor me by being mine."

"I know just what you mean. Of course the sweetheart is the dearest

woman in all the world; but, of necessity, she lives in the enchanted garden—where the nightingales sing and the sweet flowers grow everlastingly. But she stands a queen almost beyond earthly things, and one needs besides a work-a-day friend for this work-a-day world—some one to mend the socks and mend a broken heart, if she forgets to write or the letter comes a few hours late."

"But it is not to be one-sided," he explained, eagerly. "As you've no brother or husband there must be lots of little things I can do for you."

They shook hands warmly upon their bargain, but, although he did not know it, there was nothing better for him to do—nothing better for her than just to give her some personal object upon which to pour out the hidden riches of her nature, for, to such a woman it was far more blessed to give than to receive.

Quite forgetful of the archaeologists and their dry-as-dust papers, they read the scroll that nature unfolded to them, and for both the day was very fair, although his were the long, long thoughts of youth, and she had compared herself, with truth, to the coin that is waiting to be called in for the new minting.

They had been friends through many happy months when the blow fell that was to separate them. He came in one evening quite unlike himself, and, with the brightness gone from face and eyes, he looked years older. She did not say much, but she felt that the time had come for the work-a-day friend, and that if she did not question him he would tell her what was troubling him. But she thought of nothing worse than some transient cloud between him and the lady of the enchanted garden; she had no idea until he spoke of the deep distress that he was laboring under; but when he broke

silence she let her work fall, so that no sign of his might escape her anxious eyes.

"I am afraid I am not a very entertaining visitor; the fact is, I am terribly worried."

Her name was Anson, but he rarely called her by it. Miss Anson seemed to place a distance between them that was not really there. He often named her his fairy godmother, and she liked that title best.

"You have been worried since Saturday; you had been a little worried before that, but on Sunday you did not go out all day, and yet the sun was shining, and the beloved in town?"

"Yes; because I could not face her, for I am in such a dreadful hole. I did not think any fellow on the square as I am, could have been placed in so cruel a position."

She saw instantly that the trouble was very serious, and her strength rose up to help and sustain him.

"If I make a clean breast of it, will you promise me to tell no living soul?"

She promised, and even without words he saw that she was loyal to the core.

"You know the bank I work for; I would not mention it by name otherwise?"

She seemed unprepared for anything of a business nature, but she answered glibly enough, as though the name were familiar to her. "You mean the Abyssinian bank in Threadneedle Street."

"Of course, you know, for I've told you. What you do not know is that my prospective father-in-law, tempted by our generous dividends, wants to sell out his Consols to buy—Abyssinians. He thinks, poor, weary, old boy, that he would have enough to retire upon. My God!"

She was very, very quick to understand him, and her face grew white, she might even have turned a little faint if she had not braced herself to

do battle against that weakness of his, about which she had warned him when first they had spoken together.

"I see; the shares are likely to go down, and you are bound in honor to give no hint of this?"

Even then there was warning in her voice, a bedrock of principle against which his undisciplined soul chafed restlessly.

"Go down! Why they will go smash! I don't see a chance of escaping. Some big financial ships have sunk recently, and although ours is a big one too, it has to go down like the others. It does not mean that we have been rascally, as I understand it, for of course I am only a clerk, but it has been disaster upon disaster—and, as I say, the ship must sink, all hands aboard."

"But while the ship still floats you must not desert it?"

There was a nervous movement of his mouth, and instinctively he put up his hand to conceal it.

"I need not desert it, but surely I could give one word of warning—there's his wife getting old, and the little lame boy who will never be able to do a stroke. And what about Mabel and her sisters, for I shall have to begin the world over again?"

He looked eagerly into her face to see a gleam of comfort—a hope that she would side with him against his own conscience and make the wrong thing seem the right. So piteous was the appeal that she felt shaken. After all, a man owed a sacred duty to his own, and surely a word of warning might be spoken without wrong to any, for it was absurd to suppose that a few shares more or less could make any difference to the final catastrophe. But for his speaking she might have committed herself to his undoing.

"You know that he has not an idea but that they are as safe as his blessed Consols, and I'd have spoken—just

given a hint, you know—but unfortunately he knows a lot of City fellows, and when they have whisky and soda in the mornings he—he's not so young as he was, poor old chap, and a little upsets him, and there is just one chance in a thousand that he might talk."

"Then that settles it," she said quietly, but feeling as though she had started back from a precipice; "the officers, true to their sworn word, must stand bravely at attention as the ship goes down; there is nothing grander to do anywhere."

And again he dashed himself hopelessly against the rock of her firmness.

"Do you think that it is because I care so much for myself? In a certain sense I must go down, of course; but I might save the others. If I might only do that I would not care an atom about myself, save as my non-success affected Mabel; after all, the woman a man loves should be everything to him."

He thought he spoke strongly and like a man, but she only saw the weakness that was becoming dangerous. She wanted to weep for him, but she dared not.

"Not everything. A man may love a woman enough to give his life for her cheerfully; but he may not throw away his honor—his solemnly plighted word. You have told me yourself how good they have always been to you?"

"They have been awfully decent to me; but all that is not to the point. I daresay you hardly understand, as you have nothing to lose."

For he was hurt and angry that for the first time her sympathy had seemed to fail him. He had only wanted her word of condonation and excuse, but she had responded hardly and without sympathy. Yet all the time her heart was bleeding for him inwardly, but she had the strength to see others suffer which he had not. She had to hide her pity behind sharp words, and so

sting his failing courage to its highest point. She did not even wince when he told her that she had nothing to lose.

"But think how much you may lose. If you save these others how will you save yourself from disloyalty; from disregard of your solemn word; from actual cowardice?"

Under the lash of her words the angry blood crept into his face, and he sat more erect. He was growing bitter against her, and she knew it.

"It is so easy to talk. As I say, you stand to lose nothing whatever happens. But try to imagine what Mabel will think if I let her father ruin himself?"

"If she loves you she will think as I do. She will know even as you do."

"You do not understand; how should you, living alone with no ties. Mabel is a loving, trusting girl, with no knowledge of business obligations."

The angry flush had faded in thinking of her, and his unsteady purpose was wavering again. The woman who was merely his work-a-day friend saw it, and struck her last blow.

"I am bitterly disappointed in you—in myself, that you should think me capable of siding with your worst self. You came in the hope that I should tell you that wrong was right; that treachery and disloyalty were the royal roads to domestic bliss, and that a man's oath counted as nothing against the pecuniary losses of the girl he loves. I know the position is hard, cruelly hard; but it has to be faced, or you leave your honor on the field. You came for soft words of condonation, so that you might support your own weakness with mine; but this you shall not do, for I will have no hand in your *disgrace*."

The blow went home, and she felt almost certain that she had won as he rose to go. But she was left to count the cost, for he barely touched her hand and went out full of bitterness

against her. For a time she sat still as one on whom the darkness had suddenly fallen, and then she opened a small tin box and took out a stock certificate bearing on it the signature of the Abyssinian Banking Company, Limited. The certificate hinted at quite a ridiculous sum from a mercantile point of view; but a woman can make a little money go a long way, and this was well, for her eyes were beginning to fail her for typewriting.

For some little time she held the paper in her hands, and it shook a little, and then she put it quietly back again.

"It would be merely taking one tiny drop out of the bucket; no one would know or miss it and yet—I believe if I did this thing, and so violated the spirit of his trust in me, God would not give me the victory, as I believe and trust that He has."

Truly her sun had set, but there was light enough left for her to walk by.

It was all over, and standing silently at his post he had gone down with the ship. Nothing was left now but the wreckage of lost hopes and a love which had not been strong enough to believe no evil. Francis Parmiter had to begin the world again, bankrupt of many things that make it worth living. He had done his duty; but duty is a cold hard thing, so often blighting the flowers which grow in its path, and as his life had turned so bitter he saw no reason why he should not go out and risk it where there was stir and excitement. There was no one to say him nay, for Mabel had decided that two impecunious persons were best apart for good and all, and for the woman who was just breaking her heart over him like a mother over her child, he had only coldness and impatience. True, he had called out of politeness to bid her good-bye, but his manner had been icy, with his rancor against her like bitter water breaking through. He froze her, too, until she

was like some stopped little brook that could babble no word of its warm living message, or show even faintly what was beneath.

But she could not part with him so; that was impossible, and, staking everything on one last throw, she went to the station to see the troop train off. She literally fought her way there through crowds that would have scared her at any other time; but then her strength of purpose would not be gainsaid.

She struggled through the throngs of people until she was almost through the barriers, and then they thrust her back as having no business there. In her great fear that she might be too late to look upon his face once more, she made agonized excuse for herself, and every word rang with irresistible truth.

"But he is my son—my only son. You would not have him go without one last word for me?"

The men looked kindly on the piteous little figure so breathless and spent, and they made way for her.

"Pass on then, mother; we don't want to be hard on such as you."

The precious moments were nearly gone when she discovered him, and as she hurried up his friends—they were only men—drew a little away, rather wondering what this shabby person could want with Parmiter, whom they thought greatly in luck.

"I hope you don't mind, but I came to wish you god-speed."

"I don't think you were wise to come, but it is awfully good of you."

They had changed places, for she was nervous, hurried, pitifully uncertain and apologetic, and of the indomitable strength he had seen once on her face there remained not a shadow; she was just a nerveless, quivering figure with shaking lips that tried vainly to smile conventionally in order to meet his mood and not shame him with her

tears before the others. Her bonnet was all awry, and her hair—grown so much grayer in the last few months—lay in wisps upon an anxious forehead. She had been so pushed and tussled in her journey that all her usual neat order was disarranged, and her whole appearance was tragedy under a serio-comic mask; but one of the men who had begun to joke about Parmiter's queer old aunt was sharply silenced by another.

"Shut up, you young cub! Can't you see it is no laughing matter?"

And the eyes that should have read more clearly than any were blinded by pride and disappointment. In times past she had mended his socks, but he had helped her in a hundred genial ways and had always been sympathetically quick to notice when she had been weary and depressed.

In reality it was she and not Mabel who had known the best and most chivalrous side of him, and now the two who had been so near to each other stood at a hopeless distance, and she had to repress her breaking heart until it could answer properly to his coldness and polite anxiety for her welfare.

"You should take a cab home; it would be safer."

And she had to catch her breath into a laugh or it would have been a sob, for the moment had come, and she caught his limp hand between her trembling ones.

"God bless you—and bring you back safe!"

"I am afraid that is not very important. You see there is some insurance money for Mabel if I get potted."

He did not mean to be so cruel; he was only very bitter and very young; but as the train began slowly to move its great weight and she was left behind, a pathetically forlorn little figure, he seemed suddenly to realize how cruel he had been.

"God! what a brute I am! I will write to her from the other side."

But when he got to the other side he thought of nothing but fighting—that is to say at first—so he never wrote after all.

So she was left a sobbing, broken creature to find her way out as best she could. Another woman, less heart-broken, helped her.

"Dear, dear! how bad your eyes look. They are almost blind with crying."

"Partly with crying; but I am a very old woman, and I get blinder every day."

"There, there; it's hard on us women, but you'll feel better in a bit."

"I am so old," repeated the other helplessly.

Just another scene—the last. The crowds which had assembled in thousands to see them off were in tens of thousands to welcome them home. The streets rang with welcome—with frenzied shouts—until all decorum was lost in riot, and even the returned heroes stood in some danger from the enthusiasm of their admirers. There was danger abroad both for hosts and guests, and one old woman knocked down and trampled upon really did not matter so much with younger and handsomer ones, who were useful to the State, in equal danger. But one of the returned heroes, with his tunic in tatters from the attentions of the mob, saw the serious catastrophe and rushed to the rescue. With infinite difficulty and fierce determination, he raised the woman to find her unconscious or dead, and carried her to an ambulance where she might receive assistance if not already beyond it.

Before she was out of his arms he recognized the pale likeness of his old friend, his fairy godmother, as one might recognize a ghost of some one departed this life. She was merely a wraith, a shadow, but still he knew

her, and because stern war had made a man of him at last, he loved her as he had done before her hand had saved him from dishonor.

"Poor soul!" said the sister who had her hands more than full, "the workhouse authorities ought not to open their doors to let out old people on such a day as this."

"Workhouse! What are you thinking about? She is a dear friend of mine—a lady."

And then for the first time he noticed the dress, and the shock of it kept him silent. He was silent whilst one of the harassed medical attendants examined her. His statement was brief and to the point.

"This old woman is dying; she must be taken to the hospital at once."

Parmiter held out his arms, and for a moment the tears blinded him.

"Let me take her. She belongs to me."

So they fared together to the hospital; the man who had never been stronger or healthier in mind and body than he was then, and the poor, battered old coin that was to be called in and made new. And because she was fast dying they let him stay with her; and she was conscious enough to listen to his story told in so few words.

"You made a man of me, godmother. I knew it when first I faced the bullets, but I knew it better still when I was wounded and had to face the possibilities. Why, do you know that Francis Parmiter has gained honorable mention even amongst such a lot of dare-devils? If you had not kept me straight, I should have funked it then, I know."

He had no thought of self-glorification, but he saw that his words were just giving her life—that she was drinking them in as one who had thirsted nigh unto death.

"I knew it," she said proudly, and her eyes looked unseeingly upon a little

packet of papers that they had untied from off her neck.

He undid them, to see a report of his own deed which she had cherished, but the other paper was the old worthless scrip bearing the legend of the Abyssinian Banking Company, Limited!

He looked at that, too, and she watched him smilingly, until he fell on his knees to touch the hand that had no power in it.

"Hush! lad. Hush! I never thought to gather such sheaves in this life, but they are rich—rich—"

There was a faint flush of joy in her

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face which even death could not rob her of; and a passionate desire to make amends and keep the loved presence by him made him speak.

"You are going to get better now that I have come to take care of you; and when you are stronger we are going back, you and I, to the other side. I've made good friends there; and you shall keep house for me, my little mother, and I'll be the proudest son that ever lived."

"On the other side," she whispered joyfully. "Kiss me, child, for I am going first."

Ellen Ada Smith.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.

Recent criticism has not been quite judicious in its estimate of some living American writers. The excessive praise bestowed on the rather facile historical novel, "Richard Carvel," is a striking illustration of the lack of the sense of proportion in the minds of some critics when they happen to be reviewing new American works of fiction. Whatever may be the strong points of this book, it is distinctly amateurish both in style and construction. Of course, "Richard Carvel" would never have been written if Mr. Stanley Weyman had not set the fashion of writing historical novels on the somewhat artificial plan of making the hero relate his own exploits. "Richard Carvel" is from this point of view little better than a clever imitation of so-called historical romances which are doomed, sooner or later, to pass into oblivion for this simple reason—that they appeal too much to popular taste to have much solid artistic value.

The indiscriminating critic also mis-

leads the public, as he probably misleads himself, when he lauds Mr. Henry James and Mr. W. D. Howells as masters of style. The style of both of these authors is surely marred by cumbrousness, affectation and self-consciousness. When we compare their method with that of Nathaniel Hawthorne, we are struck by the difference. Hawthorne appeals to the human heart; they appeal to the prejudices and, we might add, to the manias of latter-day literary pedants. While Mr. Howells sees nothing in modern life but "leather and prunella," Hawthorne sees a deep and tragic background behind the apparently commonplace routine of civilized existence. To overestimate living American writers is to do injustice to Hawthorne. One of the worst offences of the log-roller is the way in which he, so to speak, depreciates the literary currency. He makes pewter pass for gold, so that books become a species of debased coinage. It is time to call attention to the fact that

the American writers of to-day are much inferior artists to Hawthorne.

So peculiar is the position of Nathaniel Hawthorne in literature that justice has never been done to his extraordinary powers as a writer of fiction. It is true that Mr. Leslie Stephen in his work, "Half-hours in a Library," gives the American writer credit for having extracted poetry "out of the most unpromising materials;" but something more than this can be said of Hawthorne. He is not merely a great creative artist. He is a writer endowed with the rarest kind of originality; he is one of the true aristocrats of literature. His genius is the fine flower of Puritanism. In his writings there is nothing impure—nothing "common" or "mean." He has a positive disdain for the trivial. He has made imagination the torch of conscience. Tearing aside the mask of conventionality which human nature wears in every-day life, he reveals its inner depths with painful clearness and definiteness.

His method, indeed, is almost the reverse of that adopted by nearly all other writers of fiction. He pays very little attention to those details so dear to the average novelist. The environment of his characters is only touched upon where it affects their spiritual development or their psychological condition. Thus, in "The House of the Seven Gables" the necessity forced upon the proud Pyncheon family of opening a shop in their decayed mansion is important from the standpoint of the psychologist, for poor Miss Hepzibah's experiment leads to some of the romantic incidents which not only give life and color to the story, but bring out all that is most distinctive and characteristic in its *dramatis personæ*. The villainy of Judge Pyncheon and his terrible death have in them a kind of Æschylean fatality; but the author carefully avoids all "blood-curdling" details, so that the tragic horror of the

dénouement is, in every way, the opposite of melodrama.

Carlyle, in his somewhat ungenerous estimate of Scott's novels, has described them as "costume novels." Of course, this is not a fair criticism of Scott. The Waverley Novels have enjoyed a long-continued popularity because of their really great merits as works of fiction. But it must be acknowledged that Scott was too much concerned about externals, and did not always devote sufficient attention to the study of character. This could not be said of Hawthorne. It is easy to conceive how differently he would have dealt with the subject which Scott has, after his own fashion, so strikingly treated in "Ivanhoe." We should have had very few tournaments—possibly, we might have had no description of a tournament. We should, on the other hand, have learned a great deal more as to the spiritual history of both Ivanhoe and Rebecca. We should have been more deeply interested in the unrestrained brutality of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf's spirit than in the bare record of his crimes. A more lurid light might have been cast on the mysterious death of the Templar, Bois-Guilbert, who, according to Scott, after a fall from his horse, died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions. In short, we should have had none of the Wardour-street element in "Ivanhoe" if it had been written by Hawthorne.

But Scott was not Hawthorne. He was greater in narrative power, far inferior in penetrative insight. To his ardent admirers Sir Walter will always be the "Wizard of the North," and his glamor will be unfading. To those whom his magic cannot charm, many—if not most—of his historical portraits will seem little better than "plaster of Paris," to use Mr. Leslie Stephen's somewhat disrespectful but not unfelicitous phrase.

The book which has gained for Hawthorne the widest fame is "The Scarlet Letter." He did not himself regard it as the work that embodied his highest conceptions as a literary artist; but it is certainly a masterpiece of its kind. In the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale we have a study in "morbid anatomy" which impresses us as too cruel, too uncompromising. The woman, Hester Prynne, is a heroine as great as Magdalen. Her moral martyrdom raises the story to the highest level of tragedy. Even George Eliot has never presented to us the heroic possibilities of a woman's nature so vividly or thoroughly as Hawthorne has in "The Scarlet Letter." The book, however, has artistic defects. Its "symbolism," on which Mr. Henry James has laid so much stress, gives the story here and there a curious aspect of unreality. The witch-element, too, is a mistake. It might, furthermore be urged that old Roger Chillingley is an attempt to personify the Prince of Darkness in human form. But, when criticism has done its worst, "The Scarlet Letter" remains the greatest work of its kind in the English language. As an example of Hawthorne's unapproachable greatness in the finest passages of this extraordinary book, take the scene of the Minister's confession:—

Partly supported by Hester Prynne, and holding one hand of little Pearl's, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale turned to the dignified and venerable rulers; to the holy ministers who were his brethren; to the people, whose great heart was thoroughly appalled, yet overflowing with tearful sympathy, and, as knowing that some deep life-matter—which, if full of sin, was full of anguish and repentance likewise—was now to be laid open to them. The sun, but little past its meridian, shone down upon the clergyman, and gave a distinctness to his figure as he stood out from all the earth to put his plea of guilty at the Bar of Eternal Justice.

"People of New England," cried he, with a voice that rose ever high, solemn and majestic, yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe, "Ye that have loved me—ye that have deemed me holy! Behold me here, the one sinner in the world! At last! At last! I stand upon the spot where seven years since, I should have stood, here with this woman, whose arm more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me, at this dreadful moment, from grovelling down upon my face! Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been, wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose, it has cast a lurid gleam of awe, and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you at whose hand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered!"

The dramatic power of the scene is only equalled by what one might call its spiritual realism. How terrible is the unveiling of a soul! and how marvellous is the gift of the artist who can thus uplift the veil! Many writers have, since Hawthorne's death, vainly endeavored, by borrowing the confession-scene in "The Scarlet Letter," to adapt it to other circumstances, but what a failure such efforts have proved! The imitators of Hawthorne have not the art of creating an atmosphere in which their phantoms could live.

"The Blithedale Romance," though it possesses a deep interest as a tolerably faithful account of the Brook Farm experiment, can scarcely be described as an entirely successful work of fiction. But the character of Zenobia will always fascinate the student of female psychology. Mr. Thomas Hardy has never portrayed a more charming, a more wayward, a more elusive, or a more inscrutable type of womanhood. The scene in which the body of Zenobia

is discovered in the river, with her knees still bent in the attitude of prayer, and with a look of proud defiance in her eyes, is one which clearly proves that Hawthorne was a consummate artist.

If we were merely discussing the question of style, it would be no exaggeration to say that Hawthorne has never written anything more beautiful than the description of the old man and the child in "The Dolliver Romance." The work, though a fragment, bears the stamp of genius. At the time when Hawthorne was writing it he was suffering not only from illness but from anxiety as to pecuniary affairs. He had previously written about his projected work in this characteristic fashion:—

There is something preternatural in my reluctance to begin. I linger at the threshold and have a perception of very disagreeable phantasms to be encountered as I enter. I wish God had given me the faculty of writing a sunshiny book.

It would not, indeed, have been "a sunshiny book" if Hawthorne had lived to complete it. A book written by a man in the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" can scarcely be expected to be mirthful or light in tone; and yet there is in what remains of "The Dolliver Romance" a certain calm serenity and even humor, which, curiously enough, always formed a portion of Hawthorne's genius, despite his sense of the tragic importance of life. Like Mr. Henley, he did not shrink from the "Horror of the Shade," but, unlike this modern poetic apostle of the doctrine of "No Surrender," he realized too keenly the sad destiny of man to boast that he, or any other fallible mortal, was "master of his fate." Whether the gossamer materials out of which Hawthorne intended to construct the story would have weakened its force

as a finished work of fiction might be an interesting question for those concerned with the mere art of manufacturing stories. But we cannot judge Hawthorne by this standard. Certainly in "Septimius Felton, or the Elixir of Life," the theme is also too fanciful, too ethereal perhaps, for successful treatment.

In "Transformation" Hawthorne gives us of his best. It has been said by a celebrated English novelist that in grandeur of design it was the greatest work of fiction ever written, but that the author had failed to execute his plan effectively. Some of the best passages in "Transformation" could certainly not be excelled. Balzac has never written anything finer than these passages. Hawthorne, however, by his fastidious contempt for mere dramatic situations, cramped his story; and "Transformation," which might have been his greatest work, inevitably creates on our minds the same impression as if it had been a mutilated piece of beautiful sculpture.

Of the short stories of this unique writer it would be hard to speak too highly. Some of them are, perhaps, more truly representative of his peculiar genius than his more elaborate works. For instance, "The Birth-mark" and "The Great Stone Face" have more spiritual significance than any other stories of the same length.

In one of the "Notes," which give such an astonishing glimpse at the mental mechanism of the author, Hawthorne says he would like to write a story about nothing. Curiously enough, Flaubert says much the same thing in one of his letters. To the novel-manufacturer of to-day the idea may seem grotesque; but in reality genius has little need of incidents to produce immortal works. It is not the situations in "Hamlet" but the revelations of Hamlet's struggles that interest us most. Hawthorne, the greatest Ameri-

can prose writer, stands alone as the analyst of the soul. His stern Puritanism has compelled him to strip off the stage accessories of life, and to lay bare the maladies and the convulsions which are the real sources of human misery. He is in literature what Spinoza is in philosophy—a fearless pursuer of truth. Those who are weary of books of adventure and of sensationalism may turn to Hawthorne

for refreshment and peace. His works have a cloistral calm which has nothing in common with the mad rush of modern life. It is strange that a country where progress has almost made "the individual wither" should have given birth to such a man. But America needed a Hawthorne. His writings are the best corrective of her restless pursuit of material success.

D. F. Hannigan.

Literature.

SOME OF MY RECOLLECTIONS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

BY SIR ROWLAND BLENHERHASSETT, BART.

I have often been asked by friends interested in the intellectual life of England in the nineteenth century to set down in writing my recollections of Cardinal Newman. I have hesitated to do so for several grave and weighty reasons. I think I may say that no one who reached man's estate after the second half of the century had run a certain course, is better acquainted than I am with many opinions and views held by Cardinal Newman, which there was no necessity for him to state publicly, and which in consequence have remained more or less unknown. This circumstance makes it all the more difficult for me to write about him. It has not been thought advisable as yet to publish letters which he himself desired should in due course be given to the world. It was by his letters he wished to be judged. If these letters ever see the light, I feel confident he will appear a greater man, if possible, to his own countrymen than they now hold him to have been, and that he will command in the world at large the admiration of statesmen, as he does now that of philosophers and theologians. Pending the publication, however, of authentic documents, I feel myself bound by all

sorts of considerations to confine these observations within very narrow limits. They may, nevertheless, be of some help to those who had not the honor of knowing Cardinal Newman, in assisting to realize what manner of man he was in the evening of his days.

What he was in early life we know from the descriptions of Froude, Mozley, Matthew Arnold, Mr. Gladstone and a host of others. We have all read of the mystic halo which wrapped him round at Oxford. The late Sir George Dasent used to delight in telling how, when he was there, the more intellectual and promising of the undergraduates used to gaze at him as he appeared in the pulpit of St. Mary's with an awe as though they perceived the apparition of a saint, and how then they would listen with rapture to a voice, wonderful for the sweetness and music of its tone, filling the crowded edifice with words and thoughts that stirred old and young alike in the very inmost recesses of their being. Froude describes him at that time as a man above the middle height, slight and spare:

His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape

of the ears and nose, were almost the same. The lines of his mouth were very peculiar, I should say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way and become a power in the world, a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers, and in both cases, too, perhaps the devotion was rather due to the personal ascendancy of the leader than to the cause he represented.

This is a description of Newman as he was towards the end of the thirties of the last century. When I first knew him, some five and twenty years afterwards, in 1860, he had a slight bend, and seemed to me to look older than he really was. Indeed he wrote at that time to a friend of his, Dr. Moriarty, the Bishop of Kerry, a letter, which I saw afterwards, to tell the Bishop that he had seen me, and then he added about himself that he was growing old sensibly, but that his mind was still his own. He was, however, very rapid in his movements, still a great pedestrian, and he talked incessantly while walking. I remember what impressed me in his personal appearance was the massive and powerful head of which Froude speaks, and, perhaps, still more the large and luminous eyes, which seemed to pierce through the veil of this world into the illimitable beyond.

The first time I saw Cardinal Newman was on a day in February, 1860, just before his fifty-ninth birthday. I took him a letter from Dr. Bloxam of Magdalen, who had been a friend of

his in Tractarian days, but who, I must say, always seemed to me to bear a very suspicious likeness to the figure of Bateman in "Loss and Gain." And here I may perhaps be allowed to illustrate from that book Newman's attitude to sentimental religion. One day Bateman asks his acquaintance, Sheffield, to come and look at a new chapel, which was to be dedicated to the Royal Martyr, for "why should we not have our St. Charles as well as the Romanists?" and he goes on to insist that "it will be quite sweet to hear the Vesper-bell tolling over the sullen moor every evening in all weathers and amid all changes and chances of this mortal life." Sheffield prosaically asks what congregation may be expected. Bateman tells him that is a low view, and that whether there is a congregation or not the bell will be a memento far and near. Then Sheffield, who represents Newman, insists that in that case the use of the chapel will be not for those that come, but for those that stay away. "The congregation is outside, not inside; it's an outside concern. I once saw a tall church-tower—so it appeared from the road; but on the sides you saw it was but a thin wall, made to look like a tower, in order to give the church an imposing effect. Do run up a bit of a wall and put the bell in it."

I also carried at the same time a message to Newman from Dean Stanley, who was then a Canon of Christchurch, and Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Stanley had a short time before preached a sermon at St. Mary's which had pleased Newman, and he was delighted to receive the message I brought. And perhaps it may interest the readers of this article to know that, notwithstanding his wide and fundamental differences with Dean Stanley, Newman entertained always the strongest feelings of personal regard for that brilliant and charming

man, and was most interested in all concerning him. From the time I first knew Stanley at Oxford till the hour of his lamented death, I had the pleasure and privilege of his intimate acquaintance. Newman knew this, and I never went to Birmingham that he did not ask affectionately after Stanley and send him some message. I believe I was instrumental in bringing them again, after years of separation, into direct personal intercourse some few years before Dean Stanley disappeared from the scene.

When I first arrived at the Oratory, I was shown into a small parlor very barely furnished, in which one solitary print was hanging on the wall. It was a picture of Oxford, and round the frame was carved the verse from the thirty-seventh chapter of the prophet Ezekiel: "Fill hominis, putasne vivent ossa ista? Et dixi: Domine Deus, tu nosti."

I had heard of this picture at Oxford and of the legend round it. I was looking at it when the door opened and Newman entered. Almost the very first words he said to me were these: "You are looking at that picture, I see. It was given me by a friend, but I dislike the inscription round it very much. It is singularly unhappy to suggest a comparison between the colleges at Oxford and the dry bones in the valley of the prophet's vision." These words are still ringing in my ears. They were almost the first I ever heard uttered by that wonderful voice. Newman's affection for Oxford was one of his most marked characteristics. In a note which I have seen he describes a picture of Trinity which was so placed in his bedroom that his eyes fell upon it the first thing in the morning, and he adds that he loved to look at it.

Nothing in later life gave him so much pleasure as the honorary fellowship conferred upon him by that col-

lege of his undergraduate days, to which he alludes in such touching language in the "Apologia." When Newman went to Oxford, after he was a Cardinal, his old tutor, the Rev. Thomas Short, was still alive. Short must have been about ninety, if not over. He was blind, but he determined to go up to Trinity to grasp the hand of the most distinguished of his pupils. When the two met they were both much moved. "Well, Newman," said the old man, "I am perhaps the person of all others who has had the most influence on your life." "Yes, indeed," was the reply of the great Cardinal. "I remember well when I was going in for the Oriel Fellowship, I felt very unwell and dispirited; I went into your rooms while you were dining alone and told you I intended to give up the contest; it was your strong remonstrances that prevented me from doing so." Newman, as we know, went in and won, and the winning of that Fellowship determined his whole subsequent career.

I remember distinctly getting at once the impression from my very first conversation with Newman that the opinion then very commonly held as to his position to the intellect of the modern world was quite erroneous, and I was confirmed in this view some little time afterwards. He spoke to me about Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species." I saw clearly from the tone of his observations that both Roman Catholics and Anglicans were equally wrong in their views of his attitude to free scientific inquiry. Nothing could be more mistaken than to imagine that he looked at it askance, or felt any alarm whatever as to its ultimate effects on Christian faith. That was certainly not perceived by the world at large in 1860. Even men who knew him fairly well were quite mistaken about him. They imagined he closed his mind to the teachings of science and that he

clung to the Church of Rome out of fear of free inquiry. I am afraid that even at the present moment there are some who ought to know better who still misunderstand him in this respect. They mistake the critical faculty which made it impossible for him to accept as gospel scientific propositions which may be true but are still unproven for a cowardly and untruthful state of mind which must culminate in hopeless obscurantism.

There are very few in England who realized more thoroughly the far-reaching consequences of Mr. Darwin's great book. Newman had been familiar with the idea of evolution for many years. Mr. Hutton has pointed out how the "Essay on Development" anticipated Darwin, and a writer in the "Edinburgh Review" of July this year on "The Time-spirit of the Nineteenth Century" shows how in this work Newman uses the very words of biology, and how, as regards the actual tests of true development in ideas towards self-realization, Newman's phraseology is almost identical with that of Hegel, whose writings, I may add, Newman had never read. I remember a striking story which I heard from the late Dr. Sullivan, the President of the Queen's College in Cork. In the year 1857 Newman asked Sullivan to take a walk with him in the neighborhood of Dublin. When they started Newman began to ask certain questions of a very searching character as regards chemical science and investigation. Sullivan was soon absorbed in observing a man of genius dealing with a subject which was quite unfamiliar to him. They walked the whole day, and in the evening found themselves on Killiney Hill, where they sat down to enjoy the sight of a splendid sunset. Suddenly Newman turned to Sullivan and said, "I wonder whether the tests I have applied to theological development would hold water if they

were applied in the physiological order." This was two years before the appearance of Darwin's book.

But it was not only as regards science that Newman was critical in accepting commonly received doctrine. Although, or perhaps because, he accepted with his whole heart and soul the guidance of the Church, he was always on guard against hasty and inadequate collation of her authoritative definitions. And this mental attitude always annoyed eager and impatient minds, both among religious people and those who reject revelation. It was the dominating cause of the unpopularity of Newman with Ultramontanes and of the suspicion with which he was regarded by many individuals in very high places in the Church of Rome. Persons who cut their way to what they call "truth" by rough and ready processes will always be annoyed when they come across an intellect like that of Newman or Pascal. The great subtlety of Newman's intellect necessarily seemed to simple, commonplace and untutored minds as having upon it the note of indirectness. There is a striking illustration of the way Newman looked at human life and phenomena of the universe in the "Apologia," in a passage where he contrasts the indissoluble connection between belief in self and belief in God with the mystery of the world as it actually presents itself to us:—

The tokens, so faint and broken, of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointment of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, the physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary, hopeless

irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, "having no hope, and without God in the world," all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.

Mr. Hutton, speaking of this passage, points out that the mind, which could grasp with such power the paradox of human life in its connection with divine revelation, must have appeared to many unnatural and wanting in straightforwardness. That impression was sure to be made on any man who could not understand a nature so wide and sensitive to every kind of delicate attraction and repulsion as that of Cardinal Newman. "The simplicity of minds such as Newman's," says Mr. Hutton, "profound as it is, will seem anything but simplicity, will seem complexity, to other men, while the anxious forecast of it will seem artificial."

So dark a forethought rolled about his
brain,
As on a dull day in an Ocean cave,
The blind wave feeling round his long
sea-hall
In silence.

From the first moment I saw Cardinal Newman, I experienced the inexplicable fascination which all men, high and low, rich and poor, intellectual or otherwise, felt in his presence. It is hard to define the secret of his spell. It consisted partly in the bright, original, startling way in which he touched into life old truths, moral, religious or political. Then there was the extraordinary attraction of voice and manner. We know how he impressed Dr. Arnold, one of the most powerful of his adversaries, who, after spending an evening with him at Oriel, paid such a tribute to his power of fascination that he told Stanley "It would not do to meet him often!" But his

influence over rough and even brutal men was not less great than over the most educated and refined. I myself saw many indications of this when walking out with Newman through rough quarters in Birmingham and the neighborhood, during some of my visits to him. But I can give two very striking illustrations of this power which I have from most trustworthy witnesses. The late Father Lockhart told me, indeed I think he has since published the story, that when he was at Oxford and an undergraduate, there was one November a "Town and Gown" riot of more than ordinary dimensions. Lockhart was in the High when suddenly he saw Newman, who was then Proctor, appear upon the scene. Prominent amongst the "Town" was a huge butcher, who had in his hand a formidable club and was going straight up to Newman shouting and blaspheming, and with the evident intention of doing mischief.

Lockhart, who must have been then an exceptionally athletic and powerful young man, ran forward to protect Newman. The latter stood quietly till the man came near him; then, looking fixedly at his threatening antagonist, simply said, "You really ought to be ashamed of yourself to use such language, and to menace me in this way. Don't you think you had better go home?" The man slunk away abashed.

Another instance of Newman's power over such persons, and mentioned by Mozley in his "Reminiscences of Oriel," was also told me by the late Mr. Walter. Newman, when he was a very young man, riding or walking one day on a country road, observed a wagoner sitting on the shaft of a loaded wagon going down hill. The man lost his balance, fell to the ground, the wagon passed over him and he was crushed to death. Newman made a resolution there and then that he would

never pass a man riding on the shaft of a loaded wagon without remonstrance. Years afterwards he was walking with a friend on a road in the neighborhood of Oxford; he suddenly left the path where they were walking, and moving quickly into the middle of the road, went toward a heavily loaded wagon drawn by four horses, and seized the leaders by the heads. The driver, who was sitting on a shaft, got into a furious rage, and, jumping down, went for Newman with his whip. Newman, without showing the slightest flurry, simply looked at him and said, "I only wanted you to get off the shaft. It is very dangerous to ride like that. I once saw a man killed in that way; besides I see you have been drinking too much, and it would be much better for you to walk." The man quietly submitted without any remonstrance, even the slightest.

Newman was the kindest and most considerate of men, and also the most outspoken to any one who went to him in mental trouble or perplexity. But he was reserve itself to a person who came to see him out of curiosity or to discover his opinions on current events. Such visitors would sometimes be repelled with great severity; at other times put off with good humor. I remember hearing once at a moment when the question of the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff was acute and pressing, that the first Lord Howard of Glossop, then Lord Edward Howard, the late Lord Emly, then Mr. Monsell, the late Mr. More O'Farrell and Lord Acton, who was then Sir John Acton, went down to Birmingham to try and discover Newman's view of the situation. They were received with great courtesy, and Newman was more than usually charming. After lunch, however, they began to perceive that it was time for them to make some effort to discover what they had come to find out. Lord Edward How-

ard began by saying that the political situation in Europe was extremely unsettled, and likely to become more so, that Hungary was on the eve of revolution, that Poland was in a flame, and that the greatest anxiety was felt in high quarters in London as to future and immediate developments in Italy. Newman broke in by saying, "Oh, yes, it is all very dreadful to be sure. And then there's China, and then there's New Zealand!" Lord Edward Howard told me a day or two afterwards the story of this mission, at which no one was more intensely amused than he was himself. A short time after this a high dignitary of the Church of Rome went to Newman to try and get his views as to the line taken by the "Home and Foreign Review" of which Lord Acton was the editor. Newman listened for some time to the distinguished ecclesiastic, and then said with the greatest gravity, "Acton is on the sunny side of thirty."

The views of Newman as regards the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff and his attitude to the Italian movement have perplexed many people. They will become clear enough, however, if certain letters which he wrote in the sixties, and which he desired should be published, ever see the light. One thing is certain, he took the warmest interest in everything tending to the welfare of Italy. The Austrian domination in Lombardy and the Austrian influence over states in the peninsula, supposed to be independent, he held in abomination. The rule of Austria in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom he once characterized to me in tones of concentrated contemptuous bitterness as "government by the stick." The line of Austrian policy generally as determined by influences at Vienna was hateful to him. One day, speaking to me of Italian affairs, he said, "I have always felt that Austria was a representative of the policy of

wooden oppression, and ever since the days of my youth I have had a strange romantic love for Italy. That love has lasted through my whole life and is now more intense than ever."

I believe that during his long life few men could show a greater record of consistency of opinion than Cardinal Newman. Even in questions to which I do not care now to allude, and on which many consider that he altered his mind completely, the change is much less than is generally imagined. So it was, I believe, with reference to the temporal power. In the year 1833 he wrote these words from Italy:—

Rome is a very difficult place to speak of, from the mixture of good and evil in it. The heathen state was accursed as one of the infidel monsters of Daniel's visions; and the Christian system there is deplorably corrupt—yet the dust of the Apostles lies there and the present clergy are their descendants. . . . I am a great believer in the existence of *genii locorum*. Rome has had one character for 2,500 years; of late centuries the Christian Church has been the instrument by which it has acted—it is its slave. The day will come when the captive will be set free; but how a distinction is to be drawn between two powers, spiritual and devilish, which are so strangely united, is as much beyond our imagination as it was beyond the power of the servants in the parable to pull up the tares from the wheat; but that it is incomprehensible is no objection to the notion of God's doing it. Indeed, the more I have seen of Rome the more wonderful I have thought that parable, as if it had a directly prophetic character which is fulfilled in the Papacy.

Cardinal Newman did no doubt adopt a different tone in speaking of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope in 1860, but I am convinced that the views expressed in the passage I have just quoted expressed his fundamental conviction to his dying day. No man of

his generation was more firmly attached to the Holy See, or held it in greater veneration. But it was a discriminating veneration, and although not of course a believer in the Donation of Constantine, he entirely agreed with Dante as to the baneful consequences of that fatal gift.

In the last days of the year 1859 the "Times" correspondent in Paris announced that a little work was about to appear on the Italian question, by the author of a publication called "*Napoleon III et l'Italie*," which came out in the beginning of the year. As this work was written by M. de la Guéronnière, and inspired by the Emperor himself, all Europe looked forward with intense interest to the coming pamphlet, knowing that it would express the views of the head of what was then far the most powerful Government on the Continent, on the pressing question of the hour. On the morning of December 22, the "*Constitutionnel*" announced with much solemnity that the pamphlet had appeared. That afternoon it was to be seen in the windows of all the booksellers in Paris and on the well-known stalls of the Palais Royal. It was called "*Le Pape et le Congrès*." It made an immense sensation. The "*Morning Post*" did not hesitate to name its author. The "*Times*," with more reserve, but with greater weight and accuracy, described it as a manifesto of the French Government. The numerous extracts published in the French press, and the deferential tone of all the official journals, confirmed the rumor that it was directly inspired by the Emperor, and, after a few days, as there was no official denial, this was assumed as certain. A little time afterwards Villenain wrote: "*On a comparé la brochure à l'Imitation de Jésus-Christ, sans doute pour faire comprendre la grandeur d'une œuvre dont l'auteur veut pourtant rester inconnu.*" The Em-

peror did not deny his responsibility. Lord Cowley, writing to Lord John Russell on Christmas Day, 1859, said that the Emperor did not admit that he had actually written "*Le Pape et le Congrès*," but that he openly avowed that he held all the views expressed in it.

No pamphlet that appeared in the second half of the nineteenth century was more widely read or made so great an impression as this one. The only writing to be compared with it as regards the sensation its appearance caused in France, was the open letter written by the Duc d'Aumale to Prince Napoléon, entitled "*Qu'avez-vous fait de la France?*" In Paris its contents were devoured with the same avidity, and the impression it produced was as deep as that of the famous pamphlet of Chateaubriand—"Bonaparte et les Bourbons," when in March, 1814, he sounded the trumpet which raised the Bourbons from the dead. The tone of "*Le Pape et le Congrès*" was by no means what it ought to have been as regards the Holy See, but it morally committed the French Government to guarantees for the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff as well as to the principle of the temporal power. The temporal power was declared to be not only desirable but absolutely necessary, yet the author urged that the extent of territory which the Pope might rule over could not be taken as the measure of his international position. On the contrary he contended that as regards the dominion of the Sovereign Pontiff, "*plus le territoire sera petit, plus le souverain sera grand.*" He urged that it would be in the interests of the Pope, of Italy, of the Powers, and, above all, of the Catholic Church, that the temporal sovereignty of the Father of Christendom should be confined to the city of Rome and to a small portion of the adjoining country. The public life of the city

would be concentrated in the municipality. The Pope would remain a sovereign, and would be provided with a civil list to which the Catholic Powers should generously contribute. His Holiness was to have all his rights and privileges guaranteed by all the Great Powers, Protestant and Catholic. It was further argued that the position which the Roman Pontiff would be placed in under this plan would protect him from all the strongest forces of revolution, because they would have no longer an interest in attacking him. This, in a few words, is the theory of this pamphlet. It is difficult for us now to throw ourselves into the state of mind of the large number of fervent and sensible Catholics who opposed its policy so vehemently, and felt themselves so deeply aggrieved by its main contention. The tone, as I have said, was no doubt disrespectful and most irritating, but that should not have prevented leaders of Catholic opinion from perceiving how the concessions made in the pamphlet would have enabled them to maintain some temporal power for the Pope, if they wished to do so, as they no doubt sincerely did.

"*Le Pape et le Congrès*," however, was received with a storm of indignation. A couple of days after it appeared, Dupanloup, the brilliant Bishop of Orléans, published a reply, sparkling with caustic wit and a model of splendid eloquence, which showed clearly the line that would be taken by the school of French Catholics of which he was an illustrious leader, and which, in 1860, guided intellectual Catholicism everywhere. The Ultramontane party were vehemently hostile to any transaction with the Government presided over by Cavour. This party would just as soon have entered into negotiations with the sinister forces directed by Mazzini. In France members of this party, which had a short time be-

fore compared Napoleon III to Charlemagne, now mentioned his name in connection with that of the Emperor Julian.

Newman did not agree with either of these parties. In 1860 he was more indifferent, a good deal, to the temporal power than any leading Catholic out of Italy. He was less friendly to it than Döllinger; but at the same time he disliked intensely the tone, and he could not at all approve of many of the actions of those who were engaged in, or in active sympathy with, the movement for the reconstruction of Italy. Newman's real views on this subject differed hardly at all from those of Manzoni, of the Abbate Stellardi, which may be found in "*Storia Documentata*," published by Bianchi,¹ of Tosti, the learned Benedictine, and of George Darboy, the illustrious Archbishop of Paris. There were very few bishops, if any, in the Roman Catholic Church with whom Newman agreed so entirely as regards the attitude of the Church, not alone to the Italian question, but to modern society in general, as Darboy. I remember well the tone of cordial sympathy with which he used to speak of Darboy, and the delight which he took in reading the pastoral letters and the speeches in the French Senate of that archbishop. They never met. Had they done so they would hardly have been able to appreciate each other more than they did. Newman could not speak French, and Darboy, though he read English a good deal, could hardly have conversed in our tongue. I never heard him try to do so. Newman was one of the very few ecclesiastics not Frenchmen whom Darboy knew anything about. He always had an instinctive feeling that Newman sympathized with him in a position in France which was as isolated as Newman's own in England.

When, in 1870, I told him that Newman had expressed general agreement with him and was delighted with his attitude to the Roman question both in the Senate and in one or two of his pastorals, I have not often seen a man more pleased.

Perhaps I may here mention a circumstance in the life of Darboy which illustrates also Newman's view as to what ought to be the attitude of a Christian bishop towards erring brethren. Towards the end of the sixties, Père Hyacinth, now known as the Abbé Loyson, who was then a Carmelite monk, suddenly left his convent, in total disregard of ecclesiastical law and practice, and went into rebellion against the ecclesiastical ordinances. This happened in the diocese of Paris. Archbishop Darboy remained silent. Several bishops, and, I believe, authorities from Rome urged him to censure the recalcitrant friar. One day, when some French bishops called on him and besought him to do so, he replied, "Père Hyacinth must suffer greatly at this moment. It is not my business to inflict additional pain on a person already in suffering." This was a reply after Newman's own heart, and when he heard it it strengthened his admiration for the Archbishop of Paris, quite apart from his agreement with him on the Italian question. Some years afterwards a Roman Catholic priest left a certain religious house in London, and at the same time abjured Roman Catholicism. He met subsequently a Roman Catholic friend, and told him that he looked upon his life in the community with which he had spent many years as a dream. This was repeated to Newman, who simply remarked, "How very unhappy he must still feel." I can testify that I never heard Newman make any other but the most kindly remarks about men who had either left the Roman Church, or who were in trouble or in doubt

¹ Bianchi, "*Storia Documentata*," viii, 298 seq.

regarding their obligations of allegiance to that Church, or even as to whether they should express conformity with the cardinal doctrines of Christianity.

I am anxious to make the views of Newman on the Italian question as clear as I can, because I think they reveal statesmanlike qualities which, as far as I know, those who have written about him, with the single exception of Dean Church, have failed to perceive. Newman differed entirely from all the French Catholics, with perhaps the single exception of Lacordaire, no matter whether they belonged to the school of which Montalembert was the most distinguished member or whether they were partisans of M. Veuillot. The public man he most agreed with was Massimo d'Azeglio. I remember well the interest with which he followed the debate in the Parliament in Turin, which opened on November 7, 1864. He entirely agreed with the remarks of the Marquis Visconti Venosta when that illustrious man, who is happily still with us, spoke of the gradual move towards solution; but the speech of Massimo d'Azeglio in the Senate entirely expressed his views. "I cannot believe," said d'Azeglio, "that Catholicism will ever admit that beside the Pope in the Vatican the king should be established on the Capitol." D'Azeglio was in favor, in a sense, of *Roma capitale*. That did not mean that he desired that the seat of the Italian Government should ever be in Rome. The "Eternal City," according to him, should have an exceptional position in the kingdom of Italy; and the Pope should be endowed with certain rights and privileges, so that his perfect freedom should be secured. There was to be no question of any change whatever in the status of the Papacy, or anything tending in the remotest degree to reduce the Father of Christendom to the position of a Pri-

mate of the Italian kingdom. Rome, in Newman's words, was not to be turned into a "prim, modern city." The very respect which the Italian statesmen would show for the traditions and feelings connected with Rome would strengthen them in their work of reconstructing Italy. Newman was most strong and definite in his views that the work in which Italian statesmen were engaged would be accomplished with greater ease, with more prospect of long duration, with more certainty of placing Italy in the councils of the nations, in the position which those who loved her desired she should occupy, by respecting and clinging as firmly as possible to the local and municipal traditions which are the most interesting and even glorious characteristics of her history. If I remember rightly, these views were put forward tentatively at the time in the "Weekly Register," which was then owned and edited by Mr. Henry Wilberforce, whose relations with Newman were exceptionally intimate. I have heard it said by those who ought to know that Cavour went a great way with them. Cautù, the historian, assured me that he never desired that Rome should be the seat of the Italian Government. I have reason to believe that there are distinguished Italians still living, who took part in the Italian struggles of forty years ago, who regret deeply that the permanent seat of Italian Government was ever placed in Rome. The relations between Italy and the Church seem now in an *impasse*. This deplorable result, injurious both to the Church and Italy, might have been easily prevented. It is the outcome of the policy which will be connected in history with the name of Cardinal Antonelli, and which consisted in using the powers at his disposal to offer passive resistance to all projects of reform and to all proposals of compromise. The inevitable conse-

quence has been to strengthen extreme parties, to the detriment of the State and the still greater injury of the spiritual interests of the nation.

The life Cardinal Newman led at the Oratory was extremely simple. Up to a very advanced period of his life he rose at five o'clock. At seven he said his mass; at eight he breakfasted; at nine he invariably returned to his study, where he remained till two or three o'clock. He always kept on his table the edition of Gibbon with the notes of Guizot and Milman, Döllinger's "*Heidenthum and Judenthum*," almost always the copy of "*Athanasius*" which had belonged to Bossuet, and which contained in the margin notes in the handwriting of the great bishop, the "*last of the Fathers*," as Newman delighted to call him. Newman had also always near at hand some Greek poet or philosopher. Talking to me one day about Greek thinkers, he said—and I believe he has mentioned it to others—that he owed little or nothing intellectually to any Latin writer, with one exception. That exception was, not St. Augustine, but Cicero. He always maintained that he owed his marvelous style to the persistent study of Cicero. This will strike, no doubt, many people as most strange. St. Augustine, one would think, would have appealed to Newman; and his Latin was more picturesque than that of Cicero. Again, authorities say that Newman wrote better English than Cicero Latin. Nevertheless, he constantly insisted on his obligations to the great Roman statesman. After lunch Newman took a walk or went to see people with whom he had business. He dined at six o'clock, retired to his room soon after seven, and went to bed about ten. Occasionally he used to go out for two or three days to a small country-house some miles out of Birmingham, which he had purchased. He loved that little place in the Wor-

cestershire hills, and he was buried in its grounds. After he became a cardinal he made no change in his habits. His dress was that of an ordinary Oratorian, except that he wore a red biretta and that his cassock had red edges and buttons, showing his dignity. He wished people to treat him as much as possible as they did before his elevation to the Sacred College, and he disliked intensely genuflections being made to him, or being the object of any of those artificial or extravagant deferences which Catholics in England sometimes pay to ecclesiastics of high position. He accepted the cardinalate because it indicated some approval of his teaching generally by the Holy See. He would not have cared for it as a mere personal honor. Some years before he was made a cardinal it was proposed to confer an ecclesiastical distinction upon him. The offer was made through his friend Father Ambrose St. John, then in Rome. Newman telegraphed to St. John, "Above all things—No decorations for me."

I saw him for the last time on the Easter Monday before his death. He received me in his private room, which was in exactly the same state, and with the very same books on the table, as it was when I first entered it, some thirty years before. He spoke to me about his end, which he knew could not be far off, about Döllinger, who had died a few months before, and about the Italian question in its various bearings, with the fire and energy which I remember so well in 1860. He deplored the actual state of Italy, and was deeply grieved at its maladministration, and, as he considered, its mistaken foreign policy. As regards the relations which Italy in her own interest should seek to establish with the Powers, Newman was entirely at one with the views of Mr. Gladstone and of the late Sir James Lacaita. He was no friend of the Triple Alliance from

the point of view of Italian interests. It is unnecessary, of course, for me to add that he was grieved beyond measure at every indication of hostility on the part of any political party in Italy to religion and the Church. He still, however, looked with undying hope to the future of the Italian people and to the good estate of United Italy. One of the last, if not quite the last, words that he said to me as I was leaving his room was to remind me of the love he had had for Italy since the days of his early life. "What a beautiful coun-

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try!" he said. "What a gifted people! How they have been debased, particularly in the south, by arbitrary government, tyranny and oppression!" It was his ardent and dying desire that a reconciliation between Italy and the Papacy should be brought about, and that the Italian people, by honorable performance of civic duties, loyalty to the best traditions of their race, and by their respect for religion, should acquire and maintain a leading place among the nations of the earth.

LIFE IN LABRADOR.

Most authorities, including the "Encyclopædia Britannica," have described the Labrador coast as the most desolate on earth. In fact, some one has put it on record as his opinion, that when the Creator had finished making the world, he dumped down the refuse as Labrador. Yet its entire sea-board is dotted with an ever-increasing population. In the north are the Eskimo, numbering some 1,600 souls; in the interior roving tribes of Montaignais Indians; and in the south are some 4,000 whites and half-breeds, ever growing in numbers and displacing steadily the aboriginal tribes. These latter are derived partly from Scottish and Norwegian employes of the great Hudson Bay Company, partly from French Canadians, and partly from Newfoundland and foreign sailors who have married and squatted on the coast. Many are of English stock, their ancestors having come out from southern and western England, from Poole or Bristol or Jersey, in the employ of the great trading firms which

carried on the Labrador fishery in the early part of the century. Eight months of the year the country is practically cut off from the outside world, its inlets and harbors being blocked with heavy arctic ice. It is then only accessible with dog-sleds and snow-raquets along the northern shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. So short is the summer and so common are frosts at night that no cereals can be grown in the country at all, no fruit can ripen, no kitchen produce even can be cultivated save at the bottom of the great bays. There are no railways, or even roads in the country; no artificial assistance to navigation whatever. The survey of the country itself is very scanty, and that of the coast almost non-existent. There is no telegraph yet, though the Canadian Government is now putting up a line to the entrance of the Straits of Belle Isle. There is only one cow, in this country as large as England, France and Austria put together, and the one horse is at a Canadian lighthouse in the Straits of

Belle Isle. There are no sheep, but here and there a goat is kept. Hens are usually kept in the parlor under the settles, and even then, being fed largely on fish *débris*, both they and their eggs are apt to taste "fishy." Trees only grow, even in the valleys and inlets, as far north as the 58th parallel. There is, at a place called Hebron, a tree planted thirty years ago, which is now only twenty-six inches high. There is neither hotel, prison, workhouse, nor licensed liquor-shop; no theatre, club or place of public amusement; no factories, mines or public works. Even that ubiquitous element of communal life, the policeman, is conspicuous by his absence. True, in summer some 20,000 fishermen, women and children flock to the coast from Newfoundland and Canada, and the invaluable fisheries of cod and salmon are exploited to the full. The water seethes with twine, the harbors reek with drying fish. Casks of rotting cod-liver taint the air at every fishing-stage, and on every one of the hundreds of schooners, while even one small seal-oil factory is run in the Straits of Belle Isle. The custom-house officers then visit us, for we are fully taxed though without representation. On very rare occasions we borrow a policeman. A priest, parson, minister, colporteur and doctor now travel the coast, and the larger places get a mail once a fortnight. Most of our people are poor—very poor—and many are every spring half, if not wholly, starved. A man with enough flour, tea and molasses is well off. If he has salt pork and beef, dried peas, rice, oatmeal, sugar, and enough powder and shot to get fresh meat, he is rich. Tinned milk, currants and raisins, and such-like, are the perquisites of the luxurious; while to have cocoa, jam or dried fruit, a man must be almost indecently wealthy. Potatoes, lettuce and cabbages will grow in the inlets; but alas! the people are mostly out on

the seaboard fishing at the very time the gardens are capable of cultivation. At the Moravian-mission stations they attempt to grow potatoes. But the brethren are not occupied with fishing, and have time to cover up their potato-beds with night-clothes when they retire to their own. Thus we content ourselves with turnip-tops, and occasionally rhubarb, or mustard and cress. Fortunately the country provides many wild berries, and when one is fortunate enough to be able to afford molasses to preserve these, they add enormously to our dietary, and act as an excellent antidote to scurvy. The best among them is the cloudberry or bake-apple, the billberry or blueberry, the marsh-berry, the squash-berry, and the ground Hertz berry or blackberry. The most abundant is the small cranberry or partridge-berry. This last and the marsh-berry have the wonderful faculty of ripening all winter under the snow. They are thus the first to greet us in the spring when the snows go, and they form the great attraction which brings so many birds, even small birds, to breed in such an arctic climate. The wild red currant is also abundant, and in places the wild raspberry. As a matter of fact, many of our green leaves are edible also; but the best of them, the common dandelion, is very scarce. It closely resembles spinach when cooked. A plant called Alexanders resembles celery somewhat. Young osier leaves are edible also, and so is the common dock-leaf; but the people are shy of using any of these, chiefly from ignorance of which plant is which. There is good reason to be cautious in eating wild plants, for on one occasion we were called to four women, all of whom had one morning died after drinking tea made from an umbelliferous flower resembling hemlock. They experienced all the classic symptoms described by Socrates. I have myself eaten num-

bers of the abundant fungi, cooking them as mushrooms; but beyond knowing they were Bolet of sorts, I am unacquainted with their names. The leaves of *Ledum latifolium* and of Bear-berry (*Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi*) are dried and used as Labrador tea by those too poor to obtain the real article. The "capillair" or tea-berry leaves are used in the same way; but personally we prefer hot water to these substitutes.

Such are, roughly, the surroundings of life in Labrador; and it has been frequently asked, Why do men continue to live in such apparently God-forsaken places when "the cities of the plain" in Canada are so near and offer such abundant scope for labor? The answer is *not* that the people cannot leave it. It is always those who are best off who are most loyal to it, and quite a number who have left and earned a more easy living in Canada and Montreal have returned to its isolation and its iron cold. In fact, for the settler, and especially for the visitor, it has many special charms. There is a great fascination in constantly being thrown on one's own resources and in discovering faculties which we are not conscious of possessing, because we have no need of their services. The newly-thought-of device which has enabled us to accomplish a more successful hunt or fishery brings, together with its actual gains, a pleasure and a stimulus which a mere additional purchase does not bring. Any fresh addition to our home built by one's own hands and one's sons gives a peculiar sense of satisfaction. A new piece of ground successfully reclaimed and cultivated, even if it does not produce the dainties of Covent Garden, yields a special return that even that market cannot afford. For instance, here lives an old Englishman from Devonshire. There he was merely an agricultural laborer at eleven

shillings a week, and with no hope of bettering himself. Here he chose a splendid spot for his house, felled his timber, and built it; commenced his fishing with a boat he built himself; meshed his own nets; reclaimed a small garden; built a winter house in the woods, secure from the sea breeze in the winter; cut himself a "fur path;" made most of his own traps, snares and deadfalls; saved some money, or "furs" which mean money, married and had children. His sons followed in his footsteps, and built a small settlement, both for summer on the coast and for winter in the woods. No less than seventy-six grandchildren now live around him. His former kitchen, the room always used on the coast as parlor as well, has had to be doubled and now trebled to accommodate his continuous stream of visitors. A barrel of flour a week is said to disappear in his house. The table seldom wants fish in summer, trout and sea-birds in the spring, and willow grouse and venison in plenty all winter. Unlimited forests round him afford a blazing log-fire without any stint of fuel; and, while such members of the family as happen to be in after the evening meal smoke their pipes, seated or lying on the generous, strong, home-made settles enjoying the blaze, made doubly pleasant by the six to ten feet of snow outside, there is always some yarn to tell, some new problem to solve, some piece of work to be done. Indeed, we have almost De Quincey's ideal realized, though we use neither alcohol nor laudanum negus. Say it is Christmas time. Our house may be twenty miles or more from the sea. There are the traps to tall and tend. Each "path" may be fifty miles or more in extent, and may take three or four days to go round. The trees that have been cut to give a holding for the traps, say from eight to ten feet from the ground, or the mounds built in the marshes

to top the snow level, have to be sought, the trap tailed, carefully singed with burnt feathers to take off the smell of man, bait well tied on, and the whole carefully hidden with moss and snow. Tilts have also to be looked to and prepared for accommodation at night; and the whole round must be travelled on home-made raquets of well-steamed birchwood and tight-bound sinew or skin of reindeer. If they drove the dogs on the fur paths, it would scare the foxes and other game. At night there are the skins to cure. A gun is always carried on these rounds, as often a grouse or other game is procured. Occasionally a deer is pursued and shot. He must be paunched and cut up. That which can be carried is added to the already sufficient load. The rest is "scaffolded"—that is, placed in a roughly-made scaffold in the trees, to keep it from wolves and foxes and such-like. Occasionally a fox is sighted, or tracked up till sighted, then he is "tolled;" if from a long distance, by a noise made like two fighting crows, or, if near, by a squeak like a mouse in the grass. So clever are some men at this, that a fox has actually pounced on the back of a hunter hidden behind a rocky bank. Perhaps a lynx or bear will be tracked, and the latter dug out and shot. These, of course, hibernate. A friend who had a young live black bear as a pet buried it in November in a barrel under the snow. Twice he dug it up in winter, but it showed no signs of wishing to move, so he permitted it to sleep on till May. White bears not unfrequently come down with the arctic floe-ice, and may be tracked down and shot, though they travel very fast over the snow in spring when the snow is hard. One which had buried itself in the snow on a cliff-face, foiled its pursuers by continuing to burrow faster than they could dig him out. White bears are more often taken in spring and sum-

mer. I have known several captured with leaden jiggers and fishing-lines from a boat, the men keeping the boat rowing steadily away faster than the bear could swim, and finally despatching him with their oars. This summer five men with four boat-hooks and an axe killed three polar bears. They put their one and only charge of shot in the first, and one man got a bite in the thigh while killing the last.

Besides furring, there are fish nets to be repaired after dark, and new ones netted for next summer, while some of the family may still be on the "outside," where the ice is not yet all "standing," *i. e.*, fixed to the land. Or they may be far out on the edge itself, fishing with nets for seals. These are not the fur-bearing variety; but they furnish us with clothing and soft water-tight boots, which the women most cleverly make for us. They sew the seams with the tendons from the reindeer's back, which thus swell in the water, and keep the boots absolutely tight. These skins are also used for trousers, coats, tent-covers, sleeping-bags, and the Eskimo use them for their kajaks, and oomiaks or women-boats. We, however, prefer light wooden boats.

Seals that are meshed in nets anchored below the water naturally drown; but seals taken in our frame-nets, the twine doors of which are hauled up by a capstan on shore when the seals are seen to enter, have to be clubbed or shot. Then many seals are taken by the process known as "swatching." We travel out on the running ice—*i. e.*, the floe-ice—generally dragging a light boat. On finding a clear piece of water, called a "pond," we build a shelter of ice, called a "gaze." Here one sits and waits till a seal puts up his head, either to blow, or in answer to the judicious "hough," "hough" or tolling-call of the hunter. A bullet crashes through his brain, and before

he can sink he is harpooned or a leaden jigger is thrown into him. But seals will not often sink after November has come in until the dams have pupped in March, and the herds are going north again in May and June. This is due to the thick coat of fat with which a kindly Providence has endowed them against the rigorous cold. The excellent meat the seals afford must not be forgotten, nor the valuable oil that we derive from their fat. Those men also who remain on the outside sealing get good chances at the ducks. For ducks, geese, guillemots, razor-bills and countless gulls go south every fall to winter. Oddly enough they always "trim" the shore—that is, pass close over the headlands. This is more especially the case in foggy weather, when they fly very close together, so much so that I have known thirty fat ducks fall at a single discharge. These are scalded and plucked. The feathers fetch us about a shilling a pound, and the bodies are just frozen down (or possibly salted), and will thus keep quite fresh till the following July. It is not uncommon to have a good barrel of frozen ducks to take up to the winter house in the woods. In the north last year some settlers secured many barrels of white grouse in an almost similar way. They were wintering near Cape Chidley, and every September these grouse fly south to Labrador in large numbers. They arrive thoroughly exhausted, and occasionally fall into the sea. As this year, numbers sometimes alight on a vessel coming out of Hudson Bay Straits, and are easily captured. Venison is, however, the great meat-resource, frozen in winter, dried in summer, though it is not appetizing in the latter condition. The tongues, however, are excellent, and a few dozen of these afford welcome change of diet. The reindeer, or caribou rather, is still very plentiful all over Labrador, and is fairly easy to shoot—too easy very

often. Only last year a settler about half-way up the coast shot 155 in a week. The skins and tongues he of course made use of; but though the rest was frozen and so preserved, it had largely to be used for dog food. If there is any time to spare it can be well used in repairing guns, running bullets and chopping firewood; while some will employ the greater part of the whole winter sawing boards for boats, houses or stages, and three men together have more than once completed a fair-sized schooner in that time. A sawpit is erected in some good centre for trees, and the double-handed rip-saw is worked by one man above and one below. The greatest pleasure in winter, however, is generally conceded to be the dog-driving. Every family possesses from three to a dozen dogs, or even more if possible. The best dogs are those which most nearly approach the gray wolf. The real Labrador dog is very like a wolf—pointed ears, sharp nose, long straight gray hair and tall always curled over in a complete circle on the back. A large dog will stand two feet six to the shoulder, and measure six feet from the end of his tail to the nose. He is an extraordinarily interesting animal, and tales of his sagacity, endurance and devotion would fill a volume. Yet he is so near a wolf that I have known the sluts crossed by wolves, and even pegged out by settlers to attract wolves to their doom. Moreover, I have known a pack of dogs more than once attack and kill a child. The wolves themselves have measured as much as eight feet long to the end of the tail. A pack of wolves will mix with a pack of dogs and it will be hard to tell the difference. But as the dogs always fight any strange dog, and kill any strange animal, from a mouse to a horse or cow, there is usually a fight before much mixing has taken place. Briefly, here I may say that a good team of

dogs will carry a couple of men and their baggage, when it is good going, fifty miles in the day with perfect ease, and we have had eighty miles out of a team on more than one occasion. They will travel up to eight miles an hour with comfort. Yet, of course, in bad going it may take all day to do eight miles, and there are days when no one can move at all. The dogs will eat anything—one another included. That is the worst trouble with them, that even after a hard day's run they will fight all night, and you may find your best dog laid up when you come to start next morning. Only one dog, however, as a rule, is laid up at a time, for the whole team always attacks the first dog down. The food we provide for them is usually seal meat, which may have been buried all summer, porpoise, whale, caplin, sculpins, etc. They can exist on corn-meal and cod-liver oil if nothing better is obtainable; cereals are not their food, however, and I have seen my own dogs vastly prefer to dispose of the indiscreet cat that had ventured out of the house I was visiting. An Eskimo dog treats a cat like a pill.

Any more exhilarating sensation than a real fast "randy" with dogs over the hard snow on a bright day in March it is impossible to imagine. Our home-made sleighs or komatiks are shod with whalebone, and are all lashed with thongs. The traces for our dogs we cut from walrus-hide. I may safely say *every one* goes visiting in winter. One of the greatest attractions of our life is the absolute freedom of it. You may settle where you like, and do what you like. You may work when you like and take what holiday you like. There are no land-owners; no walls or railings; no notice-boards for trespassers. There are no hotels in Labrador, and no hotel-bills. Every house offers a shelter to every visitor. Of what other country in the world can this be said? It may

be only a shelter and a bed on the floor with no blankets, but still a shelter and a blazing fire. Whatever food the owner possesses he shares with the visitor. **Many and many** a time have I known a family itself reduced to dry flour, and short of that. Yet they have received the visitor, and freely given him of their poverty. It is proverbial that a poor man should not build his winter house on the "komatik track."

If anywhere in the world a community of goods on a workable basis exists, I believe it to be in Labrador. If one Eskimo kills a seal he shares it with all hands, and goes hungry himself to-morrow. There is plenty of scope for that noblest of all pleasures and privileges, true charity, in Labrador, and most nobly it is exercised. There is no fear that your gift will be stealthily hurried to the nearest pawnshop and sold to purchase liquor. There is no danger that the motive will be ruined by seeing the deed recorded at the head of a subscription-list, or that any social honor will repay the deed of kindness. If it really is more blessed to give than to receive, then much of that blessing is obtainable, and is, moreover, enjoyed in Labrador. The people take a holiday, not limited to the stereotyped fortnight, but as and when they like, and this delightful custom of welcoming the arriving and speeding the parting guest makes winter, with all its "forty below zero," the best-loved portion of the year. As for our clothing it is purely utilitarian, and therefore both serviceable and comfortable. In that respect our women are centuries ahead of the old country, and adopted rational costume long before any Lady Habertons were invented.

But now spring has arrived. The sea is breaking its iron bonds. The salmon will soon be entering the rivers and we must hasten to carry our beds and bedding, stoves and furniture, nets and guns, dogs and goats, women and

children, and other belongings to the salmon posts on the big rivers, or to the entrances of the bays. Some men will now again be netting seals, as far as the exceedingly numerous and troublesome sharks will allow. For these pests will eat every seal out of a net, or at least half of every seal, and occasionally will get caught themselves, sadly tearing and rending the nets in the process. Their enormous carcasses, except for the liver for oil, and some of the meat for dogs, are practically useless. They are the most lethargic of beasts. I have seen them gaffed with boat-hooks as they basked in the sun, and hauled out on the ice with apparently no resistance. Last summer a friend espied the nose of a large one out of water in a northern inlet. Getting into his little flat, he lashed a stout harpoon-point to his painter, and sculling quietly out he drove the barbed point well into the snout. The shark merely turned over and tried to go straight down, with the result that to save the shallop being pulled bow under, my friend had to throw himself into the stern and lean as far out as possible. In this plight the shark slowly towed him down the middle of the deep, and he would probably have been ignominiously drowned had not a fishing-boat with four men heard his cries and come off to his rescue. He could not swim, and not one of a hundred of our fishermen can either. The temperature of our water is not conducive to bathing, though I have known a man dive to get a seal he had shot.

Now that the salmon-nets are in the water, there is little time for holiday. Every few hours they must be tended, and every hour they must be watched to see that floating ice-pans do not get into them and carry them away. A single pan will do much damage, and one iceberg may ruin a season's fishing; but when the salmon are plentiful and ice keeps clear, it is a sight

that makes the heart leap to see those glowing silver beauties coming in over the boat's counter. They do not run to any inordinate size—thirty pounds would be a big fish; but they are splendid eating, and a good catch means all the flour, pork and molasses we shall need for the next year. They are packed in barrels, split and salted, and fetch us about six dollars a quintal or hundredweight. With the usual generosity salmon is never sold singly and the stranger is always welcome to all he wants to eat. I have seen eighty to one hundred of these salmon taken in one net in one morning. At this season, if nothing else is doing, we may despatch the wife and children to try netting trout in the rivers. For even salt trout in barrels will tell up when we settle up for the season in October. These fish average about four pounds, though they of course run larger. Unlimited "trouting" and fly-fishing may be enjoyed at this time, but it is looked on as sport for boys, as it is in winter that the boys are sent to catch trout through holes in the ice, or rock codling, or to set snares for the numerous rabbits. But for my part, I never tire of "trouting." The fish will rise sometimes as quickly as you can throw your *one* fly, and I have killed a hundred-weight and a half after six o'clock in the evening, the fish averaging over one pound apiece. And now before the salmon have quite done running, the caplin and cod arrive, and just before them the hosts of Newfoundlanders and our friends from Nova Scotia. Huge seines are shot round solid masses of "fish"—i. e., cod—immense "traps" or submerged rooms of netting are fastened off every headland and likely spot. Boats loaded to the gunwale come staggering to the stages, where splitting, washing, salting and drying are carried on. These boats first illustrated to me the accident to St. Peter's boat, for I have known more

than one actually sunk by overloading them from the trap-nets. To avoid this risk, the rule is to carry large netting-bags and enclose all that cannot be taken in at once. These bags of finny prisoners are then fixed to a kedge anchor, and are left till the boat returns or help arrives. The arrival of the caplin is always an event of great importance. Little larger than a sardine, it comes in countless millions and hurls itself on the beach to spawn. Every land animal, including man, seems to wait its arrival. Every fish that can endure the temperature of our water seems to follow and devour it. The codfish become mere bags of caplin. Seabirds hover over their shoals in thousands, and glut themselves to their hearts' content. Millions are washed up by the sea and left to perish. And yet the spawn at low tide is sometimes knee-deep, and they alone of all our visitors seem not to diminish in numbers. Dried and salted they form an excellent winter food, and dried and not salted dogs feed on them in winter, and men chew them like tobacco.

Now follows the great cod-fishing. The great bulk is caught following the caplin, and they are known as the "caplin school." These are taken in nets; but later on hook and line must be alone relied on, and in this way the fishing holds on till October. After that the cod retire into deeper water, and may still be taken in thirty or forty fathoms. Cod will not live below 32° Fahr., and will not feed below 34° Fahr., so it is said. The temperature of the current on our shores averages from 43° to 45° Fahr. on the surface to 28° Fahr. at the bottom in 100 fathoms of water during the summer time.

At the close of this fishing only those who have larger boats can really follow up the fish. For often the men find it necessary to go ten miles off from the shore, and with our sudden storms and

bitter cold in the Atlantic this becomes impossible unless we have built a stout "jack" or "bully" boat in the winter, and have had canvas, nails and tar to finish it off.

"Settling-day" is the day of the year with the settlers. All our produce is usually sold to Newfoundland merchants, and when they leave for the winter in September or October we "square up," taking our balance in flour, pork, molasses and suchlike. Alas! most of our people live on that vile system known as "the truck." It means they barter to-morrow's catch for to-day's food. They take salt on credit in June as soon as the Southerners arrive, and generally, alas! also food, nets and all their outfit as well. In return they send in all their catch, and after that settle up the differences. As they thus have no say in the making of the charges, and as almost all of the settlers are extremely illiterate, however clever they may be at hunting, this is a disastrous method for them. It is necessary that those who have done well should, as far as possible, pay for those who have done badly, and thus prices are apt to range accordingly.

Thus thrift and honesty are obviously at a discount, and the sin of Ananias is exceedingly remunerative, if only successful. Many a man who has done well will increase the balance due to him by turning in, as his own, fish belonging to a neighbor, whose debt will never be discharged anyhow, and is thus only increased nominally by this proceeding. While all are tempted to alienate part of their catch from their "suppliers," and sell it or barter it to some other merchant, there are always some such who have a vessel for market only partly loaded, or who are anxious to quickly send off his "charter," and probably in that way obtain a better price per quintal by ar-

riving earlier, when naturally the demand is greater. This system is our greatest curse. It hurts both supplier and "planter," and only when a cash medium is obtained, and the system of unlimited credit quashed, will real happiness be anyway universally possible. A few small co-operative stores with strictly cash dealings have lately been started as a small effort to counteract the truck, and inaugurate a new era. It remains to be seen whether they will succeed in solving the difficulty. They have done much good already in their immediate vicinities. After all, with all our troubles and uncertainties, the life in Labrador is on the whole a success, while that of an "independent" household is really delightful. Great efforts are now being made to preserve and extend the capacity for reading and writing. Small schools are kept, though often only open a few weeks at a time, as the teachers have to travel from place to place. But it is wonderful how many take an interest in reading nowadays, and how greatly they value the literature which we on this side have laid aside and consecrated to a wastepaper basket. In these days of a yellow press and liberal shoals of extra-specials and ephemeral literature of all kinds, it is not an unmixed blessing to be a little distant from the fountain-head. The arrival of our post marks ever a red-letter day, and our trusty, stalwart, unselfish couriers are the friends of every one. I have seen a whole settlement turn out to escort in the mail-man, staggering along on his raquets with "sixty weight" of mail matter. Moreover, some will certainly agree that we may live longer because the "rat-rat" of the telegraph-man never shocks our nervous systems, or the buzzing of the telephone drags us from our meals, or five deliveries a day leave us a perpetual prey to unfinished correspondence. Moreover, are not our daily avocations

considered in Europe recreations, so choice that unlimited money is spent to procure them. And then they are only in the reach of the few. While sport is sport, and more than sport, when so much more than a mere "count" always depends on the size of our bag. In addition, our skill is worth so much more than the mere gratification derived from the approbation of others. For visitors to the coast there are many additional attractions, which one cannot consider exactly as appertaining to the settler's life. There is the romance of cruising along inlets and visiting places where possibly no human foot ever trod. For the artist, there are the exquisite and fantastic icebergs, whose unique beauties are so often heightened by the splendid sunrises, magnificent sunsets, or by the color-plays of the by no means rare aurora borealis. For the antiquary there are the remains of a recent and almost present-day stone age—stone kettles, saucepans, knives, arrows, etc., are to be found in abundance. For the geologists there are problems of ice-movements of uncharted strata. For the sightseer cliffs which rival Norway at its best, and at Cape Mugford certainly quite eclipse the glories of a Geiranger fjord. For the botanist and zoologist there is almost a virgin soil. For the prospector a huge continent, which has not yet yielded the secrets it undoubtedly possesses. Labrador has a waterfall unequalled in the world for height and volume combined. The ethnologist has by no means yet either tabulated its aborigines or recorded its folklore. It may be a barren, bleak and benighted country, but it has many charms for those who know it, and all I have met who have ever visited it, have expressed a keen desire to do so again.

A small hospital, open all the year round, has for some years been in operation on our coast under the auspices

of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. Thus the painful uncertainty of having any opportunity of obtaining aid for ourselves or loved ones in case of extremity has been removed, and the coast is never left now without any possibility of our sick obtaining skilled assistance. If at last

death overtakes us and we are forgotten, it is no harder a lot than most of us could hope for if we lived in a more civilized country; and we expect to sleep quite as peacefully under the shadow of our eternal hills as beneath the blatant headstones of a 6-per cent. necropolis.

Blackwood's Magazine.

W. T. Grenfell.

A RELIGION OF MURDER.*

From India there comes every year a thin, pale-blue book called the "Report of the Thagi and Dakaiti Department," which is duly received, docketed and forgotten; it contains, however, one truth worth remembering, namely, that Thagi (or Thuggee), the only religion that preaches murder, is not yet extinct. It appears, in fact, of late years, to have been actually on the increase. In the Punjab we find two cases of murders by Thugs as late as 1896; while in Rajputana, Central India and Hyderabad the increase in the last three or four years is startling.

In 1895 there were only three persons concerned in Thuggee poisoning; in 1896 there were ten, of whom two were convicted; while in 1897 there were no less than twenty-five Thugs concerned, though there was only one conviction. In 1898 there was a slight falling-off. Five cases were reported. Eight persons were poisoned, of whom one died. Nine persons were concerned in these

cases, of whom seven were caught, but none were convicted. The report for 1899 is not yet available.

These wretches are but a miserable remnant of an ancient and powerful religion; yet they inherit an undoubted sense of continuity from it; and it is, after all, only some seventy years since two young English officials agreed that the day of retribution was come for the followers of the great goddess Kall. There were, at that time, at least ten thousand Thugs, wandering unmolested over the surface of India, who earned a livelihood by murdering their fellow-men; they lived in this way partly because it was their religion, and partly because they preferred murdering to either working or begging. It may seem to us inconceivable that the people themselves should have tolerated such a state of things, but we never hear of a village rising to hunt down the murderer; the innocent villagers died of strangling then, as they now die of cholera or the plague, in a silent,

* 1. "Ramaseena, or a Vocabulary of the Peculiar Language used by the Thugs." (By W. H. Sleeman.) Two vols. Calcutta: Bengal Military Orphan Press, 1836.

2. "The Thugs or Phansigars of India." Compiled from original documents published by Captain W. H. Sleeman. Two vols. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart, 1839.

3. "Report on the Depredations committed by the Thug Gangs of Upper and Central India." by Major Sleeman. Calcutta: Bengal Military Orphan Press, 1840.

4. "Reports on the Working of the Thagi and Dakaiti Department of the Indian Government." 1860-1898.

hopeless belief that it is wrong to struggle against the visitation of the gods. Thus the murderers were never traced or heard of. As each Thug killed, on an average, three men per annum, we get the unexampled fact of some thirty thousand people, mostly under British rule or protection, vanishing into the earth every year without any enquiry whatsoever being made, or any notice taken of their disappearance. Such figures seem incredible, and yet we are told by officials of the time that they are probably under the mark.

In the midst of this reign of terror and utter lawlessness, a savior suddenly appeared in the person of Captain (afterwards Sir William) Sleeman, who was then a comparatively junior official in the service of the East India Company, and held a civil appointment in the Sagar district. He was already well spoken of for his energy and acuteness; but such a reputation was not entirely in his favor, for the Directors of the East India Company showed no desire that their officers should be either energetic or acute in bringing to light the plague-spots for whose cure they were responsible. They were a commercial, rather than a governing, corporation, and dreaded the expense of putting down so powerful an organization as Thuggee; besides which, they had for so many years represented India to the British public as a paradise of law and order under their benevolent government, that the idea of armed bands of fifty or a hundred professional murderers going about the country unchallenged was not even to be whispered in their presence. Knowing that the breath of truth may blow a chartered company to atoms, they had refused to recognize the existence of the evil; and so bold had the Thugs at last become that in some parts of India they fearlessly left the bodies of their victims lying unburied on the

high road. To apprehend a gang of stranglers was a grave mistake for a young official, and was met by a prompt reprimand. The case of Pringle is perhaps the best known. This energetic officer had arrested a band of Thugs who had murdered two men in the district of Chupra. The evidence against them, both direct and circumstantial, was overwhelming, while their defence was a mere denial which they could not sustain by any lucid account of their daily employment, or of the plunder in their possession; but the judgment given will remain a monument of company government for all time. The prisoners were released; the witnesses were punished for perjury and the police for oppression; while Mr. Pringle who had reported the case was severely reprimanded for his action.

Such wilful blindness, however, could not possibly last forever. In 1823 the first glaring fact was brought to light by Mr. Molony, an Irishman, at that time agent to the Governor-general, who succeeded in capturing a roving band of 115 Thugs. In 1826 another considerable gang was apprehended; and in 1830 young Sleeman, working energetically in conjunction with a fellow official, Mr. F. C. Smith, began to supply his chiefs with facts they could no longer overlook. The result was that Lord William Bentinck, who was then at the head of affairs, created a new post called "The General Superintendent of Operations against Thuggee," which title he conferred on Sleeman, refusing, however, to relieve him of any of his ordinary civil duties or to make any increase in his pay. Such was our early government in India.

It is from this time (1830) onwards that we begin to learn the extraordinary facts about Thuggee which have since surprised the world. At first Sleeman and his friend Smith stood practically alone.

"In 1830," he says, "Mr. George Swinton, who was then Chief Secretary to the Supreme Government of India, and our best support in the cause which Mr. F. C. Smith and I had undertaken, wrote to him (Smith) to say that he feared success must be considered as altogether unattainable; for he had been given to understand by those who appeared well informed upon the subject that the evil had taken deep root in all parts of India, and extended itself to almost every village community. There were certainly at that time very few districts in India without their resident gangs of Thugs . . . while there was not one district free from their depredations."

In view of these contemporary opinions, the estimate of ten thousand Thugs does not seem at all too high; and subsequent disclosures showed that their *beyls*, or chosen murdering and burying grounds, were thickly dotted along every highroad in the country. In one well-known place near Lucknow there were no less than fifteen *beyls* on a stretch of road twenty-five miles long, at each of which parties of travellers, numbering from one to twenty people, had been strangled and buried.

It was to unravel this secret network and lay hands on the assassins that Sleeman now set himself during his spare moments. He found few weapons to his hand and no allies. The Government was apathetic; the people, partly from fear and partly from superstition, refused to give evidence against the murderers; and so perfect was the Thug system that they were practically never caught red-handed. Yet in the next five years Sleeman had broken the back of his self-imposed task; he had arrested over two thousand murderers, and had proved his charges against them so successfully that only twenty-one were acquitted; while all who read the evidence will agree with a contemporary writer that "there was no

crime on which a man could decide with so safe a conscience. The fact was that he had, half accidentally, laid his hand on the weak spot of their system, namely, the growing unbelief and irreligion which was so loudly bewailed by the older Thugs; they no longer dreaded the wrath of the goddess Kall nor obeyed her wise rules; they believed neither in her nor in each other, and were ready to betray their leaders shamelessly.

At the very beginning of his career Sleeman had the good fortune to capture the great Thug leader, Feringeea, who was betrayed to him for a reward of five hundred rupees. He gives the following account of his dealings with this extraordinary criminal:—

He told me that if his life were spared he could secure the arrest of several large gangs. . . . Seeing me disposed to doubt his authority upon a point of so much importance, he requested me to put him to the proof—to take him through the village of Selohda . . . and he would show me his ability and inclination to give me correct information. I did so, and my tents were pitched where tents usually are, in a small mango grove. . . . When I got up in the morning he pointed out three places in which he and his gang had deposited, at different intervals, the bodies of three parties of travellers. A Pundit and six attendants, murdered in 1818, lay among the ropes of my sleeping tent; a Havildar and four Sipahs, murdered in 1824, lay under my horses; and four carriers of Ganges water, and a woman murdered soon after the Pundit, lay within my sleeping tent. The sword had grown over the whole, and not the slightest sign of its ever having been broken was to be seen. The thing seemed to me incredible; but . . . he declared himself prepared to stake his life on the accuracy of his information. My wife was still sleeping over the grave of the water-carriers, unconscious of what was doing or to be done. I assembled the people of the surrounding

villages and the Thanadar and his police, and put the people to work over the grave of the Havildar. They dug down five feet without perceiving the slightest signs of the bodies or of a grave, . . . but there was a calm and quiet confidence about him (Feringeea) that made me insist on their going on; and at last we came upon the bodies of the whole five laid out precisely as he had described.

Sleeman afterwards tells us how the other two graves were also found to be genuine, and how Feringeea offered to point out others in the neighboring groves; but "I was sick of the horrid work;" so they dug up no more. His wife, who had slept over the dead water-carriers, often afterwards declared that she never had a night of such horrid dreams, which seemed to prove that, while asleep, "her soul had become conscious of the dreadful crimes that had been perpetrated." It is easy to imagine the feelings of man and wife who have slept over no less than seventeen murdered travellers; but Feringeea was now proved to be trustworthy, and with his help the work soon increased to such an extent that, in 1835, Sleeman was finally relieved of his routine civil duties, and was enabled to devote his whole energies to crushing out Thuggee.

What he was attacking was not merely an organized gang of man-killers; it was a religion, a profession, a hereditary custom. The Thug was simply a practical, God-fearing man; he would set out on his business with the quiet earnestness of one who is merely doing his duty and bringing up his son to a good professional connection; he would brutally murder twenty to thirty victims, not only with an easy conscience, but with the calm self-approval of a successful practitioner; and if, after years of business-like activity he fell into the meddling grasp of British law, he would go to his death with the cheerful smile of a

religious man who had lived well and entertained no doubts of being munificently rewarded hereafter. Nor was he at all grasping in his dealings. The celebrated Thug Shumsherah deposed that "eight annas (a shilling) is a very good remuneration for murdering a man. We often strangle a victim who is suspected of having two pice (three farthings)." Their motto was evidently small profits and quick returns.

There is more to be said about Thuggee as a religion—for a very genuine religion it was. Sleeman says that "no one of them doubts the divine origin of Thuggee; they consider the persons murdered precisely in the light of victims offered up to their goddess." This lady, Kali (or Deve or Bhowanee, as she was indifferently called), the patroness of Thuggee, was originally the goddess of small-pox. She had not only instituted the religion, but even undertaken to hide the bodies of the slain, on condition that no man looked at her while she was doing so. For a long time this condition was kept; but one day a neophyte glanced over his shoulder and saw the goddess, entirely destitute of clothing, in the act of swallowing a corpse. Being naturally overcome with modesty, and incensed at such a breach of faith, Kali refused any longer actively to assist the Thugs. She still continued to watch over them and direct them by means of omens; but the change was always regretted by the Thugs, the more so perhaps because the features of the goddess, so hideous that no one durst gaze upon them, appeared to render her modesty superfluous.

Be this as it may, there are certain rules of hers that no Thug will break. For instance, before starting on an expedition there must be a meeting of all the Thugs to consecrate the sacred pick-axe (originally one of Kali's teeth), to evoke her aid, and to eat the sacred

goor (coarse sugar). If a Thug swears by the sacred pick-axe he will keep his oath, even though he were a man to perjure himself on the Koran. When two Thugs, named Sahib and Nasir, were questioned by Captain Sleeman on this point, they said:—

"If any man swears to a falsehood upon a pick-axe properly consecrated, we will consent to be hung if he survives the time appointed. Appoint one, two or three days when he swears, and we pledge ourselves that he does not live a moment beyond the time. He will die a horrid death; his head will turn round, his face towards the back, and he will writhe in tortures till he dies."

"And all this you have seen?"

"Yes, we have all seen it."

From the rest of their evidence, there is no doubt that these men believed what they said. One is puzzled to know whether they had seen a man in some kind of fit, or whether some poor deluded creature had actually hypnotized himself into the death that he feared.

The system of Thuggee was found in India, by an adventurous European traveller, so early as the seventeenth century; but its previous history is unknown. Some believe that it dates back to the days of Alexander or even Xerxes; but more probably it originated with the wild camp-followers and plunderers who followed the Mohammedan armies of conquest. Whatever the true source may be, it is beyond all doubt the work of a man of genius; no ordinary brain could have fenced and regulated it by so elaborate a code of rules—rules which the Thugs deem to be of divine origin, but in each of which we can trace a shrewd, practical purpose.

Their organization was perfect in every detail; each gang was under the command of a *jemadar*, whose orders they seem to have obeyed with a won-

derful sense of discipline. Their mode of procedure was as follows. They would divide their band into several contingents, which moved along the road at a short distance from one another, with scouts thrown out in front and behind to secure them; they thus presented the appearance of small parties of travellers, each of which kept up the pretence of being entirely unknown to the others. On meeting a suitable quarry the *jemadar* would decide if he was worth attacking. If this seemed to be the case, he would send forward a skilled specialist to choose the place of attack; meanwhile he would give orders to the inveigler—also a specialist in his line—who would accost the victim in the most friendly manner, either asking a favor or doing some small civility in order to ingratiate himself. So skilful were these inveiglers that they seldom failed to find out the destination of the unfortunate traveller, with all other necessary details; and then the gang would follow him patiently, sometimes for days or even weeks, often journeying with him on the most friendly terms, until their opportunity occurred. If, however, as occasionally happened, the inveigler were not successful, and saw he had aroused suspicion, he would communicate in the secret Thug language with his friends, and presently two or three more of the band would approach with a fresh inveigler. On seeing these the first accomplice would at once feign uneasiness, make some excuse and decamp hastily; while the second inveigler, dressed perhaps as a sepoy, or in some other clever disguise, would come up and, after enquiring about the appearance of the man who had just left them, would declare that he had long known him for a bad character, and heartily congratulate the traveller on his escape. The victim having thus been thrown off his guard,

things usually went without a hitch. On reaching the chosen spot the word of command was given, and each man went to his post; then, at a secret signal one of the band who had completed his course of education under a *gooroo*, or professor of strangling, would slip the fatal noose round the victim's throat, while an accomplice held his hands and kicked him as brutally as possible to put a stop to his struggles. As soon as he fell to the ground, another accomplice would pull his legs, and death of course was a matter of a very few moments. If any of the victims escaped they were met by an outer cordon of Thugs who cut them down with swords or shot them; if they made a noise, the Thugs would drown it by loud shouts, as if they were driving horses or singing or playing some game.

So well-conceived a system, backed by a comprehensive secret language, and by all the force of religion, made murder the safest of sports; but there were, in addition to these precautions, a good many wise rules handed down from father to son for generations. The principal one—founded presumably on the theory that dead men tell no tales—was never to rob without murdering. Another shrewd maxim was never to let any one of a party escape. "Kill one, kill all," was the rule, even to a traveller's dog, lest some faithful beast should scent out its master's grave. Above all things, there were to be at least two men to every victim; though we are told that if a man, in a case of emergency, was so skilled as to pull a traveller from his horse and strangle him single-handed, his family was honored for several generations. For further safety there were strict regulations as to the disposal of bodies; and it was a golden rule never to murder near home. So far, the object of each command is easily detected, but in several of their maxims it is more difficult to see the underlying purpose. By

one of these it was declared unlucky to kill men of certain classes and trades, as, for instance, an oil-vendor. Whether these occupations were those originally practised by the Thug tribes, or whether they had been considered the most convenient disguises to assume, we do not know. By another rule it was forbidden to kill maimed persons or women, but this regulation was frequently broken. As regards women there was often a difficulty; if they were with a party, it was difficult to separate them, but on the other hand it was dangerous to kill the men in their presence, and let the women go free. It was, however, one of the most established rules of Kall that women were not to be killed, and it was to her anger at breaches of this law that many of the older Thugs attributed their downfall; whence it is obvious that in his profession, as in many others, women were often in the way.

Thuggee, as we have said, was a religion; its most extraordinary characteristic was the genuine faith of its votaries, and the fact that it was held by good men. Sleeman gives page upon page of remarkable evidence proving both these points. One man actually told him that if a Thug committed a murder, he would never be blessed any more. "What do you account a murderer?" asked Sleeman. "Murdering another Thug, or killing any man outside Thuggee," was the reply. This seems to us a novel and somewhat restricted definition of the crime; but Sleeman's informers considered its validity proved up to the hilt when they pointed out to him "that, if a man commits a murder, we know well that he and his family will die out; while, as for the Thugs, we see them flourishing generation after generation." On another occasion, having asked an informer whether he thought the Company's officials would be able to annihilate Thuggee, he

received the scornful reply, "How can the hand of man do away with the work of God?" He describes a still more striking instance as follows. A Thug leader of most polished manners and great eloquence, being asked one day whether he felt compunction in murdering innocent people, replied with a smile, "Does any man feel compunction in following his trade? And are not all our trades assigned to us by Providence?" On being asked how many people he had killed, he replied, "I have killed none. Is any man killed from man's killing? Is it not the hand of God that kills him? Are we not mere instruments in the hands of God?"

So these calm fatalists kept up their average of three murders a year per man; yet they were good fathers and husbands; they included even men of position, merchants or tax collectors, men like Ramzan, who held an official position and who was waited on by two sepoy, a scribe and a village guard; or like Feringeea the Subadar. The inherited belief was too strong for them. Feringeea allowed that they sometimes felt pity; but

the *goor* of the Tuponee changes our nature. . . . Let any man once taste of that *goor* and he will be a Thug, though he know all the trades and have all the wealth in the world. . . . I have been high in office . . . yet I was miserable while absent from my gang. . . . My father made me taste of that fatal *goor* when I was yet a mere boy, and if I were to live a thousand years I should never be able to follow any other trade.

These men, when questioned by British officers, would describe the murder of "a weak, lonely, old man" with all the glee of a sportsman over his first stag; but, on the other hand, they were never known to insult a woman, even when they captured the most beautiful of the

sex. Mr. McLeod writes in 1833 of a family of Thugs: "I feel interested, too, for the whole of Laek's family, among whom I do not think there is naturally any vice, shocking as their proceedings would appear at home." Mr. Wilson, in 1835, writes of another Thug, "He is one of the best men I have ever known." It is obvious, therefore, that when men of such position and character became Thugs, it was not from depravity, but from misguided belief.

Sleeman's report is largely composed of evidence taken from prisoners who were willing to turn approver. Now in England there are many people who revel in the story of a murder or a highway robbery, but if any one of these persons wishes to be cured of his somewhat morbid taste he has only to plod steadily through the Thug records. He will find himself wading, so to speak, knee-deep in murder, toiling through page after page, chapter after chapter, of the most matter-of-fact and business-like accounts, each of which is totalled up at the end with the number of people strangled. "A total of five men murdered in this expedition," "A total of two men murdered in this expedition"—such is the invariable ending of the tale.

There is a great sameness about these reports; they are merely business statements; but, as an example of Thug methods of action and thought, we may quote in full one story from Captain Sleeman's book. It is descriptive of the murder of a party of eighteen men, seven women and two boys. A Thug named Inaent, after telling us how his party, numbering 125, had sent on two men to choose the right place for the deed, continues thus:—

We contrived to make the party move off about midnight, persuading them that it was near morning; on reaching the place appointed, they were advised to sit down and rest themselves. All our

parties pretended to be as much deceived as themselves with regard to the time; but not more than half of the travellers could be prevailed upon to sit down and rest in such solitude. The signal was given, and all, except the two boys, were seized and strangled by the people who had been appointed for the purpose, and were now at their posts ready for action. The boys were taken by Jowahir and Kehree, who intended to adopt them as their sons; and the bodies of the twenty-five persons were all thrown into a ditch and covered with earth and bushes. On seeing the bodies thrown into the ditch Jowahir's boy began to cry bitterly, and finding it impossible to pacify him or keep him quiet, Jowahir took him by the legs and dashed out his brains against a stone, and left him lying on the ground, while the rest were busily occupied in collecting the booty. Going on to Powae, we purchased five rupees' worth of sugar to celebrate this event.

We need quote no more such narratives; but it would be undesirable to close our account of this strange profession or religion without making some personal mention of its leading men. In the year 1838 Captain James Paton, first Assistant Resident at Lucknow, drew a map which he enclosed in the report—one of the most extraordinary maps in the world. It is a chart of the *beyls*, or chosen murdering spots in Oude, and is drawn up from the information of twenty chief Thugs, who corroborated each other in a remarkable manner, leaving no doubt of the truth of their evidence. It shows, amongst other details, that there were 274 *beyls* in Oude, or one for every five or six square miles; almost every *beyl* was proved by the confession of one of the twenty witnesses; and, as each confession was independently supported by outside evidence, there is no doubt that they are genuine. Thus, by adding up the recorded murders at each spot, Captain Paton was able to give the total record of each of his

Thug leaders; we can give, therefore, his list of the twenty leading men in Thuggee.

Futty Khan	concerned in	508 cases.
Buhram	"	931 "
Dhoosoo	"	350 "
Alayar	"	377 "
Ramzan	"	604 "
Sheeroodeen	"	119 "
Sirdar	"	42 "
Teja	"	103 "
Muckdoomee	"	264 "
Salar	"	203 "
Danial	"	195 "
Bukthour	"	294 "
Khunjuu	"	117 "
Hyder	"	322 "
Imambux the Black	"	340 "
Rambux	"	28 "
Imambux the Tall	"	65 "
Bught	"	81 "
Adhar	"	153 "
Ungnoo	"	24 "

The total amounts to 5,120 murders, divided amongst twenty men, giving an average of 256 to each individual. Futty Khan is rightly at the head of the list, as he spent only twenty years in murdering 508 people, whereas Buhram had been for forty years a strangler. Futty was undoubtedly the most successful murderer of whom we have any knowledge in all time. Probably Buhram, as a young man, was quite his equal, but he spoilt his record by continuing too long in the profession; however, they average about two men a month during their working life—the difference is unimportant. It was no wonder that the British officers looked on them as little better than tigers; and, curiously enough, the Thugs themselves had a kind of fraternal feeling for the tiger. They would never on any pretence kill one, and they believed that no tiger would attack them. If any of their number were mauled by a tiger they always excused this breach of comradeship on the ground that the man was not yet initiated, or else was a breaker of their rules.

Such was the system which pervaded every district of India and every class of society, Hindoo or Mohammedan, only sixty years ago. All members of the organization had full powers to in-

itiate new associates; and yet to-day there is scarcely a tangible relic of it in existence. By 1840 there had been no less than 3,655 trials, of which only 97 resulted in acquittals, and the followers of Kali had been terrorized all over India. The Thugs of our time are only a miserable remnant whose very name is almost a misnomer; they are known merely by a few attempts at poisoning for the sake of plunder; the fatal noose is practically unheard of, and the power of their religion is passed away.

In 1860 it was estimated by Major Hervey that there were probably 910 Phansigar or strangling Thugs in India, but, as he explains, few of these were professionals; they were, for the most part, simply common malefactors, such as might be found in other parts of the world, who observed none of the ancient rules about burying bodies, etc., worked on no regular system, and received no professional training. In 1877, according to a good authority, there were some 148 Punjabi and 138 Hindustani Phansigars at large, who were guilty of murder by strangling, and would consequently have been treated as Thugs if captured; but the rise of the modern Whatoorea, a poisoning class of Thugs, shows how far they had departed from the original customs of Kali. Thuggee has now practically died out; but, owing to its hereditary character, the Government are still afraid of it, and before allowing a Thug to return after his twenty years on the Andaman Islands, make many inquiries as to whether they can safely permit him to settle down again in his old haunts.

Sir William Sleeman has been practically forgotten, but he ought surely to be reckoned amongst the great men of the Empire. How many of the best administrators of this century have accomplished anything like his work in so short a time? What other man has

so quickly and decisively put his heel on a religion of crime and crushed it into insignificance? Our admiration and sympathy should be given to this lonely Englishman, surrounded by forms of treachery and deception almost inconceivable to us, baffled by subsidized rajahs and discouraged by the apathy of his own government, but nevertheless voluntarily focussing on himself the hatred of thousands of secret murderers. The policeman under his orders, the sepoy who assisted him, the village official, or even the very cook who prepared his food, might, any of them, be a Thug. He willingly gave up long days and weeks to be rewarded only by the results of his toil; and he was content with his reward. He has described to us how he saw in his court old men, with tears running down their cheeks as they identified the clothes or ornaments of a son or grandson who had gone into a far-off town to win bread for the family, whose home-coming had been anxiously looked forward to for months, but who had never returned. In 1836 he writes: "The blood of hundreds of miserable victims, shed where no pitying eye or succoring hand was nigh to rescue, calls out of the ground for retribution." And when, in an incredibly short space of time, he had earned a success beyond his most sanguine dreams, so far from assuming a tone of exultation or of ambitious demand, he simply says:—

No man could have calculated upon those many extraordinary combinations of circumstances upon which our success has chiefly depended, combinations which it behooves us gratefully to acknowledge as providential interpositions for the benefit of the people entrusted to our rule—interpositions which these people themselves firmly believe will never be wanting to rulers whose measures are honestly intended, and wisely designed, for the good of their subjects.

THE EVENING HOUR.

Sweet time of peace, when the swallows fly
 To home and rest 'neath the quiet eaves;
 When crimson bars are across the sky,
 And shadows lengthen behind the sheaves.

When willows dip in a golden pool,
 And the dark-massed elms are soft and blurred;
 When sun-parched meadows grow damp and cool,
 And distant cries of the night are heard.

Then darkness broods in the dusky lanes
 Where the pale-winged moths flit to and fro;
 While over the western hill remains
 The tender light of the after-glow.

Shine, Evening Star! for the hour is thine,
 Shy rival thou to the setting sun;
 First-born of Night with thy charm divine,
 Shed out thy light, for the day is done.

Steal forth from thy poppy-fields, O Sleep!
 The earth grows weary and fain would rest;
 Touch her tired eyes with thy lips, and keep
 Her head soft-pillowed upon thy breast.

Come, gentle Night, o'er the misty wold!
 With silver garments thyself adorn;
 And bring, safe hid in thy mantle's fold,
 The golden key to the gates of Morn.

Annie L. Knowles.

The Leisure Hour.

 OMENS AT CORONATIONS.

Onlookers at next year's great ceremony at the Abbey may take note of little incidents and accidents not arranged for in the rubric of the coronation ceremony. If they are newspaper onlookers they will no doubt utilize such untoward occurrences as aids

to the picturesqueness of their copy. But neither newspaper men nor their more fortunate fellow spectators will read into any such little incidents the good and ill portents read into similar occurrences at the crownings of former kings and queens.

Children in the nursery still hear some echo of the evil auguries—many of these sufficiently horrid and disastrous in themselves—that hedged in the crowning of Norman William. To begin with, there was the ill-omened absence of Archbishop Stigand, who “manfully refused to crown one who was covered with the blood of men, and the invader of others’ rights.”¹ Peter Langtoft, however, had the advantage of living within two hundred years of this memorable abstention. He gives another reason in a somewhat scandalous passage of his rhyming chronicle. It is quaint enough to justify quotation:—

Fair grace William fond; his chance
fulle wele him satte
The reame of Ingland so graciously he
gatte.
The archbishop Stigand, of Ingland
primate
That tyme was suspended, the pope
reft him the state.
The abbot & prioure, men of religion
The oder men of honoure, archdecane
& person
Wer prived of thar office, of woulfes
had renoun
For lechorie that vice were many als
don down.
The archbishops of York com with de-
vocoun,
Thorgh William praiere, com to London
toun,
Bifor the barons brouht, he gaf Wil-
liam the coronoun
To chalange was he nouht, Sir Stigand
was don down.

After William had taken the coronation oath, to protect the Church, prohibit oppression and execute judgment in mercy, Archbishop Aldred put the question, “Will ye have this Prince to be your king?” The clamorous response startled the Norman garrison in the city. They believed the English

had revolted, and proceeded to invoke the tranquillizing influences of the sword and torch. They set the houses around their garrison on fire. The flames spread in all directions. A general alarm came as a natural consequence. Most of the congregation rushed out of the church, the English hastening to stop the fire, and the Normans to plunder. The bishops, clergy and monks, who remained within the church, were in such confusion that they were scarce able to go through the office of crowning the King; William himself, who saw the tumult and could not conjecture the cause, sat trembling at the foot of the altar, and though no great mischief was done by the fire, it laid the foundation of a long and inveterate enmity between the English and the Normans.²

Perjured Stephen could not, of necessity, hope for any but the most ill-omened coronation. The ceremony was beset by dismal portents. A fearful storm arose in the middle. All those participating were consequently thrown into such confusion that the consecrated water fell on the ground, the kiss of peace after the sacrament was omitted and even the final benediction forgotten. The complaisant Archbishop of Canterbury, and the false witnesses who declared that Henry the First disinherited his daughter a little before his death, all died appropriately within a few months of the event.³ We must wait until we reach the reign of Richard the First before we once more meet with ill-omens of the orthodox kind. One augury of evil was the massacre of the Jews on the day of the ceremony, although not all the chroniclers appear to have read a signification of future mischief into the event.

Now, in the year of our Lord’s in-

¹ William of Newbury.

² “*Chapters on Coronations.*” London, 1838: James W. Parker.

³ “*Chapters on Coronations.*” London, 1838: James W. Parker.

carnation 1189 [says one'], Richard, the son of King Henry the Second by Eleanor, brother of Henry the Third, was consecrated King of the English by Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, at Westminster, on the third of the nones of September. On the very day of the coronation, about the solemn hour in which the Son was immolated to the Father, a Sacrifice of the Jews to their father, the Devil, was commenced in the city of London, and so long was the duration of this famous mystery, that the holocaust could scarcely be accomplished the ensuing day. The other cities and towns of the kingdom emulated the faith of the Londoners, and with a like devotion despatched their blood-suckers with blood to hell.

Much more important, more alarming to all beholders of the coronation ceremony, was the appearance of a bat "in the middle of the bright part of the day, fluttering about the church, inconveniently circling in the same tracks, especially round the king's throne."⁴ Again, according to the same naïve chronicler, a peal of bells was rung, without any agreement or knowledge of the ministers of the Abbey,

of such portentous omen as then was hardly allowable to be related even in a whisper. At Complin, the last hour of the day, the first peal happened to be rung, neither by any agreement, nor even by the ministers of the church themselves being aware of it, until after it was done, for prime, tierce, sext, nones and the solemn service of vespers and two masses were celebrated without any ringing of peals.

King John had only himself to thank for many of the ill-omens that marred the ceremony of his coronation. Not altogether, though, since the name of "John" has been reckoned unfortunate for the king's name both in England

and in France. Again, he was crowned on Ascension Day, the same fatal festival as astrologers predicted would close his reign. But "it was also remarked as an evil omen that the King hurried away without receiving the sacrament."⁵ He became less callous later on, as death approached, showing a pardonable anxiety "to elude the demons whom he had so faithfully served in life." For this purpose he not only gave orders to disguise his body in a monk's cowl, but to bury it between two saints.⁷

Fiasco from start to finish, such is the impression Holinshed gives us of the crowning of Edward the Second. Nothing appears to have been more offensive to the nobles than his delivering the crown to be borne by Piers Gaveston, his unworthy favorite, who was dressed finer than the King himself, and outshone everybody in the procession. Gaveston had charge of all the arrangements. He performed his duties so negligently that "there was such presse and throng at this coronation, that a knight, called Sir John Bakewell, was thrust or crowded to death." Great abundance of viands and wines had been provided, but the dinner did not begin until night, and was then badly served; the usual forms of service were neglected, and the whole was a continued scene of confusion, singularly emblematic of the state of the nation during this monarch's unhappy reign. The ceremony of the coronation, in the case of the unfortunate Richard the Second, was so fatiguing that he was obliged to be borne back to the palace on knights' shoulders, surely some prognostication of what the end would be.

Henry the Fifth, the son of Richard's supplanter, when it came to his turn,

⁴ Richard of Devizes.

⁵ Richard of Devizes.

⁷ "Crowns and Coronations," by William Jones, F.S.A. Chatto and Windus, 1898.

⁷ "Crowns and Coronations," by William Jones, F.S.A. Chatto and Windus, 1898.

was crowned the 9th of April, "being Passion Sundae, which was a sore ruggle and tempestuous day, with wind, snow and sleet, that men greatly marvelled thereat, making diverse interpretation what the same might signifie."⁹

And so the Tudors move slowly across the scene. The first two were not the monarchs to lend themselves to omens, ill or good. In the case of poor little Edward the Sixth, however, there fell out an occurrence emblematic of much that happened later in the course of English history. When the three swords for the three kingdoms were brought to be carried before him, the King observed that there was yet one wanting, and called for the Bible.

That [said he] is the sword of the Spirit, and ought in all right to govern us, who use these for the people's safety, by God's appointment. Without that sword we are nothing; we can do nothing. From that we are what we are this day. . . . we receive whatsoever it is that we at this present do assume. Under that we ought to live, to fight, to govern the people and to perform all our affairs. From that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation and whatsoever we have of divine strength.⁹

In Mary's case the omens were less benevolent. The jewelled adornments on her head were "so massie and ponderous, that she was faine to beare up hir head with hir hand."¹⁰ And for Elizabeth the auguries altered again. During the procession from the Tower to Westminster many poor women ran to the chariot and offered her nose-gays which she accepted. A withered old crone gave her a sprig of rosemary at "Fleetbridge," which she held in her hand until she reached her palace at Westminster.¹¹

The fashion of our ancestors made

such coronation as that of either the second Stuart, or the last, one drawn-out ill-omen from the commencement of the ceremony to the end thereof. In the case of Charles the First it must be confessed that a number of most disconcerting little *contretemps* arose to hinder the easy flow of a most difficult day. To begin with, there was Queen Henrietta Maria's abstention from the ceremony. Her religious opinions may have excused her resolute refusal to be crowned; they hardly justified the more than callous surroundings from which she saw the proceedings. "She took a place at the palace-gate, where she might behold the procession going and returning, her ladies frisking and dancing in the room."¹² The Count de Blainville, the French Ambassador, was debarred from being present owing to this absence of the Queen. The passing through the City in grand cavalcade from the Tower to Westminster the day preceding the coronation was omitted in Charles the First's case, as in that of his father, and for the same reason—plague. As human old Fuller puts it in his "Church History," the King went through the City to Westminster

by water out of double providence, to save both health and wealth thereby; for though the infectious aire in the city of London had lately been corrected with a sharp winter, yet it was not so amended but that a great suspicion of danger did remain. Besides, such a procession would have cost him three score thousand pounds, to be disbursed in scarlet for his train, which sum, if then demanded of his exchequer, would scarce receive a satisfactory answer thereunto; and surely those who since condemn him for want of state in omitting this royal pageant, would have condemned him more for prodigality had he made use thereof.

⁹ Hollinshed.

¹⁰ Hollinshed.

¹¹ Hollinshed.

¹² "Chapters on Coronations." London, 1838: James W. Parker.

¹³ Meade.

Alack and alack, the omission caused the first bad omen. The ceremony took place on the 5th of February, 1626. A carpeted landing-place had been prepared at Westminster, but the royal barge, the economical barge, drifted on "unaccountably" to the stairs belonging to the backyard of the palace. There the unwieldy vessel stuck in the mud. Mr. William Jones, F.S.A., whose industry has rescued this incident from Sir Simonds d'Ewes's autobiography, relates "how this grounding "was taken to be an evil and ominous presage."

The preacher of the coronation sermon was Senhouse, Bishop of Carlisle, who was naïve enough to choose for his text, "I will give thee a crown of life." "This," says the Suffolk historian, Lawrence Echard, "was rather thought to put the new king in mind of his death than his duty in government, and to have been his funeral sermon when alive, as if he was to have none when he was buried." An earthquake shock was felt while the Bishop was still speaking. Nothing seemed able to go right on the most fateful day, either at Westminster or anywhere else. At the "court-gate" at Theobald's, his dead father's favorite palace, the herald in proclaiming the coronation of the new King made a slip in one most important word, calling him the "dubitable" instead of "indubitable" heir to the throne.¹⁴ Then again:—

The left wing of the dove, the mark of the Confessor's halcyon days, was broken on the sceptre staff—by what casualty God Himself knows. The king sent for Mr. Acton, then his goldsmith, commanding him that the ring stone should be set in again. The goldsmith replied that it was impossible to be done so fairly but that some mark would remain thereof. The king in some passion said, "If you will not

do it another shall." Thereupon Mr. Acton returned, and got another dove of gold to be artificially set in; whereat his Majesty was well contented as making no discovery thereof.¹⁵

But Mr. William Lilly, who was born at Diseworth, Leicestershire, in 1602, and flourished seventy-nine years as the Zadkiel or Old Moore of the seventeenth century, has put his finger upon the most terrible omen of all. All who run may read "A Prophecy of the White King and Dreadful Dead-man Explained," etc., by this wise astrologer (1644):—

The occasion of the prophets calling him *White King* was this, the Kings of England antiently did weare the day of their *Coronation purple clothes*, being color onely fit for Kings, both Queen *Elizabeth*, King *James* and all their Ancestors did weare that color the day of their *Coronation*, as any may perceive by the "Records of the Wardrobe;" contrary unto this custome, and led unto it by the indirect and fatall advise of *William Laud*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, hee was perswaded to apparell himself the day of his *Coronation* in a *White Garment*; there were some dehorted him from wearing the white apparell, but hee obstinately refused their Counsell. *Canterbury* would have it as an apparell representing the King's innocency, or I know not what other superstitious devise of his. And of this there is no question to bee made, myself though not ocularly seeing him that day, yet have had it related verbally by above twenty whose eyes beheld it, one or two were workmen that carried his Majestie apparell that day, so that I challenge al the men upon earth living to deny his wearing *white* apparell that day of his *Coronation*, etc.

It is difficult not to sympathize with James the Second and the humorous forbearance he displayed at the su-

¹³ "Crowns and Coronations:" London, 1898.

¹⁴ "Crowns and Coronations:" London, 1898.

¹⁵ Echard.

preme mischance which befell his coronation festivities when his turn came. It was at the Coronation Banquet, and the champion of England had just flung his challenge to the world. He had dismounted from his horse, and was advancing towards the King's seat to kiss James's hand. Unfortunately awkwardness brought it about that he stumbled and fell down his full length, equipped in complete armor as he was. The Queen Consort, Mary of Modena it may be remembered, exclaimed, "See you, love, what a weak champion you have." To which the King said nothing, but laughed, and the champion excused himself, pretending his armor was heavy, and that he himself was weak with sickness, which was false, for he was very well, and had had none.¹⁶

George Hickee, the titular Bishop of Thetford, who later on obtained martyrdom as a non-juror, has left an eyewitness's record of other evil omens, to wit, the tottering of the crown upon the King's head, the broken canopy over it and the rent flag hanging upon the White Tower "when I came home from the coronation. I put no stress upon these omens, but I cannot despise them; most of them, I believe, come by chance, but some from superior intellectual agents, especially those which regard the fate of kings and nations."

The curious may turn gratefully from the contemplation of such sinister portents to the omens of a less malevolent character which marked the reign of George the Third. His long reign can hardly be counted to have been an unmixed benefit to his people. At any rate, the fairies who presided, if malicious a little, were at least altogether euphletic. The accidents were more or less mirth-provoking in themselves, and for the most part ended in a smile.

The Deputy Earl Marshal, the Earl of Effingham, hardly gave that attention to his duties to be expected from an intelligent nobleman of his exalted rank. He forgot, among other things, the sword of state, the state banquet chain for both King and Queen, and the canopy. The difficulty of the first named of the above-mentioned articles was overcome by borrowing the City sword of state, which the Lord Mayor had brought with him. A hasty canopy was extemporized as well; but even with these makeshifts the commencement of the ceremony was delayed until afternoon. The King afterwards sent for Lord Effingham to complain, and received this most delightful reply: "It is true, sir, that there has been some neglect, but I have taken care that the next coronation shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible."¹⁷

It was to the young King's credit that he was much amused. How the King took the Holy Sacrament uncrowned has been told many times. Neither Archbishop nor Dean of Westminster could answer his question whether he should not lay aside the crown, so lately placed upon his head, before kneeling at the Communion Table.

They could not say whether or not there was any rule. The King thereupon removed the crown with the remark, "There ought to be one." But an accident had happened to the crown earlier in the ceremony. As the King was moving down the Abbey with the circlet of dominion upon his head, the great diamond in the upper portion of it fell to the ground, and it was not found again without some trouble. There were not wanting in after days those who saw in this mishap the falling away of the thirteen colonies of America; and not only did men prophe-

¹⁶ Pryme, in his *"Ephemera Vitae."*

¹⁷ Jesse: *"Memoirs of George the Third."*

sy such evil after the event, but even
at the time:

When first, portentous, it was known
Great George had jostled from his
crown

The Nineteenth Century and After.

The brightest diamond there,
The omen-mongers, one and all,
Foretold some mischief must befall,
Some loss beyond compare.¹⁵

Charles Benham.

DID SHAKESPEARE WRITE BACON?

Were Shakespeare and Bacon identical? A new answer was recently suggested to me by a friend, and a consideration of his hypothesis led to the discovery of such corroborative arguments that it should only require a brief exposition to secure its acceptance by some people. I may briefly recall certain well-known facts. Bacon had conceived in very early youth an ambitious plan for a great philosophical reform. He had been immediately plunged into business, and at the accession of James I, when a little over forty, had been for many years a barrister and a Member of Parliament, and had, moreover, taken a very active part in great affairs of State. He was already lamenting, as he continued to lament, the many distractions which had forced him to sacrifice literary and philosophical to political ambition. Now that a second Solomon was to mount the throne, he naturally wished to show that he was a profound thinker, deserving the patronage of a wise monarch. Besides merely selfish reasons he hoped that James would help him to carry out his great schemes for the promotion of scientific research. He resolved, therefore, to publish a book setting forth his new philosophic ideas. He had not as yet found time to prepare any statement of them, or even to

reduce them to order. He was still immersed in business and harassed by many anxieties. Now Bacon, if there be any truth in Pope's epigram or Macaulay's Essay, was not above questionable manoeuvres. If he had not time to write he could get a book written for him. We know in fact that he afterwards employed assistants, such as Hobbes and George Herbert, in preparing some of his literary work. It is plain, however, from the full account of his early life in Spedding's volumes, that he had as yet no connection with the famous men of letters of his time. Not one of them is mentioned in his letters, though at a later time he became known to Ben Jonson, who has celebrated the charms of his conversation. Jonson's friendship with Shakespeare gives some significance, as we shall see, to this circumstance. Bacon took a significant step. He had recently incurred reproach by taking part in the prosecution of his former patron, Essex. He now (1603) made conciliatory overtures to Southampton, who had not only been a friend of Essex, but had been under sentence for complicity in the rising for which Essex was beheaded. Why did Bacon approach a man so certain to be prejudiced against him? One reason suggests itself. Southampton was a patron of men of letters, and especially the one man whom we know to have

¹⁵ "Crowns and Coronations," by William Jones, F.S.A. Chatto and Windus, 1898.

been helpful to Shakespeare. If Bacon was desirous of hiring an author, Southampton would be able to recommend a competent person, and there was no one whom he was more likely to recommend than Shakespeare. Shakespeare was by this time at the height of his powers, and had shown by "Hamlet" his philosophical as well as his poetical tendencies. He was recognized as an able writer, capable of turning his hand to many employments. He could vamp old plays and presumably new philosophies. If Bacon wanted a man who should have the necessary power of writing and yet not be hampered by any such scientific doctrine of his own as would make him anxious to claim independence, he could not make a better choice. Southampton is said, on pretty good authority, to have made a present of £1,000 to Shakespeare. The story is intelligible if we suppose that he paid the money on Bacon's account, and for some service of such a nature that any trace of Bacon's interest in it was to be concealed.

At any rate, somebody wrote a book. The famous "Advancement of Learning" appeared in the autumn of 1605. It is dedicated to James, and gives a general survey of the state of knowledge at the time; or, as the last paragraph states, is "a small globe of the intellectual world." It shows literary genius and general knowledge, but not the minute information of a specialist. Who wrote the book? I need not rely upon the probabilities already mentioned, however strong they may be, which point to Shakespeare. If Shakespeare wrote it he might naturally try to insert some intimation of the authorship to which he could appeal in case of necessity. One of the common

amusements of the time was the composition of anagrams; and I accordingly inquired whether such a thing might be discoverable in the "Advancement." It would most probably be at the beginning, and I was rewarded by finding in the first two lines a distinct claim of Shakespeare's own authorship and a repudiation of Bacon's. Naturally, when a man is writing two sentences in one set of letters he has to be a little obscure, and will probably employ a redundant word or two to include all that are required. Shakespeare's style, therefore, if perceptible, is partly veiled. The opening words are "There were under the law, excellent King, both daily sacrifices and free-will offerings, the one pro (ceeding, etc.)." To the end of "pro" there are eighty-one letters. Re-arrange them and they make the following: "Crede Will Shakespere, green innocent reader; he was author of excellent writing; F.B.N. fifth idol, Lye." I won't try to explain why the reader should be called green and innocent, but the meaning of the whole will be perfectly clear when the last words are explained. F. B.N., of course, means Francis Bacon. "Fifth idol" refers to one of the most famous passages in a book hitherto ascribed to Bacon. In the aphorisms prefaced to the "Novum Organum" the causes of human error are described as belonging to *four* classes of "idols." False systems of philosophy, for example, generate what are curiously (though the word would naturally occur to a dramatist) called "idols of the theatre." Of the others I need only say that they do not include one fertile source of deception, namely, direct lying. Shakespeare intimates that his employer was illustrating this additional or fifth kind of idol by his false claim

¹ If any one cares to verify this, he may be helped by the statement that in both cases A occurs in four places, B in one, C in three, D in three, E in fifteen, F in four, G in two, H in

four, I in six, K in one, L in six, N in six, O in four, P in one, R in seven, S in three, T in five, U in one, W in three, X in one, and Y in one.

to the authorship. The aphorisms, however, were for the present held back. The book was published, we may presume, before Bacon had discovered this transparent artifice. Shakespeare would chuckle when calling his attention to it afterwards. Bacon would be vexed, but naturally could not take public notice of the trap in which he had been caught. His feelings may be inferred from his later action. When Shakespeare's plays were collected after the author's death, Bacon, we know, got at the printers and persuaded them to insert a cryptogram claiming the authorship for himself. The claim was obviously preposterous, but the fact that he made it is interesting to the moralist. It is a melancholy illustration of a familiar truth. Bacon had probably come to believe his own lie, and to fancy that he had really written the "Advancement of Learning," or that, having bought it, he had a right to it. Then, he thought, he would make sure of a posthumous revenge should the anagram be deciphered. "If Shakespeare succeeds in claiming my philosophy, I will take his plays in exchange." He had become demoralized to the point at which he could cheat his conscience by such lamentable casuistry.

Meanwhile Bacon's fame was growing; and so was his immersion in business. In 1607 he became Solicitor-General and a comparatively rich man. In the next year he makes references to a proposed continuation of his great philosophical work. In other words, he was thinking of procuring its continuation. Probably there was some little difficulty in getting over the misunderstandings which would inevitably arise from these dark and dangerous dealings. The bargain might be hard to strike. In 1611, however, we know that Shakespeare gave up the stage and retired to pass the last five years of his life at Stratford. All his

biographers have thought this retirement strange, and have been puzzled to account for the supposed cessation of authorship. No successful writer ever gives up writing. The explanation is now clear. Shakespeare retired because Bacon, who had grown rich, could make it worth his while to retreat to a quiet place where he would not be tempted to write plays, or drink at the "Mermaid," or make indiscreet revelations. If it be asked what he was doing the answer is obvious. He was writing the "*Novum Organum*." It was all but impossible for Bacon in the midst of all his astonishing political and legal activity to find time to write a philosophical work. No doubt he did something; he made notes and procured collections of various observations upon natural phenomena with which he supplied his co-operator. We may even suppose that he persuaded himself that he was thus substantially the author of the book which he prompted. Shakespeare died in 1616, leaving the work as a fragment. Bacon, who not long afterwards became Lord Chancellor, put the papers together, had them translated into Latin (which would obliterate any lurking anagram), and was able to publish the book in 1620. I leave it to critics to show the true authorship from internal evidence. It is enough here to note certain obvious characteristics. The book in the first place, as is generally admitted, shows that the author was not only an amateur in science, but curiously ignorant of what was being done in his own day. That was quite natural at Stratford-on-Avon, while Bacon in London had ample means for hearing of the achievements of leading men of science, even if he could not appreciate their work. In the next place the "*Novum Organum*" is the work of a poet. The scientific formulæ are given in the shape of weighty concrete maxims—"Man is the servant

and interpreter of Nature," and so forth. So in classifying the various kinds of experiments, the writer does not elaborate an abstract logical scheme, but represents each class (there are no less than twenty-seven) by some vivid concrete emblem. One class suggests the analogy of a sign-post at cross-roads and receives the famous name of "*Instantiæ crucis*," the origin of our common phrase, "crucial experiments." Bacon was not a poet—as any one may see who looks at his version of the Psalms—Shakespeare certainly was.

After publishing this "magnificent fragment," as an accomplished critic calls it, Bacon was convicted of corrupt practices, and passed his few remaining years in trying to proceed with his philosophical work. The result was significant. He had no official duties to distract him, but also he had no Shakespeare to help him. His later publications added little or nothing in substance. The chief of them was the "*De Augmentis*." This is simply an enlarged edition in Latin (the anagram of course disappearing) of the "*Advancement in Learning*." The early book, as the same critic says, has an advantage over the "more pretentious" version from the "noble and flowing" (shall we say the Shakespearian?) "English," while the additions are of questionable value. I shall only notice one point. The "*Advancement of Learning*" speaks of the state of poetry at the time. "In poesy," says the author, "I can report no deficiency . . . For the expression of affections, passions, corruptions and customs we are beholden to poets more than to the philosophers' works; and for wit and eloquence not much less than to orators' harangues." That was a very natural opinion to be expressed by

The National Review.

Shakespeare. In the "*De Augmentis*" the last sentence disappears; but a fresh paragraph is inserted upon dramatic poetry. The theatre might be useful, it says, either for corruption or for discipline; but in modern times there is plenty of corruption on the stage but no discipline.

Bacon, it may be noticed, was aiming this backhanded blow at Shakespeare in the same year in which he was inserting the cryptogram in the first folio. It may appear, at first sight, that he was inconsistent in condemning the very works which he was claiming, and it may even be said by the captious that the fact throws some doubt upon the cryptogram. A deeper insight into human nature will suggest that such an inconsistency is characteristic. Bacon wishes at once to appropriate Shakespeare's work, and to depreciate it so long as it is still ascribed to Shakespeare. I omit, however, the obvious psychological reflections, and will only remark that other works ascribed to this period, the "*Sylva Sylvarum*" and so forth, no doubt represent the collections, which, as I have said, Bacon formed to be used as materials by his collaborator.

I have told my story as briefly as may be, and leave details to be filled up by any one who pleases. Plenty of writers have insisted upon Shakespeare's logical subtlety and powers of philosophical reflection. They will be ready to believe that the author of "*Hamlet*" was also the author of "*Novum Organum*," and will be glad to be relieved from the necessity of accepting the old paradox that the "wisest" was also the "meanest" man of his time. The meanness may all be ascribed to one man, and the wisdom to the man from whom he stole it.

Leslie Stephen.

A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

VII.

My readers will not have forgotten that this summer we celebrated the Fortieth Anniversary of the Dedication of St. Ursula's Church. Indeed, some of them have rebuked me for dwelling on the fact at unnecessary length, and have even hinted that I did so because I had nothing more interesting to say; which, as Mr. La Fayette Kettle said to Martin Chuzzlewit, is "dreadful true." Undeterred, however, by any craven fears of unfriendly criticism, Mr. Soulsby announced at the close of the Festival that he would prolong its echoes by publishing in the "Parish Magazine" some "Jottings from a Journal," dealing with the events and reflections of ten years—or, as he prefers to say, "a decade." These self-communings began in the July number of the Magazine, and are, I understand, to be continued monthly till July, 1903. I append some samples:

JOTTINGS FROM A JOURNAL,
1890-1900

By the Rev. Lancelot Ludovic Soulsby,
M.A.,
Vicar of St. Ursula's, Stucco Gardens.
1890.

JANUARY.

1st.—Browning is gone, and Tennyson is going, and I shall soon be left alone. This dismal reflection impels me to draw more closely to surviving friends, with whom I have *rapproches* based on intellectual and spiritual affinities. I therefore walked across the Park to see Timmins, Vicar of St. Remigius', Bayswater, who was a fellow-pupil of mine at Lycurgus House Academy, Peckham. He showed me his collection of church book-markers. Very remark-

able; but the only one I envied was a lovely arrangement of pale puce silk, with a cross, an anchor and a heart embroidered in yellow beads.

2nd.—I described Timmins's collection to my wife, and mentioned that I had always taken an interest in book-markers, and had collected them ever since I was a schoolboy. She said in reply: "But is not the human intellect the real book-marker?" This play on the word *marker* struck me as really witty, and (like all true wit) profound.

20th.—I am preparing a sermon on "The Sanctities of the Home," and, being anxious to get a good quotation, took down from my shelves "The Christian Year." I turned to the poem on "Churching of Women," which was always a great favorite of mine. I had forgotten that it contained this divinely beautiful stanza:—

Is there in bowers of endless Spring,
One known from all the seraph band
By softer voice, by smile and wing
More exquisitely bland?

Surely "bowers of endless Spring" and an "exquisitely bland smile" are poetry of a very high order. And yet I understand that Mr. John Morley declines to include Keble in his "English Men of Letters." My wife attributes this exclusiveness to theological prejudice. This solution had not occurred to me, but women have a wonderfully delicate instinct in these matters.

25th.—There is frost this morning. My wife, coming down to breakfast, quoted very aptly

Stern Winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling Nature round;
How bleak and dreary are the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

If this weather continues, we shall very

likely see ice on the Serpentine, as I did in 1860 (see my journal for that year).

FEBRUARY.

1st.—I forget if I have already mentioned that I playfully call my wife "Egeria." Her name is Emily; but I call her Egeria because she has been to me ever since we married a nymph of good inspirations. To-day her article on "Fashion and Passion" appeared in the "Pimlico Review." This was quite a domestic event, and we had champagne at dinner. My curate was dining with us, so I did not make a speech, but I smiled at her over my glass, and said softly, "Floreat Egeria." She smiled, oh! so sweetly, in return.

12th.—Mr. and Mrs. Smithers left us, having stayed for ten days at the Vicarage, for shopping and the pantomime. We hope to stay for three weeks with them at Brighton in the autumn. Their house is some way out, near Aldrington, but it is more reposeful than the garish Métropole. The Smitherses are new friends. I met them last summer at Mürren, and our common admiration for Alpine scenery made a lasting bond between us. My attention was first attracted to Mr. Smithers by hearing him quote at *table d'hôte* some fine lines, which I understood him to say were Wordsworth's, about

An old half-witted sheep
Which bleats articulate monotony,
And indicates that two and one are
three,
That grass is green, lakes damp, and
mountains steep.

The last epithet is well chosen. My shortness of breath in climbing hills has been the keynote of my life.

18th. Shrove Tuesday.—We gave our annual Pancake Dinner. Lady Farringford, the Cashingtons, the Barrington-Bounderleys, and a few more. The conversation was very good. Mr. Cash-

ington mentioned that he had lately returned from a tour in Egypt, and was very interesting about the Sphinx and the Pyramids. This turned the conversation to foreign lands. Mr. Barrington-Bounderley displayed a surprising acquaintance with the products of the East, and told me a great deal about indigo and jute which I had not heard before. I thought it right to give a more spiritual tone to the conversation by saying that perhaps Asia was the most interesting of all the continents, and that great results might be expected from the exploration of Palestine. On this one of our guests quoted, very appositely, these striking lines:—

No Bibles and no books of God were
in that Eastern land;
No Pope, no blessed Pope, had they to
guide them with his hand.

This is profoundly true, but it had never occurred to me before.

19th. Ash Wednesday.—After morning service spent several hours at the Public Library searching for the lines quoted above. Found them in Faber's beautiful poem on "The Three Kings." Read through the volume, and found it very teaching. Resolved to give two Lenten lectures on (i) Faber's poems as he wrote them; (ii) Faber's poems as improved by the editors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

MARCH.

1st.—Breakfasted with our Clerical Club. My wife says that this is a truly *spirituel* gathering—cleverly using the word *spirituel* in two senses. The Archdeacon is *ex-officio* President. The Rural Deans are Vice-Presidents. All the Incumbents in the district are members, and Churchwardens have lately been admitted as honorary members. On this alteration in our rules, —, whose jocularly is often ill-timed, made an allusion to Coachmen at Bath,

but no one took it up. (I make it a rule, throughout these jottings, where I cannot speak in commendation, to mention no name, but leave a blank.) The conversation this morning was unusually brilliant, being chiefly sustained by my friend Dasher, Vicar of St. Blaisius's. To a member who, arriving late, knocked down a chair, he said, "Come along, old Cow." The laugh was general. We had grilled salmon for breakfast. Having given much attention to natural history, I had no difficulty in recognizing the fish as *Salmo ferox* of the naturalists.

25th. Lady Day.—So called on account of a religious festival which was observed in England before the Reformation. These survivals are very interesting, and illustrate the continuity of our national life. Archdeacon Buggins, who preached for me at even-son, profoundly remarked that the English Church was no mushroom growth of yesterday, and quoted instructively from Bishop Stubbs and Professor Freeman.

APRIL.

1st.—I preached on the yearly Resurrection of Nature, and quoted from Thomson's "Seasons" the beautiful line—"Come, gentle Spring! Ethereal mildness, come!" My wife's undergraduate brother, who was staying with us, said he thought that the line described the sermon, for he had not heard anything so mild for a long time. Was this wit or humor? My wife said it was only impertinence.

2nd.—Dasher came to tea, and mentioned a brilliant repartee made by himself. He had been lecturing on the Church's seasons, and how to observe them, when a rude man in the audience asked what was the best way of observing All Fools' Day. Dasher replied, "It should be spent in self-examination;" and the gainsayer was silenced.

After Dasher had gone, my wife said she thought she had heard this story before, though with a different *tour-nure*. I have often noticed that the same stories are told by different persons as having happened in their own experience. This instance struck me as so curious that I made a note of it for the Psychical Society.

12th.—We had lamb for dinner—the first time this year. It was tough, and I said, "So young, and so untender." My maiden aunt, who is staying with us, and is a great Shakespearian, was much pleased.

30th.—Have been on a visit to Oxford, which I had not seen for many years. It is a city of great interest and beauty. Before we went there, I read Mozley's "Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement," so as to realize what some one very happily called the *genius loci*. Dasher recommended me to study a novel called "Verdant Green," as being a faithful description of a lighter side of Oxford life. But there is something in the tone of the book which does not quite appeal to me. How superior is the *ethos* of my own beloved University, as drawn by a masterhand in "Julian Home!"

Some of the buildings in Oxford are truly remarkable. My wife reminded me that Henry Kingsley calls the dome of the Radcliffe Library the third finest dome in England. We spent a pleasant evening in trying to fix the other two. St. Paul's Cathedral, I feel sure, is the first. Query—is Bedlam the second?

MAY.

1st.—Walked in Hyde Park, and saw the first dandelion of the year. Brought it home to add to my *Hortus Siccus*, believing it to be the true *Dandelio gloriosa*; but my wife, who won the prize for Botany at Miss Piminy's, declares that it is *Dandelio vulgaris*. I think it is my favorite Longfellow who

says, so beautifully, that "Things are not what they seem."

15th.—The breakfast of the Clerical Club took place at Dasher's. When offering me the bacon, he said, I thought very happily, "Shakespeare?" (—, who is always captious, declared that this joke had already been made by Mr. Barry Pain; but I have been unable to trace it.) Our conversation was chiefly theological and literary. Speaking of recent publications, I remarked on the curious coincidence that the fascinating but perilous tale of "Robert Elsmere," published in 1888, had been followed in 1889 by that truly restorative work "Lux Mundi." Archdeacon Buggins observed, very impressively, that the Bane and the Antidote grew close together.

20th.—When I came down to prayers this morning, my wife told me that the housemaid had broken the bust of my spiritual master, the late Rev. Henry White, of the Savoy. I might have felt vexed, as this bust was one of four which I used to have in my rooms at King's, the others being of F. D. Maurice, George Macdonald and Jean Ingelow. But my wife commenced to warble in a birdlike manner—"Break, break, break!"—and said it was "the Housemaid's Song." This completely restored my equanimity; and I said we could not expect our happiness to go on forever without a *break*!

30th.—Visited the Royal Academy, and found near the ceiling a portrait of my friend Timmins, in surplice and hood, with an embroidered book-marker in his hand. I am intensely loyal to Cambridge, with its precious memories of Byron and Wordsworth and Tennyson and Haweis; but I must confess that I envy the Oxford M.A. hood. When so arranged as to display the crimson lining, it is very effective.

JUNE.

1st.—Walking in Stucco Gardens, I

met our excellent member, Mr. Barrington-Bounderley. He asked me a riddle which he said had delighted Mr. Arthur Balfour in the House of Commons. "Why is our greatest actress a perplexing character?" "Because she is a Mystery (Miss Terry)." I repeated this to my wife at luncheon, and she was very much amused. She said, "What a superior man Mr. Bounderley is! What *esprit d'élite*!" This is a very just tribute.

6th.—Dined with my parishioner, Mr. Kewsey, at the "Grand Night" at Lincoln's Inn, of which he is a Bencher. The Latin grace, *Benedictus benedicat*, struck me very much. Wishing to start the conversation pleasantly, I said it reminded me of an anecdote about some one who said *Franciscus franciscat*; but somehow I lost the point, and the anecdote failed. This was a disappointment, as I think it a duty on these occasions to show that clergymen are intellectually at least on a level with members of the secular professions.

10th.—Dasher and Mrs. Dasher came to tea. They mentioned that a very curious incident had taken place at their school-treat. A little boy, when asked if he could eat any more, said he thought he could if he stood up. My wife, who has a marked turn for apt quotation, instantly cited a couplet from a poet called Chadband, with whom I was previously unacquainted:—

O! running stream of sparkling joy
To be a soaring human boy.

25th.—An evening party at Fulham Palace. Mrs. Buggins, wife of the Archdeacon, wore a magnificent jet tiara, with a necklace of bogwood beads. As I am an amateur in jewelry, I begged leave to examine these ornaments closely. Mrs. Buggins seemed pleased, and mentioned the cu-

rious coincidence that her grandmother, to whom the tiara had belonged, was dead; and that her great-aunt, who had given her the necklace, was dead also. This led to a discussion about fatality in connection with precious stones; and Dr. Snuffin, who was present, mentioned that, when he walked the hospitals, a little boy swallowed, one by one, a large necklace of wooden beads, and was none the worse. Dasher said that there was a similar instance recorded in one of the works of Charles Dickens, an author whom I have never been able to read.

26th.—Woke with a headache. The thrilling excitement of these parties at Fulham takes too much out of me. Bishop Temple's lemonade is peculiarly strong.

JULY.

1st.—The Clerical Club breakfasted here. Mr. Barrington-Bounderley, as churchwarden of St. Ursula's, is an honorary member of the club. His parliamentary anecdotes are very agreeable, and tend to widen the sphere of conversation, which is apt to become too narrowly clerical. When I remarked on this, Dasher said with great humor, "Mr. Bounderly may be *wide*, but he is never *broad*." To-day Mr. B.-B. mentioned that a new member once addressed the House as "Ladies and Gentlemen," and, when he was called to order, sat down on his hat. This led to anecdotes of oratory, and I was interested to learn that Mr. Gladstone took egg-flip out of a pomatum pot. Made a note of this for a popular lecture on the "Beverages of Eminent Men."

Dasher, who is very well read in the literature of the eighteenth century, mentioned that a clergyman preached before Lord North, when Prime Minister, on the text "Promotion cometh neither from the east nor from the west, nor yet from the south." I had

heard this anecdote before, but thought that the Minister was Mr. Pitt. —

said, I thought rudely, that my version made nonsense of the story. I could not see his point, and shall continue to apply the anecdote to Mr. Pitt, whom I have always greatly admired. His character seems to me more dignified than that of his eminent rival, Mr. Fox.

24th.—The weather has lately been very warm. Was it Madame de Staël or George Sand who said that an English summer consists of three fine days and a thunderstorm? It requires the genius of the French language to express truths in this epigrammatic form. Pending the thunderstorm, I have taken to a thinner jersey. Lady Farringford, who, in earlier life, moved much in aristocratic circles, mentioned that the late Lord Jersey's valet always called his master's undershirt a guernsey, as he thought jersey sounded too familiar. My wife said that Sark would have been more appropriate. Even Lady Farringford, who is *très difficile*, laughed at this *bon mot*.

AUGUST.

1st.—Went to hear the Bishop of Melipotamus preach at Westminster Abbey. I always enjoy his style, which is modelled on Mr. Ruskin, Bishop Alexander, Dr. Farrar and Canon Scott Holland. It is his great charm that he never uses one word where twenty would do as well. As I alighted from the omnibus, it struck me that just ten years had elapsed since August 1, 1880. Mr. Gladstone was then Prime Minister, and now Lord Salisbury occupies his place. *Hec incredibiles humanarum rerum mutationes!*

19th.—The weather continuing very warm, we have come down to the Oatlands Park Hotel. I think it on the whole the most beautiful building in England. I am informed that it was once the residence of the Duke of York, whose father, King George III, was

born in 1738, and whose nephew, the Duke of Cambridge, was born in 1819, and still commands the British Army. These links with the past are very remarkable, and I always make a point of writing them down. Our youngest boy saw the Duke of Cambridge riding in the Jubilee procession; and, if he lives to be fifty-eight, he will be able to say, "I have seen the grandson of a king who was born 200 years ago." So short a thing is history.

SEPTEMBER.

1st.—Continuing my holiday, we came to Cambridge. The "Backs" are very beautiful; and it was a pleasure to show my wife the exact spot where I was once capsized in a canoe. If a friend had not rescued me with a boat-hook, this journal would never have been written—a solemn thought. The undergraduates are away, but I found several Dons whom I knew. Conversing on religious matters, I was grieved to find that the Deep Church has few followers in the University; and some sayings of the late Master of Trinity were quoted, which showed an imperfect sympathy with my favorite preachers.

King's College, of which I am an *alumnus*, made a profound impression on me, as it has always done ever since I was a Freshman. It is a joy to feel that I keep "the young lamb's heart amid the full-grown flocks." In the evening I read aloud to my wife Wordsworth's Sonnet on the "Inside of King's College Chapel," with which she was previously unacquainted. She said several times, "How beautiful!" This showed a great *justesse d'esprit*.

OCTOBER.

1st.—We have returned to London. The parlor-maid reports a "faint smell" in the pantry. This is vexatious, as we lately paid a large bill to a sanitary engineer for putting the drains in or-

der. I think it was Dr. Johnson who said: "Sanitas Sanitatum, omnia Sanitas." The covert allusion to Ecclesiastes is very witty. My wife says that Drain-pipes are anything but Pipes of Peace.

12th.—The first Breakfast of the Clerical Club since the holidays. Dasher has been in France, and gave a curious instance of the difficulty which foreigners find in understanding our English pronunciation. A French lady said to him, "You have a name spelt C-h-o-l-m-o-n-d-e-l-e-y and you pronounce it Marchbanks." The mention of France led the conversation to foreign affairs, and there was a general agreement that Lord Salisbury managed them better than Mr. Gladstone. Of the latter Mr. Bouverie quoted this admirable couplet:—

He played the deuce in foreign politics,
And lost by honors what he gained by tricks.

The play of words in *deuce* and *tricks* caused great amusement.

25th.—I have not hitherto mentioned that during my summer holiday I was engaged in the congenial task of religious versification. I have been turning the Collects for the Saints' Days into rhymed lines of eight and six syllables. I am told that the compilers of hymn-books call this "Common Measure." This name was quite new to me; and I feel that the experiment at any rate is not common. The versions have been published in "Church Bells," and I am going to print them on tinted paper, with vellum covers, as a Christmas Gift for the Parochial Guild of "Fishers in Deep Waters." I cannot forbear to quote a few words from my preface, which my wife thinks very touching: "The attempt will probably not be thought successful, but it helped me to feel, more than I had felt before, that the Collects are essentially poems.

The language of the heart, when the affections are set on things above, and the emotions are deeply stirred, is truly the language of lyric poetry."

NOVEMBER.

1st.—Winter is approaching. Yesterday was Hallow E'en, and my wife, who is very well read in Sir Walter Scott, proposed playing "Cantrips" with the Curate and the District-Visitors; but we could not find the rules in Hoyle's "Book of Games." To-day I walked over the Serpentine Bridge and was much struck by the sunset over Kensington Gardens. It was both red and misty, and reminded me of a picture by Turner, who, next to Burne-Jones, is my favorite painter. As I looked at it a curious quatrain recurred to my memory:—

A sunset at night
Is the shepherd's delight;
A sunset in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning.

Is this Folk-lore? or nonsense? It sounds like Folk-lore. Not being quite sure that I had got the lines accurately, I referred them to my learned friend Mr. Carp, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. He wrote back: "How carelessly people do quote! The true version is 'A rainbow at night, etc.'" and added a reference to Lord Dunsyre which I did not understand.

5th.—The feast of Guido Fawkes was duly celebrated by the young people of the parish. Crackers were let off in the street, and a very curious ditty was sung, which I do not recollect to have heard before. There seem to be two versions of it. One runs: "Gunpowder Treason and Plot," the other, "Inkerman, Powder and Shot." I should have referred this discrepancy to Mr. Carp, but I know that he suffers a good deal from gout, and I was afraid of irritating him.

20th.—At the Breakfast of the Clerical Club to-day, remembering what was said on a former occasion (see my Journal for May 15), I raised the question whether the good things which one so constantly hears were really said as they are repeated, or invented by *raconteurs*. This was answered by Archdeacon Buggins, who was formerly a curate in the Oxford Diocese. He mentioned that he was present at a dinner-party at Cuddesdon when Lord Beaconsfield asked Bishop Wilberforce why he was called "Soapy Sam;" and the Bishop instantly replied, "Because I frequently am in hot water, and always come out of it with clean hands." I had heard this anecdote before, and am much pleased to know that it is historical.

We have lately bought a new and very beautiful covering for the drawing-room sofa. It is an Art-fabric of sage green and primrose yellow. On seeing it for the first time, Dasher exclaimed: "O Liberty, what crimes are perpetrated in thy name!" My wife was displeased, and I thought the humor far-fetched.

DECEMBER.

1st.—In these long winter evenings, I read aloud to my wife, while she works at a white book-marker which is to be added to my collection at Christmas. I am now reading a most interesting book by Sir John Lubbock, called "Glimpses of the Obvious." It deals with Literature, Art, Nature, Health, Money, Travel and many similar topics. My wife enjoys these readings very much, and kindly asks my curate to join us. He says, however, he is too busy in the parish. It is a pity when a young man allows parochial zeal to interfere with culture.

10th.—The newspapers contain copious obituaries of Dean Church. My acquaintance with him was very slight. I think, indeed, that we never talked

on any serious subject except once in 1884, when he took me aside at the Church Congress, and told me that my not being appointed to the recently vacant canonry at St. Paul's was in no way owing to him; and that he would much rather have had me as a colleague than —, whom he thought greatly overrated. This tribute from so eminent a man was very gratifying. The slightness of my acquaintance with Dean Church reminds me of what I have never yet noted—my even slighter acquaintance with Dean Stanley. To him I never spoke; but, curiously enough, I happened to call at the Deanery at Westminster the day he died.

26th. Boxing Day.—I do not feel well. I am feverish, and my head aches. I begin to doubt whether the custom of observing religious festivals by larger meals than usual and special kinds of food is salutary for body or mind. But the chains of custom are not easily snapped. *Mos pro lege* is a profound saying.

The Cornhill Magazine.

31st.—I have got the influenza. I see that the newspapers call it the Russian influenza; and Dr. Snuffin says that the microbe is generated by the bodies of the Chinese who were drowned last year. I have often preached on "The Solidarity of the Human Family," but the phrase will henceforth have a new significance for me. Meanwhile, I wish I could think of a good quotation to end the year with—something at once new, appropriate and poetical. My wife suggests some lines from her favorite Cowper, which with much *espèglerie*, she has adapted to my present condition:—

Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seemed, and now the doctor's skill;
And now—alas, for unforeseen mishaps!
They put on a damp nightcap and relapse;
They thought they must have died,
they were so bad—
Until Egeria almost wished they had!

THE RUSSIAN TRANS-ASIATIC RAILWAY.

If Englishmen will modify a little their conceptions of time, and remember that to Russians, and to Asiatics, a year of life does not matter much, they will perceive that the opening of the Trans-Asiatic Railway, which joins the Baltic (and will shortly join the White Sea) with the Pacific, is a very important event. It proves, to begin with, that the Russian Government can form a great conception and carry it out with immovable perseverance to a successful end. It was supposed when the vast undertaking was announced as probable that money would fail, that labor would run short, and that determination would falter; but though countless obstacles arose,

the will of the central power never swerved, and mile by mile, province by province, the Russian officials and engineers and workmen, all of whom had in a way to learn their business under new conditions, pressed on, until ten years and a half after its commencement the work was officially announced to be complete. Much of it has, of course, been hurried, and much of it will require years of labor to become what an engineer on the Great Northern would pronounce solid; but still a railway has been carried through the wide steppes and endless forests, and over the broad rivers—there are thirty-nine miles of bridges—and through the thinly inhabited but amazingly broad

valleys of Siberia, on to Vladivostock and the shore of the Northern Pacific, with no break save at Lake Baikal, where mighty steamers built to break ice, carry the train bodily for forty miles. Americans would be proud of such a feat, and we do not see why the European jealousies of Russia should prevent a frank acknowledgment that she has added much to the power of communicating within the world, and has brought the less accessible half of Asia into direct touch with Europe. The trains at present must be few and must be slow, and experience will bring out defects that it will cost millions to remove while the line is almost lost in regions so vast and so thinly populated; but still if the Czar wished to visit Vladivostock he could reach it within the fortnight, travelling the whole time in a drawing-room lighted by electricity. That is an astonishing change for Northern Asia, as great a change as the Americans effected when, driving a line through endless expanses of mountain, valley and desert, they brought San Francisco and the whole Western Pacific into connection with Washington and their great Atlantic cities. We doubt if that feat, which so greatly increased the European impression of American resources, displayed their skill and their quality of indomitableness more than this one performed almost in silence by the Russians.

It is worth while to study for a moment the effects which this work, at least as great as the Suez Canal, must ultimately produce on European political relations. To begin with, it makes Asiatic Russia a division of the known world. We always think of that vast section of the earth's surface as if it were one expanse of ice-bound desert; but at least one-half of it, the entire South, in fact, with an area equal to more than half Russia, is a land of forest and broad valleys drained by

great rivers, with the climate of Southern Russia, and almost its fertility. It will maintain, it is calculated, forty millions of people in comfort, and the people are only waiting to be maintained. For a century past the peasantry of Russia have been slowly slipping southward, where the "black land" will grow wheat, their rate of increase is greater than our own, and they are now so thick upon the ground that they gladly seize any opportunity of emigrating to lands not too unlike their own. The emigration to Siberia has already reached one hundred thousand a year, the Government grants thirty acres of land free to every applicant, with exemption from taxes for three years, and it is calculated that the moment the railway can carry them this rate will be more than doubled. Their seclusion from the external world in Siberia is no more to them than it is to peasants in Bengal or farmers in Iowa; they make a world of their own. As they emigrate by families, the rate of increase should be as rapid as that of Russia, so that by 1950 there may be twenty millions of sturdy peasants in Siberia who will not only cultivate the soil, but extract the minerals in which many of the more mountainous divisions of the country are singularly rich. They will add, as it were, a whole nation to the strength of Russia, for they will not form a separate colony, but an addition to the present people, with the same laws, the same administrative system, and the same liability to conscription. It is as if Canada were added to Great Britain with no intervening sea, and waiting only for the engineer, the mining captain and cheap branch railways. Just imagine what our power would be in fifty years. The Russians seem to have no fear of separation, provided they can keep out the Chinese, who will be almost as much attracted to the region as their own people; and, indeed,

modern experience seems to show in America, in Africa and in India that distances separate little compared with differences of race, and language, and civilization.

It follows almost of necessity that with this new population filling up, though thinly, all the intermediate spaces, and with the means of carriage as complete as if a mighty river stretched from Moscow to Newchwang, the weight of Russia in the Far East must be indefinitely increased. Journalists are accustomed to point out that the Trans-Asiatic Railway is only a single line, and cannot carry armies, but they overlook time in their calculations. If the army chiefs at St. Petersburg attempted to forward two hundred thousand men rapidly to the extreme East the line would undoubtedly break down; but they can slowly feed by its means a dozen camps, each the rallying ground of a *corps d'armée*, and slowly but steadily keep them fed. Russian soldiers pack close, they serve for twelve years, their chiefs have years before them, and they will act upon a definite plan directed to a single end—that of being strong where strength is required. When the branch railways are completed to Kirin and Newchwang, they will be able to march a hundred thousand men, fully provided, to Peking, and keep them provisioned and supplied with munitions for any needful time entirely independent of the sea. The journey will not have been from Moscow, but from camp to camp along the railway line. That, as it seems to us, will be the peculiarity of the Russian position. China can fight them if China is armed and organized, for China can waste soldiers as recklessly as they can; but if China remains, as Pushkin sang, "in dotage buried," the maritime peoples of Europe will be unable to help her.

The Speaker.

Nothing that they can do will alter the geographical facts or prevent Russia from becoming as regards Northern China the one predominant Power. They can no more defend Manchuria than the planet Mars, and if they still desire to be influential in China, they are mad in encouraging the Chinese Court to return to its Northern capital. Russia may be checked by want of pecuniary means, or by pressure upon her Western frontier, or by the destruction of her sea-borne trade, but upon the land frontiers of China she can be resisted by the Chinese alone. Assisted and officered by Japanese, they may be able to do it, but nobody else can; and if Siberia fills up as Russians expect, even China will be overtaxed. For ourselves, we view the prospect with equanimity, not seeing in the least why we should prefer Chinese to Russians, either as friends or as customers; but it is vain to hide from ourselves that a great shifting of power is taking place with the development and completion of the Siberian Railway. That marvellous shrinkage of the world which marked the latter half of the last century has extended itself to Northern Asia. The vast and impassable spaces which separate that great region from Europe have nearly disappeared, and we shall have to bear the consequences of the new juxtaposition, as we should have if the English Channel were suddenly dried up. It would be ridiculous in the latter case to go about whining instead of organizing a conscription, and it is nearly as ridiculous to complain because when the European ministers differ at Peking, M. Lessar's representations are those which are weighed first. Li Hung Chang, though he may have been corrupt, knew his business and the real situation of his country in reference to Europe well enough.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Maxim Gorky (or *The Bitter One*) is a pseudonym. The writer's real name is Alexey Maximovich Pleshkov.

A play upon which Tolstoy is at present engaged bears the cheerful and characteristic title of "*The Corpse*."

M. Jules Verne is about to undergo an operation for cataract, the effect of which, the specialists believe, will be completely to restore his sight. He has just finished his ninety-ninth novel.

Nearly three thousand periodicals are published in Paris; among them one hundred and forty dailies. Some of these, however, exist only in title, for in several instances the same matter is utilized under different names.

The Rev. E. J. Hardy, author of "*How to be Happy though Married*," is in Hong Kong, whither he has had to follow the soldiers, in his capacity of chaplain to the forces. He will have two years to spend there, and he is already turning his experiences to literary account.

The Bampton Lectures have been given this year by Dr. Robertson, Principal of King's College, London. They have been published, under the title of "*Regnum Dei*." The purpose of Dr. Robertson is to ascertain the meaning of the "*Kingdom of God*" in its original prominence in the teaching of Christ.

According to "*Literature*" one well-known English firm of publishers runs a good deal of its business on the following lines:—It secures a popular nov-

elist; offers him so much for his next book, and then forms a little syndicate in the City to share the expense. A new book by a popular author is a considerably safer investment than many newly discovered gold mines.

In the preface to a new translation in English of Tolstoy's "*Sevastopol*" an amusing story is told of the way in which a German translator handled the inscription to "*Anna Karenina*:" "*Vengeance is mine, I will repay*." That inscription was written by Tolstoy in the ecclesiastical Slavonic used by the Russian Church. Having an inkling of the first word, and misled by the sound of the Slavonic *Az* (which means *I*), the translator produced this rendering—"Revenge is sweet; I play the ace."

Mr. Frederic Harrison includes in his "*Personal Reminiscences*" this pleasant bit about Browning:—

Dear old Browning! how we all loved him; how we listened to his anecdotes; how we enjoyed his improvised "epitaphs in country churchyards," till we broke into shouts of laughter as we detected the amusing forgery. At home in the smoking-room of a club, in a lady's literary tea-party, in a drawing-room concert, or in a river picnic, he might have passed for a retired diplomat, but for his buoyancy of mind and brilliancy of talk. His heart was as warm, his moral judgment as sound as his genius was original.

Mr. Balfour is about to publish an eighth edition of his "*The Foundations of Belief*," to which he has contributed a summary and introduction of some length, intended to meet various critical objections and to prevent misun-

derstandings concerning the aim of his work. In the course of this introduction he remarks:—

Nothing, and least of all what most we value, has come to us ready made from Heaven. Yet if we are still to value it, the modern conception of its natural growth requires us more than ever to believe that from Heaven in the last resort it comes.

The London County Council is beginning to pay some attention to the literary traditions of the city. It recently announced a "Smollett-street," and now it has bestowed the name of "Little Dorrit's Playground" upon the new open space in Southwark, near what remains of the old Marshalsea Prison. The whole of the debtors' portion of the Marshalsea Prison is left, and it is still possible to climb the stairs to "the top story but one" which probably included the very room occupied by Dickens's father and family; and Little Dorrit's garret can be found without difficulty.

Apropos of the publication by the Hakluyt Society of a translation of the original Spanish manuscript describing Mendana's discovery of the Solomon islands in 1567, during his search for the fabulous continent of the Incas, "Literature" remarks that these islands afford probably the only instance in history of an island race having been visited and minutely described 350 years ago, and then left unvisited and untouched by civilization almost to our own day. The islands were so lost to geographers that they were at last believed to be fabulous and expunged from the charts. Meanwhile, during this long period, the arts, manners and even the language of the people have remained almost unaltered.

Close readers of Mr. Green's "Short History of the English People" became

aware of a change in the plan of the work after the year 1660. The reason of this change is thus stated by Mr. Green himself in a letter published in the recent volume of his correspondence:

The truth was that when I reached 1660 I had to face the fact that the book must have an end, and that I *must* end it in about 800 pp. Something had to be thrown overboard, and I deliberately chose "Literature," not because Dryden or Pope or Addison or Wordsworth were strange to me, for I knew them better than the earlier men, and have much that I *want* to say about them, but because it seemed to me that after 1660 literature ceased to stand in the forefront of national characteristics, and that Science, Industry, etc., played a much greater part.

Ernest Seton-Thompson has written in a lighter vein than is his wont in his new volume, "Lives of the Hunted," and many readers will welcome the lessening of emotional tension. Krag, the Kootenay Ram, indeed, makes as poignant an appeal to the sympathies as did Lobo or the Pacing Mustang, but his is almost the only tragedy in the book. The happy ending which the preface protests can only be given to an animal's biography by leaving it incomplete, is conceded to the coyote, the mother-teal, the kangaroo-rat and Chink the puppy, but there are plenty of hairbreadth 'scapes before it is reached. All the sketches are marked by the power of observation and the rare narrative gift which have led so many critics to prefer Seton-Thompson realism to Kipling romance, and the illustrations are as irresistible as ever. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The "Stray Papers" from the hitherto uncollected writings of William Makepeace Thackeray, which Mr. Lewis Melville has exhumed from va-

rious magazines, reviews and journals, beginning with the great novelist's undergraduate days and coming down as late as 1847, may not always be of the first literary importance, and in some instances their paternity may be doubtful; but they do afford a chance to study the growth of Thackeray's whimsical humor, and some of them have an unmistakable Thackeray flavor. Few reputations could endure better than Thackeray's such a reprinting of forgotten and unimportant literary products, for his distinctive genius manifested itself early, and there is nothing discreditable in even the crudest of these early performances. The papers, which fill a bulky volume and are appropriately illustrated, are an interesting contribution to Thackerayana. George W. Jacobs & Co.

The pleasurable anticipations awakened by the announcement of the "Temple Bible" are fully realized in the initial volume, "Genesis," edited, with an introduction and notes, by Professor A. H. Sayce. The format is an exact reproduction of the "Temple Shakespeare" which, it will be remembered, is of a broader page than the "Temple Classics." The text is that of the Authorized Version, but printed with paragraph divisions instead of by chapters and verses. The introduction is a compact, careful and uncontroversial statement of the results of modern scholarship so far as they throw light upon the Scripture records; and the notes are brief. The vignette is an exquisite panel reproduction from Sir Edward Burne-Jones's picture "The Days of Creation." Added to the notes is a "Synchronism of An-

cient History" and a unique and very interesting guide to passages in English literature which were obviously suggested by incidents recorded in the Book of Genesis. The dainty little volume and the series which it opens can hardly fail of finding an instant welcome. The J. B. Lippincott Company are the American publishers.

So elusive a personality as that of Robert Louis Stevenson may well escape the most affectionate and painstaking of biographers. Doubtless not all of Stevenson is contained in the two volumes in which his cousin, Mr. Gerald Balfour, presents the story of his life. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) If Mr. Henley is to be believed, much has been deliberately omitted which was an essential part of the real Stevenson; yet would it have been worth while to tell it all? Perhaps the truth lies somewhere between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Henley. However that may be, it is a charming biography which Mr. Balfour has given us; appreciative, symmetrical and full of human interest. If a good deal of space is devoted to Stevenson's ancestry and his youth, it is not disproportionate, since to understand Stevenson, it is necessary to know the strains of blood that were in him, what kind of folk were his forebears and what were the influences which shaped his youth. Mr. Balfour has been able to draw upon many hitherto unpublished scraps of Stevenson's personal recollections; so that some whole chapters come near to being autobiographic. Altogether this is one of the three or four really notable biographies of the season.

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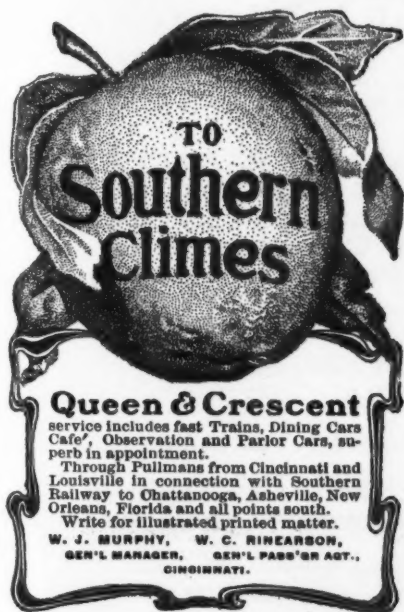


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